TRIALS, TRIBULATIONS *and* TRIUMPHS

A History of the Church of the Creator
during its 10 Year Domicile in the State
of North Carolina, coordinated with
biographical details during the same period.

by

Ben Klassen, P.M. Emeritus

Founder, The Church of the Creator

Trials, Tribulations and Triumphs

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Dedicated to Brian Kozel (1971-1990), who was killed in the line of duty. He was shot in the back by cowardly Mexican assassins while distributing copies of our flagship paper, **Racial Loyalty.**

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CONTENTS

1. Foundation Day 1
2. Looking for a Hasta Primus 5
3. Fireworks 15
4. North Carolina — Settling In 17
5. Christmas with Kim and Walt in Colorado 22
6. Trip to Egypt — February 1984 25
7. A Report from Today's Egypt 39
8. Exit Keith Williams — Enter Carl Messick 57
9. Kim and Walt make Major Move 63
10. The Summer of 1984 65
11. Trip West, September-October 1984 70
12. A Grand Prix for Henrie 78
13. Hawk's Nest; Tom Metzger; Christmas and New Year 80
14. January, 1985: An Assessment 86
15. Hawaii Revisited, 1985 89
16. Aloha to You too, Kamaaina! 96
17. Las Vegas Nevada and Phoenix, Arizona 1985 107
18. Tour of Alpine Countries, 1985 111
19. Fasting 119
20. Phoenix in February, 1986 122
21. Sizing up Richard Barrett 128
22. Harassment and Fireworks 132
23. Legal Maneuvering, Trickery and Stonewalling 141
24. A Journey into History Lands 145

25. Building a New Home 151
26. The Johnsons, Don and Bobbi 156
27. The Trial of Rev. Carles Messick 160
28. In Phoenix over the Holidays, 1986-87 163
29. 1987: An Assessment of the Past and Future 173
30. The Art Company Agreement 176
31. The Natchez Pilgrimage Tour Plus 182
32. The Chilton Private Bank Disaster 187
33. Death on the Second Floor of the Church 197
34. Phoenix, Arizona and Fallbrook, California 203
35. Lucinda and Will Williams 213
36. The White American, Rev. Victor Wolf 221
37. Rev. Ron Quinn, Cartoonist Par Excellence 234
38. Brian Kozel, Our Martyred Hero 237
39. Trip West, Jan. 4 to Feb. 5, 1989 239
40. DeWest Hooker, Washington, D.C. 249
41. The Rudy Stanko (Stinko, Stunko) Fiasco 255
42. The Tax Battle with Macon County 264
43. The Death of My Dear Beloved Wife 278
44. Moving Headquarters to Milwaukee 287
45. Selling the Church Property 294
46. Scattering Henrie's Ashes in the Rocky Mountains 299
47. Creativity and the White Race — Propelling It Into Perpetuity 305

Trials,
Tribulations
and Triumphs

Chapter One

Foundation Day

The history of the Church of the Creator and its World Center really begins with the day we started moving dirt and laying the foundations at its present location in North Carolina. We regard this as an historic event in our movement, and choose to call it Foundation Day. It occurred on a beautiful spring day, March 10, to be exact, and I will never forget it. The contractor, Billy Sanders, and his crew and surveyors appeared on the scene at 8 AM that fine morning, and Henrie and I were there with our cameras to take both colored and black and white pictures, to record the event for posterity. By 10 AM Dean Conners and his crew arrived with their bulldozers and other heaving equipment to start moving dirt.

Although I have already set forth most of the details of the architectural plannings and the actual construction of the building itself in my previous book, *Against the Evil Tide*, I nevertheless want to briefly review some of the major events of that first epic year, beginning with Foundation Day, in order to properly tie the story into the period about which this chronicle is concerned. That particular period is the decade between Foundation Day, March 10, 1982, and the time I retired and legally turned the leadership of the Church over to the succeeding Pontifex Maximus. That ten year span has been the most crucial, the most frustrating, yet undoubtedly the most productive and rewarding ten years of my life.

March 10 was a busy day. Besides dealing with the surveyors, the contractor, and the dirt movers, I also met with the well driller, Charles Davidson, and reached an agreement with him about the cost of drilling a well for the church, the cost of the pump, the pressure tank and all the rest of the supplementary equipment that went with it, as well as the exact location of the wellsite itself.

For some reason, any attempt to found a new religion, anywhere, at any time in history, has always been encountered with the most virulent opposition and the utmost hostility. It took Christianity at least three hundred years to come out into the open, and then more than fifteen hundred years of warfare and strife to establish itself. In fact, the battle is still raging in numerous parts of the world unto this very day. Mohammed and his cohorts had to fight endless battles in order to spread their beliefs, and, as we all know, the warfare is still far from over. Joseph Smith and his brother were killed at an early age by an angry mob in their attempt to establish their Mormon religion. The Jews, as we all know, have been under siege for the last four thousand years or so in order to maintain their parasitic religion in every region they have intruded. In fact, their continuing existence in Palestine, where it all began, is most precarious, to say the least, and chances are excellent that they will not be there for long. But no one can argue that the most conspicuous characteristic about all these religions, that despite all the opposition, hostility and warfare, is that they have endured. They have survived, they have grown and spread and they have persevered. Furthermore, they have had a more pervasive influence on the culture and the course of history than any other human endeavor throughout the ages.

When I first entertained the idea of structuring a racial religion for the White Race in the face of the two dominant and well entrenched Jew-spawned religions, namely Judaism and its bastard offspring, Christianity, I had no illusions about the hostility and opposition I would undoubtedly encounter. Besides the religious hostility which I expected we would encounter, there was also the added racial aspect as well. The niggers would be hostile, the Jews even more so, and then there were (especially in Southern Florida) the Cubans, the Haitians, the Mexicans, the South American mixbreeds and a dozen shades of other mud races, all hostile to the White Race and any movement that might unite us. In fact, during the first ten years after the inception of Creativity a major portion of my concern was where I could possibly locate our main headquarters without having the place burned to the ground in short order by our enemies. As I stated in my previous book, I finally decided on the wide open spaces of North Carolina, where I already owned some suitable acreage. Although I realized that there was no such a place as a safe haven anywhere in the world, I reasoned that in a nearly all-White area such as the one in which I was already established in Macon County, NC, our chances of maintaining reasonable security would be much better than in a Jew and nigger infested area such as Broward County, Florida, where I then lived. In this line of reasoning I was probably correct. Who knows how long we might have lasted in that increasingly polyglot area of crime, drugs and turmoil in South Florida.

As our anti-Christian racial religion invaded Macon County in 1982 in the center of that highly bigoted mass of religious insanity known as the Bible Belt, I believe it is constructive to review some of the highlights and antagonisms of that first hectic year. We were prepared for unrelenting warfare against the Jews, the niggers, and the other mud races, since this was what our religion was primarily geared to warn our White Racial comrades about. However, we were also keenly aware of the hatred engendered against us by the fanaticism of the Christian zealots. Nevertheless, we were not quite prepared for the viciousness of the onslaught by the local paper, highly aided and abetted by the local peddlers of the spook-craft hoax, the Christian preachers themselves. They not only were highly alarmed that we could and would expose their nefarious network of lies and lunacy, but by the very nature of our realistic creed and program we would eventually by our exposure of their hoax be undermining their very source of livelihood as well. Let me say that their fear was well founded, and as the years go by, Jewish Christianity will wither on the vine by its own sheer mass of mendacity and deceptions, as has already befallen its other twin hoax, Jewish communism.

The atmosphere for the reception of our controversial new religion by the bible thumping natives was set and determined by a nasty and vicious article that appeared in the Franklin Press on May 13, 1982, when our headquarters building was barely in mid-construction. In blaring headlines on page one, it proclaimed "Pro-Hitler, anti-Christ Leader Headquarters Here." In a sea of fanatic, spook-worshipping zealots, could anyone possibly dream up a more hateful, inflammatory target than a Hitler-loving and Christ-hating beast? Hardly! It set the whole county on its ear, and was the subject of much buzzing and a host of rumors for weeks. It also set the tone for other news items in the state and regions elsewhere that usually follow such an upheaval.

For years my wife and I had been commuting back and forth between Florida and North Carolina, as circumstances demanded, trying to take care of our affairs in both areas. This was no easy task, since the distance between the two areas was a mean 750 miles, a trip that consumed the better part of two days one way. At the time the rumors started flying about our impending headquarters, I happened to be at our home in Lighthouse Point. I received a long-distance call from a *Franklin Press* reporter by the name of Kim Kimmins, a fanatic who I later learned belonged to one of the many Pentecostal Churches in Macon County. (By the way, this small county at that time was, and still is, infested by more than 100 churches of all stripes.) We talked for about an hour, and most of the information of what she already possessed had been fed to her by the Jewish Anti-Defamation League, who had also gratuitously sent her a copy of the two-page article that same outfit had planted in the *Miami Herald* in 1981.

Well, soon all hell broke loose, and we were the main topic of conversation and rumor for the next several weeks, in fact, the rumors and lies never have stopped unto this very day nearly ten years later. All kinds of stories were invented and bandied about: that we were devil worshipers, that we practiced animalistic rituals (whatever that was), that we were neo-Nazis, Christ haters, and about every other odious idea these spook chasing idiots could dream up.

Chapter Two

Looking for a Hasta Primus

For more than a decade I had already had a volume of correspondence with a number of readers of my then two books, *Nature's Eternal Religion* and *The White Man's Bible*. Over the years I had also gathered a number of enthusiastic supporters who were willing to jump into the fry and help get the movement into high gear. It seemed there would be no lack of qualified volunteers and helpers, now that we had a headquarters that even had a nice full-fledged two bedroom apartment on the second floor. What I now needed was a helper who was somewhat familiar with the computer technique, and most of all, was a good typist, and I don't mean just the hunt-and-peck type. Such person would have a host of other duties besides helping me put the paper together, such as writing letters, and taking care of the mail, sending out packages of books and other literature, and in general, hold down the fort. Since we were, and are also promoting Latin, I thought of giving him a Latin title suited to his capacity and duties. I decided to designate him with the title of **Hasta Primus**, which means Spearhead. I had been spreading the word around in my correspondence that I needed such a helper, and I did indeed receive a few replies, one of which was from a young fellow by the name of Timothy J. Gaffney.

Tim was 27 years old, was from Schenectady, New York, and was an accountant for that state. He was a college graduate, was married, his wife being a Catholic. He seemed highly enthusiastic, and was already head of a small group called The National Force and Order. He wrote me that he would like to apply for the job, although it meant moving his family and giving up the better paying job he already had. He asked if he could come to Otto, meet with me, talk over the situation and the premises. I said fine, and met him at the Asheville Airport at 3 PM, October 9, 1982. A few hours later we had a good steak dinner at the Tallent Steak House in Franklin, then drove over to our headquarters, then still under construction. We had to use a ladder to get to the second story of the building in order to survey its layout. However, the apartment was all framed in and he could get an excellent conception of the whole blueprint. After staying with us at the cabin overnight, and talking over the whole proposition as thoroughly as possible, including the pay, $1000 a month, I took him back to the airport the next morning. He agreed he and his wife would be ready, willing and able, and on the scene, furniture and all, as soon as the building was finished, which we expected would be approximately the first of the year, 1983.

The building was finished on schedule, and even the carpeting had been laid in the upstairs apartment. I had been in contact with Tim Gaffney and he duly arrived in his car at 3:30, Wednesday, December 28. His furniture arrived a day later. However, his wife was not with him. He said she would follow in about a month. Nor had the typesetting equipment arrived at this time. I had been in constant contact with Art Rogers of Compugraphic, and he kept assuring me it would be arriving any day now. I had already written several articles to be published in the first edition and was rearing to get started. But for some reason, the equipment was not forthcoming, and we waited throughout January. In the meantime, another problem was developing. Tim's wife Mary was not forthcoming either. Being Catholic, her priest had been working on her, and had persuaded her what a dastardly sin she would be committing if she helped her husband promote Creativity. She would be better off if she got a divorce than move to North Carolina, he told her. All the while Tim had nothing to do, although I was still paying him his salary. Being in enemy territory, it was important to me that there was someone on the premises at all times to protect and hold down the fort.

Tim was dedicated and determined to do his job as promised, but with a rebellious and uncompromising wife throwing down the gauntlet, either he came back or she would sue for divorce, he was in the middle of a sorry state of an impossible dilemma. I tried not to influence him either one way or the other, since it was his decision to make. As can be imagined, all this drove him into a frazzled, nervous wreck, and by the last week of January the poor fellow decided to give up.

Henrie and I had gone back to Florida a few weeks earlier, and when we returned on February 26, he had already shipped his furniture back to Schenectady the day before. After a good breakfast with us at the cabin next day, we said a tearful goodbye, and he drove off in his car. Henrie and I had become quite fond of him and hated to see him go.

All this time the typesetting equipment had still not arrived, and I kept badgering Art Rogers for action. All I got was more promises. In the meantime, I was also looking for a new Hasta Primus and I went through an agonizing list of prospects that I interviewed. I will be brief and just mention a few.

Being an honorable fellow, Tim had given me adequate notice a few weeks before leaving, and I had contacted a certain Richard F. Becker, who resided at Greenville, NC. He had read my two books and seemed quite enthusiastic about the movement. He was a tall fellow, had attended the prestigious South Carolina military establishment at Charleston called The Citadel. He had also been involved in a North Carolina group and still had several connections with some of these fellows. He could touch-type and had even written an impressive little book which I had read. It was most puzzling and aroused my interest. It was all about his experiences of being consigned to an insane asylum by his own father. Strangely, although this was a most drastic procedure against his person, and an extremely demeaning action, he never held any grudge, animosity or antagonism against his father for declaring him legally insane, and this has continued to puzzle me.

His booklet also contained quite a bit of his Nazi and racial philosophy, all of which seemed racially correct. He was receiving a disability check each month, and as far as I know continues to do so unto this day.

He had written me several letters, and his book seemed quite rational and, in fact, rather interesting. I decided to contact him for a visit and an interview.

Under a cloudy sky that threatened snow, he arrived at my cabin in his own car on February 8, bringing with him a mangy dog, and a dissolute and uncouth slob of a companion who had been an associate of his while they were both in the insane asylum. Why he brought either of them along still puzzles me, and I made it clear to him that if I accepted him for the job that dogs or any other animals on the premises were out. I explained the job to him, and tested his typing ability. He seemed to be a capable typist and as there did not seem to be any other particular problem, and we agreed to having him take over the job of Hasta Primus and help in putting out the paper as soon as the typesetting equipment arrived. He, his dog, and his companion left later that afternoon, just as a heavy snowstorm began to blanket the landscape.

* * * * *

Soon thereafter I received word from Richard Becker that he would not be able to take the job after all, for what reason he did not say. I began to look for another prospect.

Recently I had been sent a small booklet on the subject of how to organize a right-wing movement, written by a fellow by the name of D.A. (Duke) McCoy. He claimed he had been in the movement for 30 years and sounded like an outstanding authority. I decided to track him down and finally made contact with him by phone at Rossville, Georgia. I made a trip to Rossville, which is near Chattanooga, to meet with him, and since he had been in the movement for so many years, I presumed he was somewhere up in his sixties. I rang the doorbell and was met by a beautiful young blonde. His daughter, I presumed. However, when the famous author appeared in a bathrobe and his stocking feet, I found out to my surprise the blonde was not his daughter, but his wife, and he himself was in his late thirties. He seemed like an arrogant fellow who knew it all, he had heard of me, read some of my writings. We talked for the next five hours and I explained to him what I wanted. He sounded interested and agreed to visit with me on the premises at the Center the following Sunday.

He and his wife arrived at 12 noon as scheduled, also having their pet pooch in tow with them. Always these goddamn dogs!

After giving them a tour of our premises, we treated them to a special dinner my wife prepared. We put them up at the cabin overnight. The next morning I also gave them a tour of the area — Dillard, Otto, and the whole layout. All the while I was trying to impress upon him the mission of our movement — namely to lay the foundations of a completely new racial religion for the survival, expansion and advancement of the White Race, and our first step in this direction would be the publication and widespread distribution of our monthly tabloid, *Racial Loyalty*. His job would be putting the paper together and being its editor.

The stupid idiot seemed opposed to just about everything I had in mind. We shouldn't put out the paper at all. We should be more subtle, more conciliatory, more gentle, something like *The Spotlight*. In fact, it seemed that the impact of his advice was we shouldn't do anything at all, and the more I listened to him the more he began to sound like a JOG agent. It didn't take me too long to decide I didn't want him around under any circumstances. After a few go-arounds of that nature, I sent him packing, blonde wife, pooch and all.

* * * * *

A few days later, Tuesday, March 8, 1983, late in the afternoon, a huge truck from Global Van Lines with six large boxed packages arrived. It contained all our typesetting equipment and accompanying accessories from Compugraphic. Evidently part of the reason for the long overdue arrival was that someone had screwed up and first sent it all to South Boston. Anyway, so now here it was, and I had no editor or typist, and the instructor who was soon to follow would have no one to whom to teach all the tricks and techniques of how to work this complicated complex of machinery.

While Tim Gaffney had been here he had utilized some of that wasted time in building a five foot high picket fence across the front of the lot to help protect us from vandals. It also had a two-part swinging gate which we could close at night. The truck was so huge it could not maneuver around in the limited space between the gate and the fence on the other side of the road. So the only solution was to park the truck outside the gate and wheel all that heavy equipment across the gravel yard with the aid of a dolly. Then it had to be carried to the upstairs floor, and one piece of equipment, the printer, was so big and heavy it strained three strong men to carry it up the outside stairway. It took the three men until 10:30 that night to unload and cart all that equipment upstairs. By that time I had gone back to the cabin about a quarter of a mile up our then gravel road and was getting ready to go to bed. Since the gravel road was a narrow one-way affair, I had told the driver that when it was time to leave, the only way he could get his huge vehicle turned around would be to drive up the road to where my cabin was, which had a four way crossing and enough space in which to turn around. Evidently, someone wasn't listening, or I hadn't made my instructions too clear to him.

At about 11:30 that night there was a knock on the cabin door and a very agitated driver related to me that he and his huge truck were stuck in the ditch just down the road. Evidently in the darkness he had tried to turn around about one hundred yards short of the four corners, and now he was stuck, having torn down part of the neighbors' cow pasture fence in the process as well.

I called the wrecking service. They said they would come out, but because it was now midnight, we would have to wait until morning. At 7:30 next morning Ron Slagle's wrecking truck duly arrived to pull Global Van Lines out of their mess and get the big dinosaur turned around. This cost Global an extra hundred dollars, but it also left an unhappy Jerry Ayers with an unfixed fence.

That same afternoon Blue Ridge Trucking Service arrived with two more pieces of equipment from Compugraphic.

Next, we needed a specialist from Compugraphic to unpack all the complex equipment, make all the proper inter-cable connections between the various pieces, and test the whole set-up to make sure it all worked. On March 15, Robert Yasi, a newly converted born-again Christian from Piedmont, South Carolina, arrived to do just that. He also asked us a lot of curious questions as to what our religion was all about, to the point of undiplomatic aggravation. However, we still needed some more equipment. We still needed the software for the printer, which was soon dispatched by special delivery.

So now we were all set to start printing our paper, but we still had no typist.

* * * * *

Richard Becker had recommended a Nazi friend of his, Tyler Thompson, who was also from Greenville. Tyler had written a fairly meaningful letter to the editor of their local Greenville paper, which impressed me that he had the right racial leanings and also some intelligence. On the basis of Becker's recommendation and the copy of the letter I had been sent, I invited him to come down for an interview. He was living with his grandmother, and as usual, he was broke and he was jobless. He was willing, but he asked me to send him his bus fare. This I did, and he in fact arrived at Headquarters on March 12, where we had our interview, discussing conditions, salary, etc. He seemed intelligent enough, could type and could evidently do the job. There were however, two negatives I detected. He had an admitted drinking problem, and he seemed too much on the defensive. Since my choice of candidates was extremely limited, I decided to take a chance on him and take him on.

On March 16 Henrie and I returned to Florida and while there I typed up a contract for him that tied down all our verbal agreements. He sent word back that the agreement was fine but that he didn't have any decent clothes to wear for the job, and that he would need at least $200 for clothes and the bus fare. I didn't like the touch, but being the naive chump I was and eager to get started, I sent him the requested $200. In our conversation over the telephone he said he would appear at the Franklin bus station on April 4.

The four large plank signs (The Winning of the West, etc.,) from Plastic Designs in Pompano Beach were now ready. I strapped them to the bars on the roof of my Pontiac station wagon, and on Good Friday, April 1, 1983, Henrie and I decided to head back to North Carolina, this time in two cars, Henrie driving the station wagon and I the VW Rabbit. We had our usual lunch of shrimp sandwiches and soup at the Holiday Inn at Fort Pierce, then after driving 430 miles, we decided on stopping at Moultrie/Adel on I-75 for the night. However, all rooms were taken in every motel. We hadn't counted on the Easter week-end. We drove to Tifton and had dinner at the Holiday Inn, but as far as lodging for the night was concerned, the clerk informed us there probably wasn't a room available by this time of the night all the way up I-75. By this time it was near midnight, and we decided the best we could do was just sleep in our respective cars. We drove up to the rest area on I-475 by-pass, parked our cars and snoozed until about 1:30 AM. We then drove on, tired as we were, and arrived at the cabin at about six in the morning.

After a few hours of sleep, I was awakened by a call from Tim Gaffney. He was interested in distributing large numbers of NER and WMB and wanted to find out the cost of cases of each. That same afternoon I also received a call from Tyler Thompson, who was supposed to arrive on April 4. He informed me, sorry, he would not be coming, he had a bad back. What about the $200 I had sent him? Sorry about that too, he had spent it all. Later I found out he had spent it on a grand drunk, and remained as suitless as before. So much for Tyler Thompson and my faith in human nature.

* * * * *

Since I had expected Tyler Thompson to be here on April 4, I had made arrangements with the instructor from Compugraphic, a fellow by the name of Gene Schweigert, to be on the premises and give our typist a few days of instruction. This was part of the package deal, no extra charge. Unlike Tyler, Schweigert promptly arrived on the scene. So now we had an instructor, but no typist. What to do? Henrie and I decided we would take the instruction ourselves, and since Henrie was a fairly good typist in her own right, we would put together the first edition of *Racial Loyalty* ourselves. I and when we ever found a suitable helper we would then pass on our limited know-how to that person. After three days of instruction, we had a fairly good grasp of the operation, at least enough needed to put the paper together.

* * * * *

The same night after I had received the no-show from Tyler Thompson, I called Tim Gaffney again, hoping that he might have reconciled his wife to coming down here and that he might still be in the mood. The answer was — no change, no chance. But he had a friend who used to be his boss in the accounting department and was part of his Force and Order group that he felt was highly qualified for the Hasta Primus job, and might be interested. His name was Bill Tucker, and he gave me his telephone number.

I gave Bill a call and after some conversation he said he was interested and would come down for a visit and an interview. Sure enough, on Saturday, April 9, he arrived with his wife Arlene and as usual, also another dog in tow. I showed him the territory, discussed the work and the terms, treated them to lunch and also to dinner. I detected that his wife was the dominant factor in the equation, and she did not seem too eager to make the move. At 7:10 PM they left, and nothing further came of that encounter, although he promised that he would be in a position to take the job in about six months. Big deal.

* * * * *

Time was slipping by, and I was getting impatient. I came to the conclusion that if we were going to get that first edition of *Racial Loyalty* out, we would have to do it ourselves, with Henrie doing the typing. I went to work in the garage workshop and constructed a lowboy on which to set the big, heavy 8402 Printer, and a stand and a cabinet on which to place the Zebra developer. I also built a long slanting layout table on which to cut, lay out and paste-up the copy. I also bought an electric waxer and ordered a thousand layout sheets.

For the last year, or so, I had already written and filed away a number of articles I anticipated publishing and now we were ready to go. On April 12 Henrie started typesetting the first article, *Creativity, an Idea whose Time has Come*. I had originally intended to only publish an eight page tabloid, but I had so many articles and information on hand, the first edition ended up with 12 pages, and it has remained such ever since, except a few times we expanded into 16 pages.

With Henrie doing the typesetting and me doing the cutting, the layout and the paste-up, we had six double sheets, 12 pages, put together and ready for the printer by April 24. We designated it as **ISSUE NO. 1, June, 1983**.

We found an outfit in Franklin, Dixie Advertising, to do the printing. We ordered 15,000 copies for our first run and gave Gene Dowdle a check in the amount of $921.86. Actually, they did not do the printing themselves, since they did not have a press with which to do this kind of a job, but farmed it out to an outfit in Murphy, NC, and took a commission. Having put the first issue to bed, we left for Florida that same day, April 24, to take care of several urgent matters. Among other things, we had our home up for sale.

On May 6, we left for North Carolina again. In the meantime I had been in touch with Richard Becker again by phone and he had changed his mind about taking the job. He arrived in his car minus his pooch at 10:15 PM on May 8, and I settled him and his belongings in the upstairs apartment of the church. The next morning Richard and I had breakfast at the B & D Restaurant in Franklin, then picked up 15,000 copies of *Racial Loyalty* from Dixie Advertising. That same day we shipped out 15 cartons of 100 each to people who had been subscribers to our books and literature with instructions to distribute them as widely as possible. The next day we shipped out another 51 such cartons, and several hundred individual copies to people who were not subscribers, but were on our mailing list.

On May 16, I had Billy Sanders put up the large plank signs on the facade of the church, **The Winning of the West**. During the next few days I taught Richard the fundamentals of what I knew about the mechanics and techniques of using the typesetting equipment. Then, on May 18, after leaving him with several articles I had previously

written for him to typeset, Henrie and I again left for Lighthouse Point.

Chapter Three

Fireworks

On May 20th we were back in Lighthouse Point to put the finishing touches on the agreement for the sale of our house. It was a cash deal, and after getting together with the broker, the buyers' lawyer, we signed the contract, which, among other things, stipulated we would vacate the premises before July 1.

No sooner was this major episode in our lives completed, but we were off to North Carolina again on June 3 in order to start putting together the second issue of Racial Loyalty. I had left Richard with a number of articles to type, and now it was a matter of editing, cutting and pasting, as well as a number of additions, changes and rearrangements.

Meanwhile, on June 9, I was visited by two reporters by the names of Marke C. Winne and Bill Montgomery, both from the Atlanta Constitution/Journal. It seems that J.B. Stoner, publisher of The Thunderbolt and a founder of the National States Rights Party, had been convicted of bombing a nigger church in Alabama. It was an incident that had happened some 15 to 20 years earlier, an allegation for which he had been tried at the time, but had been duly acquitted. Now, it seems some eager beaver nigger District Attorney had reopened the case, and in a plainly rigged trial, got a conviction from the present jury. Anyway, Stoner was now on the lam, and there were some suspicions being bandied about that we were harboring him at our church. The two reporters were adamant that we were hiding him somewhere in our complex and they wanted to be the heroes that had found him. After some lengthy argument in which I made it plain to them that I didn't know what the hell they were talking about, they started to leave. They got as far as our gate where their car was parked (this was going on at our cabin) when they came back and thought they would make another try at it. By this time I was getting somewhat aggravated, and told them in no uncertain terms to get the hell off my property and not come back.

All this somehow reminds me of a little joke I read sometime later. It seems little nine year old Johnny was attending Sunday School and his teacher was going on about God up in heaven and all that. Johnny was listlessly dozing off when suddenly the teacher pointed a stern finger at him and asked: "Johnny, where is God?" Suddenly startled from out of his day dreams, Johnny began to cry and ran out of the room to the football field where his older brother was playing. "God is missing," he cried in desperation, "and they think we've got him!"

The next day after the reporters visit, on June 10, I finished putting the second issue of *Racial Loyalty* together and again took the copy to Dixie Advertising to have them print 5000 12 page copies, at a cost of $655.38.

The next day Henrie and I left for our home in Lighthouse Point, this, for the last time. As soon as we arrived we started on the arduous task of getting our endless collection of belongings, the valuable as well as the useless, packed up for the big move. It was a task at which both Henrie and I cringed, but it had to be done and we had better get going.

Chapter Four

North Carolina — Settling In

In the last chapter of *Against the Evil Tide* I have already described in detail the difficulties of selling our home in Lighthouse Point and the last minute fiasco with Allied Van Lines in getting our furniture and belongings moved. I will therefore not repeat it here. Let me just summarize by saying that on June 30, 1983, we arrived at Clayton, Georgia at noon. After having a good lunch at Burrell's Junction restaurant, we loaded up with groceries and arrived at our cabin at 1:30 and immediately started unloading our overloaded Pontiac station wagon. Besides the groceries, this consisted of our most intimate and treasured valuables, such as our numerous oil paintings and other personal necessities. Henrie and I checked over the cabin and the yard and found everything in good order.

Next I checked in with our Hasta Primus, Rick Becker, who was settled in at the upstairs apartment of the Church. Before I had left for Lighthouse Point on June 11, Richard and I had already finished putting the second edition (July issue of *Racial Loyalty*) together and taken it to Dixie Advertising to be printed. (5000 copies, $655.38.) In the meantime, Rick had mailed these out as per our prescribed mailing list at that time. Now that I had returned and settled in permanently, we immediately started putting together our third issue, the August edition.

Although sloppy in manner and in the housekeeping of his apartment, Rick was a good typist and was able to utilize the Compugraphic typesetting machinery competently. I drew up an "Agreement for Contractual Services" with him, specifying his duties and paid him a fee of $1000 per month, with him paying for his own telephone bill and the electric bill for the upstairs meter, which was separate from the downstairs and basement area. Besides taking care of the typing and correspondence, his duties also included mowing the lawn, taking care of the yard and surrounding area and keeping the building clean and in good order.

By July 26 we had put the August edition together and again took it to Dixie Advertising to have them run off 5000 copies.

In many ways Rick Becker was a strange man. About 40, he was well built, stood about 6 foot 2, and exercised regularly either by jogging or lifting weights. He had at one time attended *The Citadel*, the famous Military Academy at Charleston, South Carolina. As far as I know, his grades were satisfactory, yet his father, a college professor himself, had him declared as legally insane, and temporarily confined to an insane asylum. Rick wrote a comprehensive booklet about his horrible experiences during this episode. He had written me as early as 1981, and had sent me a copy of it. I read the book, found out that he was strongly racist, an ardent Nazi, and after reading my first book *Nature's Eternal Religion*, he became a strong supporter of Creativity. His own short book was well written, and it puzzled me greatly why his father had him declared insane. Yet, despite all the nasty procedures he experienced at the clinic, he seemed to have no grudge or hard feelings about what part his dad had played in the commitment. Anyway, one benefit he derived from it all was that he received a disability check of about $550 each month. Method in his madness?

By the middle of August, he began to get somewhat antsy in his job, and part of his problem was insecurity and a streak of cowardliness. For instance, one evening we had him over for dinner, and by the time he was ready to walk back to his apartment at the church, about a third of a mile, it was dark. He hadn't been gone for more than two minutes, when he was back, knocking on the door. He admitted he was afraid to walk back in the dark, and could I drive him back? Which, of course, I did.

* * * * *

Before coming to the World Center in North Carolina, I had carried on an extensive correspondence with just about anybody and everybody that I felt had something important to say. One of these was a fellow by the name of Keith Williams. He was a radio announcer and disc jockey from Roseburg, Oregon, and went by the professional name of "Dude." Every once in a while he would call me long distance and chat. He had a rich, cultured baritone voice, as befitted a radio announcer, and he sounded like a man of means. One day in the middle of August I got a telephone call from him that he was on a bus, enroute to see me and would I meet him at the Franklin bus station at 10:30 AM on Friday, August 19. I was flabbergasted at the sudden announcement, but said, yes, I would pick him up.

This I did. When I met him, what I saw was a big surprise from the image I had pictured in the various telephone conversations I had exchanged with him. He was without a coat, without bag or baggage. All he had on his back was a dirty, sweat soaked shirt. He said some nigger on the bus had stolen his wallet and he was penniless. Instead of the suave, polished radio pitchman I had pictured, I saw a big, fat slob, in his early fifties, unshaven and unwashed. He had come, he said, to work for the Church of the Creator, and would take any job on any terms. Then he began to unload his problems.

He had an endless assortment of family problems. He had been married twice, had five grown children, and now he was divorced again, and his wife had taken him for everything he had. Furthermore, even his children testified against him in court. Evidently he had picked up a new love, a North Carolina waitress, and he was thinking of marrying her, or at least living with her. He was in a high state of agitation as I listened to him, but claimed he was highly dedicated to the cause of the church and wanted to work with me.

I let him stay at my house over night and get cleaned up. Then next day I tested his typing ability, and further discussed the working conditions. I straightened him out on the situation that if I took him on he would not be working *with* me, he would be working *for* me, and what I said goes, and make no mistake about it.

Rick Becker had been getting antsy of late, and I was not too happy with him. Besides, if he left within the next couple of days he would be in time for a class in Ancient History that the government paid him for taking, over and above his regular disability pension. I considered the pros and cons, and finally decided I would take on this new "Dude" and let Becker go. After staying another couple of days to teach Dude the intricacies of operating the typesetting machinery and familiarizing him with other details, I paid Rick Becker his final fee of $128. and he was on his way back to Greenville, NC.

There were any number of problems with Dude. In the first place, I insisted that the name Dude sounded too phony and that he use his regular name, which was Keith, in his correspondence. Secondly, he had no car, so I temporarily let him use my VW Rabbit. He promised he would have a car of his own within a month, and he did pick up a second hand jalopy after a period of about two months. Then there was this girl friend of his that he wanted to have move in with him. I said no way, unless they were married and showed me their marriage license. This they finally did, and with her she brought two young boys of hers, ages about 8 and 10. They were nice kids, started school at the Otto Elementary School, and caused no problems.

So finally we got most of their problems put together, and he was doing a satisfactory job in answering correspondence and doing the typesetting. While he did all the typing, I did all the writing, layout, cutting and pasting in putting the paper together.

* * * * *

During the first week in September (1983) I had an interesting visit from Everett Wybert, with whom I had been corresponding for some time. He was from Youngston, NY. There were mainly two subjects on his mind. One, he wanted to buy several hundred copies of *Salubrious Living* and use them as a non controversial way of introducing Creativity to new people, then follow up with more substantial material if they seemed receptive. He bought about two hundred copies.

The other subject was an interesting scientific convention that was coming up in Atlanta within a week, and one that he had been designated to audio record all speeches given. It was called The Second International Symposium on Non-Conventional Energy and was to bring together all the leading scientists of the world to expound on their latest work and findings in the field of discovering new sources of energy other than those already current. This excluded such as solar energy, atomic energy, and other conventional sources, but tried to pursue something new, such as harnessing gravitational force, or any other means that had not yet been developed. It sounded very interesting, and Henrie and I decided to attend, at least part of it.

We left at 10 AM on September 10, and met with Everett Wybert at the Colony Square Hotel in Atlanta, where the Symposium was taking place. Since it was now 12:30, we immediately proceeded to have lunch. The Symposium had already started that morning. We listened to brilliant renditions of a host of different ideas, many of which were illustrated with slides and all kinds of other supplementary paraphernalia. There were about 300 different scientists participating from many different countries, and one thing that emerged from this gathering that stands out in my mind was that the hero of all these scientific explorers was not Thomas Edison, but Nikola Tesla.

Meanwhile Everett was recording all these speeches. Henrie and I attended the banquet that evening and then at about 11 PM we checked in at the Atlanta Cabana Motel for the night.

The next morning Henrie and I drove to the huge new renovated Cyclorama in Grant Park. Not only had the huge paintings of the battle scenes been repaired and repainted, but the whole physical structure had been redone, so that now the spectators could sit on benches, remain in one place, and the inside cyclorama itself slowly revolved and the upcoming scenes were spotlighted and highlighted, as well as accompanied by music and verbal explanations.

We then went back to the Symposium and had lunch with Everett Wybert. He was good enough to give us copies of six audio tapes of important speeches he had recorded during the Symposium.

Henrie and I then left Atlanta and arrived back home at 4:30 PM.

It was at this time, in September of 1983, that I started talking to Billy Sanders, the contractor who had built the church, about building a second structure. It was to be a School for Gifted Boys, a sort of Leadership Training School, an idea I had had in the back of my mind for some time. I started drawing up rough plans of the kind of building I had in mind, then had architect Jack Patton draw up the final blueprints. On October 14, 1983, Doyle Byrd brought in his heavy equipment and actually started moving dirt for the site of the School for Gifted Boys.

Chapter Five

Christmas with Kim and Walt in Colorado

By 1983 Kim and Walt had left Colorado Springs, had moved to Loveland, Colorado, bought a home, and, in the new location, established themselves independently in the chiropractic business in Loveland. We were invited to spend the Christmas holidays with them, an invitation we gladly accepted.

Leaving the church business in the hands of Hasta Primus Keith Williams, Henrie and I left our cabin at 11:45 AM on Sunday, December 18, and headed west on US 64. We stopped for lunch at Murphy, NC, and drove on to Paducah, KY, calling it a day when we arrived there at 8 PM and checked in at the Day's Inn. The weather was cold and clear.

The next day we drove a total of 597 miles to Salina Kansas, after stopping for lunch at St. Charles, Missouri, at the Red Lobster, one of our favorite restaurants. By the time we checked in at the Holiday Inn at Salina at 8:30 PM, the weather had become very cold.

By the next morning the temperature had dropped down to 10 below zero and it was beginning to snow. Nevertheless, we thought we would brave it, and started down the road at 8:30 AM. We hadn't driven more than seven miles down I-70 when the storm developed into a full blown blizzard and we could hardly see the road. We decided to turn around and this time checked into the Red Coach Inn on I-135, about two miles south of I-70. Here we decided to weather out the storm.

The next morning, Wednesday, December 21, the weather was still bad, but somewhat less blustery than the day before. We decided to try again and make the run all the way to Loveland. By the time we reached Russell the wind had died down, and when we reached Hayes, KS, we stopped in for lunch at the Holiday Inn. Here we called Kim and told her of our position and that we planned on arriving there that evening. We did arrive at 6:30, after having driven 465 miles, a long day. After a happy reunion, Kim served us a good dinner.

Kim was very pregnant at the time and the birth of daughter Amy was only about three weeks away. They had already made plans to leave Loveland and move to Martinsville, Virginia. Although they loved Colorado, and the area they lived in, there were just too many chiropractors already established in this town, and prospects for a successful practice in the future were less than optimistic. It was a stressful time for the Moores, but nevertheless we had a very enjoyable Christmas. We exchanged presents, we watched a football game, and had a big Christmas dinner with all the trimmings.

We visited with them for two weeks, during which time we took several drives, one of which was to Estes Park where Kim and Walt were married, and then we drove on the long and scenic Trail Ridge Road in the Rocky Mountains National Park.

Walt had bought himself a video recording camera and was pretty adept at using it to record family events, trips, etc. It appealed to me and we went down to Denver and I bought a similar piece of equipment for $1291. Unlike Walt, I have hardly ever used it, and in the meantime, the state-of-the-art has changed considerably.

The next day Henrie and I took the boys, Scott and Bryan, who were approximately seven and five at that time, to the Denver Museum of Natural History, a very interesting place indeed. The boys had been there before, and instead of us showing them around, they seemed well versed with the layout, and were showing us around and explaining the different scenarios. On the way back we took them to Coco's restaurant at North Glen for lunch.

While at Kim and Walt's I also managed to write a 15 page lead article *We Are Not Helpless* for the next edition of *Racial Loyalty*.

On Sunday, New Year's Day, Walt and I watched the Cotton Bowl football game, then we all watched the Pasadena Rose Parade. In the afternoon we all drove to Estes Park, where we saw several deer along the way. We then had dinner at the Holiday Inn.

On Tuesday, January 3rd, we said good-by to Kim and Walt and the boys and left for the long trip back home. At Hayes we had dinner at the Holiday Inn, then drove on to the Red Coach Inn at Salina for the night, arriving there at about 10 PM.

The next day, driving east on I-70, we stopped in at Abilene, Kansas, and visited the Eisenhower Library, the Museum, the home and the chapel. Continuing on I-70, we had a good dinner at the Red Lobster at Cave Springs, MO, about 20 miles west of St. Louis. We drove on, straight through St. Louis, and stayed at the Ramada Inn at Fairview Hills, Illinois. Then on to Cleveland, Tennessee the next day, where we stayed at the Holiday Inn overnight.

From there it was a straight shot back to the cabin and home. On the way we loaded up with groceries at Winn-Dixie in Franklin, and arrived home at 12:30 PM. I stopped at the church briefly to survey the mail that had come in while I was gone. That same afternoon I called Arnfinn Sveen, the travel agent, and picked up an application for the Egyptian visa.

Chapter Six

Trip to Egypt

February 1984

For years my wife Henrie and I had been interested in the land of Ancient Egypt and we had acquired a number of books on the subject, including a large one from National Geographic. One of these days we decided we would take a tour of the esoteric country that had spawned the first great White civilization. When we visited the Second International Symposium on Non-Conventional Energy in Atlanta last September we happened to listen to a professor from the University of Florida announce that he was organizing a tour group to go to Egypt next January. He was specializing in agricultural sciences and wanted to delve into Egyptian practices and methods. This sparked our immediate interest and we asked him to send us some of the literature on the tour. By the time we received the brochures six weeks later we had already decided we would go on our own, and weren't really interested in the agricultural aspects of Egypt anyway. But it was his lecture that had made up our minds to go.

The tour, though short, proved highly interesting and informative. In telling the story, I want to first of all give the background and the lessons we learned from this trip, then in a second chapter go into the details encountered during the itinerary itself.

* * * * *

The history of Egypt is extremely rich and covers a time span longer than that of any other major White civilization. There is much, much we can learn from it if we will keep our eyes and ears open and somewhat sharpen our perceptivity. I have been a longtime student of the history of White civilizations and have set down some of my observations and conclusions about them in Nature's Eternal Religion twelve years ago.

Whereas in my travels I had previously visited most of the locales of the other White civilizations such as Rome, Greece and Constantinople, I had never been to Egypt.

Understandably, because of its rich and extensive history, because of its wealth of archaeological monuments and artifacts still well preserved, I have always been fascinated with Egypt, and some day wanted to see it for myself.

The previous fall my wife and I decided come February we were going to see Egypt. Since no one knows what the future holds and what with the world being blown to bits by the Jews, especially in the Middle East, we thought that such an opportunity might never come again, and the sooner the better.

Well, on February 11, we finally did it. We got packed and left for a relatively short but exciting ten day tour of Egypt. I have related in more detail the itinerary and sites seen on the Egyptian tour in the next chapter. In this dissertation I want to re-analyze the story that is Egypt and derive what lessons we can learn from that first great White civilization and its demise.

When you take a guided tour these days you not only have your regular tour guide, but in order to create extra business most countries force the agency to have a second, a local guide as well. Egypt is one of those which require a second guide, since they too, are anxious to extract the last tourist dollar possible from its visitors. But before I describe the local guide, let me say a word about the regular guide.

His name was Tom. He was a handsome, well-built man, of Swiss nationality, and of German descent. As usual, he spoke a number of languages. He listed his home address as California, but actually domiciled in Spain. He was 51, single and as apolitical as you can get. He represented the perfect cosmopolitan, or should I say polyglot?

Our local guide was an Egyptian girl of 25 named Shareen. She was tall, had a good figure and a dark, muddy complexion. She pointed out that she was half Italian and had studied the guide business at the University of Cairo, that Italian was her first foreign language and English her second. I don't know how good her Italian was, but her English left much to be desired.

One of the first things she told us about Egypt that impressed me was that whereas the Egyptians spoke Arabic and it was their national language, there was a vast gulf of long standing between the Egyptians and the Arabs. She drew a sharp line of demarcation between themselves and the Arabs, pointing out that whereas the Egyptians had a long history of civilization and culture, the Arabs were nothing more than uncouth, uncivilized Bedouins off the desert, whom Mohammed had mobilized and polarized to become ruthless conquerors. She then lapsed into an interesting dissertation about Egypt's 4,000 year history of civilization before the Arabs came, about the multifaceted gods of Ancient Egypt, about the conquest of Alexander the Great, and then by the Romans; how Egypt was proselytized by the new Christian faith and by the fourth century A.D., Alexandria was the world's foremost center of not only Christianity, but also of culture and learning: how the Arabs came along in the 8th century, overran Egypt and converted it to the Moslem faith by force of the sword.

There was one sinister and insidious change in the Egyptian evolvement that Shareen seemed to ignore, and that was the racial disintegration of the once proud, intelligent White Egyptians.

As any student of Egyptian history knows, **when the Egyptians first built their mighty empire and illustrious civilization beginning some 6,300 years ago, they were a unique species, a most outstanding race of gifted White people.** Further up the Nile and to the south of them were the Nubians, black as the ace of spades. As the Egyptians expanded their empire, it was inevitable that they would come into confrontation with the Nubians. This, of course, they did, and stupidly, like all other White civilizations since, looked upon these inferior black creatures as excellent material for slave labor. They not only enlisted them as workers, but also took them into the army. **The result was predictable and as I have pointed out in both Nature's Eternal Religion and The White Man's Bible, when there is a geographic mixing of the races, there is inevitably a mixing and contamination of the gene pool, and as time goes on, again inevitably, the bad genes out-breed and pull down the good genes. As a result, the average Egyptian today is a conglomerate mongrel, and a bad mongrel at that, on a level with that of the average run of Mestizo Mexican. But I will have more to say about that later.**

As the bus rolled on and Shareen proceeded in telling her story of Egypt, my mind wandered off and I speculated about her own ancestry. I wondered what identity, if any, she herself could cling to, being a conglomerate composite of Ancient White Egyptian, black Nubian, Bedouin Arab, Early Roman and a proliferation of the slaves the Romans dragged into their Empire and through which they miserably dissipated their genes. On the cultural and the religious side she was an heir and composite hodge-podge of Ancient Egyptian culture and religion (of which they are so proud, but of which no vestige remains in the present day Egyptians); of the Coptic (Christian) Egyptians who held sway for five hundred years, and whose churches, temples and monasteries still remain in isolated pockets; and lastly, the Moslem creed to which she now professes adherence. **But what is she really? She shares the same sad dilemma as do all mongrels,** a botched-up, hodge-podge of race-mixing derelicts, whose ancestors wantonly and criminally flouted the laws of Nature. She is neither White, Nor Nubian, nor Arab, nor Roman. Culturally and religiously too, her loyalties would be torn between the Ancient Egyptian gods, Coptic Christianity, Roman Catholicism and the Moslem creed. What a shameful hodge-podge of a heritage has been slopped upon her by criminally irresponsible ancestors! How much Whiter and Brighter Egypt could have been today had the original creators of its civilization practiced the basic concepts of Creativity! If only they had had a racial religion!

The next statement made by Shareen that deeply impressed me was a political one. Whereas our German guide was completely apolitical, Shareen was not. She ventured the following opinion: "We have all been told that King Farouk was a wastrel and a scoundrel, and that Colonel Nasser was a hero who came to our rescue and gave us democracy and independence. Now, I may be thrown in jail for what I am about to say, but a lot of Egyptians think differently. The fact is that under Farouk Egypt had a population of 17 million people and most of them worked on the land in their primitive way as they had for generations. But Nasser changed all that by pursuing modernization and industrialization, by giving the people the vote, something they did not know what to do with. Egypt now has 47 million people. A large portion of these are crowded into Cairo and Alexandria. **They are not better off, but are worse off, and with the subsidies of foreign aid we are receiving we have a runaway population explosion and the situation is rapidly getting worse."**

Indeed it is. Cairo, which now has an explosive population of 12 million people, (this was in 1984) has facilities for a city of no more than three million. The streets are clogged with cars and people, the telephone system is a shambles, everything is patched together with chewing gum and haywire. One of the main reasons for the population explosion is U.S. foreign aid. Egypt, next to Israel, gets the largest chunk of foreign aid from the U.S. of any country in the world.

Why is the U.S. so generous to Egypt? Well, mainly it is bribe money to keep Egypt at peace with the miserable bandit state of Israel, all again at the expense of the American taxpayer. But it cannot go on. As Shareen pointed out — it is a one-way street to disaster. Egypt is increasing more than a million a year, and most of them are flocking into Cairo. Like Mexico City, it is a time bomb.

When we landed in Cairo, I took a good look at the people. They were darker than I had expected, being more or less the color of a mulatto in America. They are decrepit looking physical specimens, having all the worst characteristics of the mongrel. Yet, their Arab and some White characteristics are still discernable.

Then we flew south to Aswan and to Abu Simbel and finally embarked on a delightful and relaxing four day cruise down the Nile, from Aswan to Luxor. **The big surprise to me was that whereas the natives at Cairo were a mud color, those at Aswan and north, and all along the banks north to Luxor, were out and out kinky-haired niggers, black as the ace of spades!**

Watching the banks of the Nile, I had an opportunity to observe the natives, the native housing, and their primitive means of tilling the soil. Much of the housing out in the country (and even the environs of Cairo) is extremely crude, being built of primitive mud bricks and often nothing more than just plain reeds patched with mud. They tilled the soil much the same way as they did 2,000 years ago, after their civilization collapsed. Time and again I would see a team of water buffalo hitched to a primitive plough, with a fellaheen in a dirty white robe following behind. When I compared their primitive housing to the magnificent and grandiose temples and palaces built by their ancient predecessors, I could only be astounded and ask — how could a people sink so low from such an auspicious heritage? This brings me to the subject I want to discuss next — the Ancient Egyptian religion.

The history of Egypt is a prime example of what I am talking about in Creative Credo No. 45 of ***The White Man's Bible*** when I say that superstition and gullibility are the Achilles Heel of the White Race. There is hardly a civilization in history that was more overwhelmed with gods and spooks than were the Ancient Egyptians. They feared their gods, they idolized them, they supplicated to them.

In general, their religion was the most powerful force that controlled the life of the individual and set the course of the nation. This brings me to several other observations.

1. Because of their obsession with spookcraft and their neglect of nurturing their gene pool, they became mongrelized.

2. The trip to Egypt convinced me that the mongrelization of the White Race (whether local or global) is the Ultimate Horror.

3. It also firmly polarized a basic conviction I have had for a long time. That conviction is this: the White Race has been in dire need of a Racial Religion from the beginning of its civilization, and needs it more than ever today. Had the Egyptians had it, we would have a more beautiful, a Whiter and Brighter World today.

4. That all the fictitious concepts promoted by both Judaism and Christianity were already invented by the Ancient Egyptians. These fictitious concepts were first copied by the Jews and then transplanted into the Christian Creed, which the Jews originated and promoted. Some of these basic concepts were (a) the idea of a "soul," (b) the idea of "eternal life," (c) the idea of "gods," both evil and good, (d) the idea of "one god" (Ikhnaton), (e) the idea of "offerings" to appease the gods or god, (f) the idea of "baptism" (purification by ablution), (g) the idea of building magnificent and grandiose temples to honor and supplicate their gods. In fact, the whole program of controlling the masses by awing them with belief in hocus-pocus and the supernatural was already well advanced in the Egyptian religious system.

5. That the Egyptian obsession with preparing for death and immortality thereafter is, and was, one of the most destructive and wasteful ideas that helped to bring to

an end not only a most illustrious and glorious civilization, but also a most unique and exemplary race.

If those gifted (and at the same time demented) idiots had only had a racial religion such as Creativity!

Instead, all the efforts of the Pharaohs were directed towards providing for the comfort and well-being of the immortality of their fictitious "souls." Each Pharaoh wanted to outdo his predecessor in leaving a monument and a tomb in which his remains resided, ensconced in a grandiose physical enclosure that they hoped would last into all eternity.

That their bodies were embalmed by a process still not understood by modern science, that we all know. That their mummies were then entombed in an elaborate set of sarcophagi which were then sealed in secret chambers in a huge pyramid or other structure, that too, is well known. What surprised me, however, is the extent to which they exerted themselves to "provide the soul" with all the thousands of goodies on its journey to eternity. They practically poured the wealth of the kingdom into this last rites project as if life here and now was inconsequential, but in contrast, the nurturing of the soul in the eternal hereafter was overwhelmingly the obsession of their living days. **Does this have a familiar ring with the Christians who profess "seek not treasures on earth, but store up treasures in heaven"?**

Such an astounding collection of wealth went with the sarcophagus and the tomb of a dead Pharaoh that they became the prime target of grave robbers in ancient times. It was almost like robbing Fort Knox, provided you could find it. No wonder the Pharaohs went to extreme lengths to make their inner tomb either physically inaccessible by sheer massiveness of sealed stone structures, such as the pyramids, or resorted to subterfuge, such as burying their tombs, goodies and all, far underground in a remote ravine such as the Valley of the Kings at Luxor. (Sixty-four Pharaohs' tombs have been found in the Valley of the Kings, and fifty-seven in the Valley of the Queens, opposite Luxor.)

In either case, they succeeded badly. Of all the Pharaohs buried whose tombs have been found, the grave robbers of ancient times got to them first, with the lone exception of that of the boy king, Tutankhamen, which was discovered by British archaeologist, Howard Carter, in 1922. It is suspected that the architects who designed these hideaways and who generally outlived the Pharaoh, were the key villains in either aiding the robbers, or doing the job themselves.

It is the tomb of King Tut that gives us some idea of the size of the national treasury that was poured into one of these tombs and then buried, supposedly for all time. I had the pleasure of going down into the tomb of King Tut where his mummy still lies, and also of viewing the treasures that had been found in the tomb, and now reside in the Cairo Museum.

Let me first try to describe the treasures, which are displayed in the Egyptian Museum, also called the Cairo Museum.

Whereas the exhibit that was brought to the U.S. in 1976 displaying the treasures of King Tut drew huge crowds in every city where it was held, it only included 55 pieces. On display at the Cairo Museum are 3,500 pieces, all brought out of the tomb of King Tut. It includes chariots, benches, bowls, chests, chairs, a gold face mask, gold sleeves for each of King Tut's fingers, 180 stone statuettes of his favorite servants, and such a list of varied knick-knacks that it is impossible to catalogue here. Suffice it to say that so much gold was encrusted on so many of these items and so many jewels were studded into them that it was like an open invitation to Fort Knox, provided you could find it.

Making it extremely hard to find or to get to is what the kings and their architects expended considerable labor and ingenuity in doing. I had always imagined the Valley of the Kings, and the Valley of the Queens, where a number of these underground tombs are located, as a beautiful valley with well marked ruins of the different tombs. To my surprise it was one of the most desolate ravines anyone could imagine. Despite all the elaborate and highly decorated tunnels, stairways, ante-chambers, storage rooms and the burial chambers themselves, there was not a vestige of a green blade of grass, or even the slightest indication above ground of anything of the grandeur lying beneath the ground. Until modern diggers got to these tombs there was nothing but desolation, the most beautiful of purple skies above and sand, sand, sand.

But once underground the amount of tunneling, carving, chiselling and wealth of decorations on the walls of the passages and chambers is truly astounding. Besides visiting King Tut's and a few other underground tombs, we had the pleasure of visiting the King Ramses VI tomb and exploring it to the very end. Just the physical aspects of it are overwhelming. It consisted of a series of sloping stairways, straightaways, more stairways and more chambers. Just to climb in and out would tax all but a seasoned mountain climber. I asked the guide what the total vertical drop of these stairways amount to, and she replied that it was a total of 40 meters. This is an equivalent of 125 feet, or a twelve story building, a good morning's climb, down and up.

The conclusion of all this obsession with providing for the hereafter is, of course, that it is extremely wasteful and patently stupid, but, of course, no more so than the Christians' cry of "store up treasures in heaven," or the U.S. program of subsidizing all the mud races of the world. Since King Tut was a boy king who only reigned nine years and died at the age of 18, and virtually left a national treasure in his tomb, we can only speculate how much more abundant were the treasures buried by such kings as Ramses II who was tremendously more powerful, much more egotistical, and reigned for a total of 67 years.

When we speak of Ramses II we come to another strange characteristic of the Egyptian Pharaohs that probably was highlighted by the king with the huge ego, but was shared by most of them. This was the obsession of not only being in "right" with the gods and the immortal life of the hereafter, but they each wanted their name and their statues and their monuments to overshadow all others and to prevail for all time.

The Egyptian kings' (Pharaohs') **obsession with immortality** evidently knew no bounds. **They wanted immortality in the hereafter.** To aid and abet that ego trip they built themselves grandiose tombs and stocked them with so many expensive goodies as to practically wreck the national economy, as I have already stated before. **But they also wanted earthly immortality, combined with earthly fame and acclaim as well.** In order to do this they built monuments, statues, pyramids and temples in their own honor. The surface of practically every wall in their facade, column, and what have you, was covered with hieroglyphics telling about themselves, about their heroic deeds, consorting with the gods, pointing to themselves in one way or another. All this was interlarded with their own "cartouche" which was their brand, or trademark, or signature. It consists of a parallelogram with rounded ends, inside of which was the particular ruler's individual name in hieroglyphics.

So popular are these cartouches that they constitute a major souvenir business in Egypt today. You can get your own cartouche made up in gold or silver by a local jeweler, with your name spelled out in raised hieroglyphics. It can be worn as a charm and is one of the few worthwhile purchases you can find in Egypt today.

To get back to the ancient pursuers of the big ego, a powerful king like Ramses II had a marvelous temple built in his honor at Abu Simbel. It was cut into the face of a solid cliff on the banks of the Nile in a godforsaken place 168 miles south of Aswan and 768 miles south of Cairo. On the outside are four colossal statues of Ramses II in a seated position. Each is over 65 feet high. Inside the first room, the Great Hypostyle Hall has a ceiling supported by eight columns faced with huge statues of our hero, Ramses II, in the pose of the god Osiris. The second hall is supported by four pillars, with reliefs on the walls of Ramses, his wife Nefertari, and his horse and chariot. A similar glorification is again repeated in the third chamber. In fact, Ramses II is all over the place, always with his cartouche, saying: "This is Ramses."

But he wasn't the only one. Most of the kings followed the same course, only were not quite as successful because they did not reign for 67 years, and the times were not as propitious.

Now there were two ways to outshine and overshadow their predecessors. One was to outdo the others, and the second was to destroy and obliterate the previous ruler's name and/or works. Whereas the history of Egypt has many pieces missing, we nevertheless can find much evidence of both tactics — to out-build the rival and to obliterate their predecessors' name and fame. Sometimes this was simply achieved by cutting out the previous ruler's cartouche (on the monument, in a temple) and replacing it with his own. Ramses II is known to have done this in several cases.

One was the case of Queen Hatshepsut, one of the most remarkable women in history. Hatshepsut was married to Thutmose II, her half brother — not an unusual practice in Ancient Egypt. When Thutmose II died after a short rule, she took over the government as temporary regent for Thutmose III, the legal heir to the throne, who was still a child. I might explain that whereas Thutmose III was the son of Thutmose II, he was not the son of

Hatshepsut. Anyway, so enamored did Queen Hatshepsut become of the power she now wielded that she stayed on and on and kept a very impatient Thutmose III under wraps in the background, even after he had reached manhood (not unlike today's British monarchy). Hatshepsut proved to be a capable and powerful ruler. She wore a false beard like a man, which is reflected in her many graven images. Like her predecessors she also assumed godhood. She built the famous Queen's temple at Deir al-Bahri and also the great temple of Amen at Karnak, as well as several other monuments to her future immortality. Replete on the walls of these temples were engravings of the queen in her manifold heroic scenes, usually consorting with the gods.

Well, eventually the queen died, as all good queens finally do, and Thutmose III came to power. So angry was Thutmose III of having been treacherously suppressed all those years that he disfigured the image of Queen Hatshepsut's face on every monument, wall, and column he could find. Tut, tut, Thut. What a wanton despoilment of precious art for those of us who came along a few thousand years later. We wish you wouldn't have done that, Thut.

A second interesting case is that of Amenhotep IV during the XVIIIth Dynasty, circa 1,350 B.C. He was an ascetic, a religious reformer, a philosopher and a theologian. He changed his own name to Ikhnaton, meaning, "Aton (the sun god) is satisfied." He abolished all other gods and proclaimed the "One God" idea — his god, Aton. So obsessed was this first fanatic monotheist that he indulged in an orgy of iconoclasm. He had the plural word "gods" deleted from all monuments, destroyed images of rival gods and relentlessly persecuted the priests of Amen.

Ikhnaton's monotheistic sun god religion finally failed and he was deposed. Although it exerted a great influence on the art and thinking of his time, Egypt soon returned to its ancient, well-entrenched labyrinthine religion of polytheism and the old priests were again back in power. As a side comment, it should be noted that it was from Ikhnaton that the Jews copied their idea of Jahweh and monotheism. When the Jews now proclaim with great fanfare that they gave the world the first monotheist religion, they are lying, as usual. Remember, the Egyptians had it first.

In any case, after Ikhnaton was deposed, the priesthood returned to their ancient system with a vengeance. They in turn smashed all statues of Ikhnaton, chiseled out his image wherever it appeared and tried to stamp out every vestige of his idea.

While we are on the subject of icon smashing, it might be well to point out that this was a subject also vigorously pursued by the Egyptian Christians (known as Coptics) during their 500 year sway in Egypt. As in Greece, as in Rome, the Coptics in Egypt were hell-bent on smashing "pagan" images, and concentrated on destructively smashing off the noses of more statues than any other group in history.

Despite their obsession with religion and despite the thousands of years they labored at it and under it, the Egyptians never really put together an organized, well-structured religion, as did the Roman Catholic Church under Christianity. Instead, theirs was a confused, shifting and polyglot plethora of gods, god, gods, varying both in time, in name and in geographic location. Besides some of the principal gods, there were in addition also the minor local gods that the natives of certain cities or areas held in high esteem.

One of the dominant gods was **Amen-Re**, also known as Amon-Ra, also known as Ra, also known as Horus, in which guise he appeared with the face of a hawk on a human torso. Ikhnaton changed this multi-faceted sun god Amen to Aton and made him the one and only. Today, when you hear the "Amens" resounding down the corridors of Christian churches, remember, the Egyptians had it first.

Other major and universal gods beside Amen-Ra were: **Anubis** who had the head of a jackal and presided over the dead and guarded the tombs; **Hathor**, who had the head of a cow with long horns cradling the sun. She was the goddess of love and childbirth; **Thot**, the god of wisdom and truth, had the head of an ibis; also **Ptah**, **Hapi**, **Isis**, **Maat**, **Imhotep**, **Min**, and others. What a stupid, silly, hodge-podge!

The subject of Egyptian religion is, of course, endless, and I do not wish to pursue it any further. I believe I have given enough background of my observations so that we can come to some meaningful conclusions and derive some lessons from the 6,300 year-old Egyptian experience.

1. Because the white Egyptian race was geographically sheltered by vast stretches of desert to the east and to the west, by the sea to the north, and by the cataracts on the Nile to the south, it had an opportunity to nurture and evolve an ever-advancing species of a fine race

without the intrusion of foreign pollution for thousands of years.

2. Religion can, and did, play an enormously decisive part in the life of the individual, of the nation, and of the race, and the Egyptians pushed it to a veritable mania. Religion is still a tremendously important factor in their lives today.

3. Religion, as I have stated many times before, is like fire. It can be extremely constructive or destructive, depending on the nature of the religion, by whom it is used, and, on whom.

4. The Egyptians did not have a good religion but a rather stupid religion based on purely fictitious concepts and outlandish hocus-pocus. The thrust of their religion was the preparation for a nonexistent life in the hereafter, a pointless obsession that uselessly dissipated their resources and labor, and poured it down a hidden rat hole, to be buried forever.

5. The White Race six thousand years later is still without a meaningful, constructive religion, and probably will be until such time as Creativity becomes universally accepted.

6. The White Race of Egypt was able to stay on a steady course for about 3,000 years (a long time) for two reasons:

   (a) It was geographically protected from racial contamination as mentioned earlier.

   (b) Its religion, economy and government stayed out of the hands of the Jews until probably about 1,300 B.C.

   From that time on, race-mixing, racial, cultural and economic disintegration set in and completely destroyed all — race, nation, culture and economy until we now have the dismal polyglot mess of mongrels visible today.

7. Had they had a racial religion, such as Creativity, instead of the hocus-pocus plethora of fictitious spooks, the history of not only Egypt, but the world, would read differently today. Undoubtedly, they would within a period of a few centuries have conquered all the viable lands of the earth and settled it with an ever increasingly superior breed of men. We can only vaguely speculate what the magnificence of such supermen might be. In any case, it would be so far above the decrepit mongrels of today that there would be no recognizable kinship.

8. If there is one thing that the trip to Egypt has done for me, it is to overwhelmingly reinforce a basic conviction.

That conviction is that the White Race direly needed a good racial religion in ancient times, has needed it throughout history, and needs it more than ever today.

In fact, we are reaching the End-of-the-Line. It is now or never.

The ultimate of all horrors is the mongrelization of the great White Race. Mongrelized Egypt stands today as a living reminder of the ultimate horror. Let us dedicate ourselves anew to the fight to reverse this process and cleanse the world of the scourge now engulfing it.

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The Ancient Egyptians, too, once possessed the Divine Seed in their Race, but they allowed it to be bastardized into mud. Let this be a stern warning and a hard object lesson to what is still left of the White Race on this Planet Earth.

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The ultimate horror is the mongrelization of the White Race.

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The bottom line of all this intensive Egyptian religiosity is this: it was entirely based on self-deception, hocus-pocus and deliberate lies.

Chapter Seven

A Report from Today's Egypt

It all started to gel when my wife and I attended a Symposium for Unconventional Power in Atlanta, Georgia last September. A professor from the University of Florida who specialized in agricultural sciences announced he was organizing a tour group to Egypt next January. Since we had been talking about "someday" we would visit that ancient wonderland, we decided — why not this winter? We told the professor we were interested in joining his group and would he please send us his literature.

By the time we received his literature six weeks later, we had already decided (a) we would go anyway, (b) his trip was too agriculturally oriented and (c) we would do better with a professional travel company. We got new passports, visas to Egypt and signed up on an eleven day tour with the Hemphill-Harris travel agency. The starting date was February 11.

We flew out of Atlanta at 5:20 P.M. in KLM Airlines to Amsterdam. After a short layover at Amsterdam and a 30 minute stop at Athens we arrived at the Cairo Airport at 7:30 P.M. the next day.

Arrangements had been made that our tour guide whose name was Tom, was to meet us at the airport, but when we arrived that night at a very foreign airport, no Hemphill-Harris tour guide was to be seen anywhere, and we soon learned some of the down-to-earth realities of the Egyptian existence.

The airport was shabby, dirty and overcrowded with people. It was Pandemonium on the loose. By the time we got through immigration and customs and started looking for the guide who wasn't there, it was getting on into the night, and here we were stranded in a foreign airport where only the most basic of English was spoken by anybody.

I tried to phone the Ramses Hilton Hotel, but no public booths were available. A crowd of helpers were on hand at every turn, looking for a tip (called baksheesh) for anything.

A pleasant young fellow finally found a telephone at some business window that we could call from for a little baksheesh. After a dozen attempts and half an hour later, we got through to the receptionist at the hotel desk, who informed us, yes, we had a reservation, and where were we? I tried to get in contact with the Hemphill-Harris tour guide, Tom, but to no avail. Communications were so bad I decided we would do better to just take a taxi on our own and get to the hotel.

After several more helpers and more baksheesh, we got loaded into a taxi and were off. Now that we understood how the telephone system worked (?) we were in for another experience. When I say we were off, I mean we were off like a bat out of hell trying to race against the international date line. Leaning heavily on the horn, as did everyone else, this fellow simply defied all the laws of probability and wove in and out of traffic like a professional hockey player. Somehow we got to the hotel unscathed. How, I'll never know.

After settling in our room I accosted the tour guide at the hotel, who by now was in his PJ's and ready to retire for the night. When I asked Tom why he had left us stranded at the airport, he innocently replied that he had no information about our time of arrival and that he understood we were arriving on our own. When I showed him the printed slip with his name on it saying that he would meet us upon arrival, he feigned surprise. Whether it was real or a copout I have never found out. Anyway, we were there. We had a plush room at one of Cairo's finest, the Ramses Hilton, and were ready to retire, not argue.

Whereas in the article, *Lessons from Egypt*, I have set down many observations and conclusions from a religious and historical point of view, in this "travelogue" I want to describe more of the modern Egypt and what we actually saw of the ancient ruins, a most impressive experience.

Despite the grueling start at the airport, the rest of the trip was a most delightful and exciting adventure. Next morning, after having a sumptuous breakfast served in our room, we were off and running with the rest of the tour group. The group proved to be relatively small, about 18, as tour groups go, all seasoned travelers, and one of the most cordial and congenial groups we had ever had the pleasure of traveling with. We were on our way to Sakkara to see Egypt's oldest pyramid, the Step Pyramid of King Zoser.

This trip, about 20 miles out of Cairo, took us out past the colossal statue of Ramses II, where I learned about "cartouches" and also about Ramses II's colossal ego. It was also my first impression of the countryside and the primitive existence of the native Egyptians.

Cairo is one of the world's largest cities, having a burgeoning population of twelve million, crowded into facilities that were meant to accommodate no more than three million. Everything is cramped, crowded, ramshackle and inadequate. The traffic is disorganized and jammed, the horn being the principal guiding light, if any. The streets are narrow and jammed with people. The water system is not potable, and you are cautioned to drink only bottled drinks. The electricity goes off often. The telephone system is barely hanging together, as we found out when we arrived at the airport.

However, the people are congenial and easy going, never in a hurry. They are not hostile to Americans, although they may have more cause to be so than many others that are. Whereas the Mexicans, a similar drowsy race, have their "mañana," the Egyptians top that with their own word, "maleesh," which roughly means "it's alright, don't worry about it." In fact, the only two Egyptian words I learned were "baksheesh" — everybody had their hand out — and "maleesh," already described.

Nevertheless, Cairo is an extremely interesting city, having a wide mixture of several cultures of which three predominate, the Ancient Egyptian with their pyramids and all, the thousand year Moslem culture with their beautiful mosques and minarets, and the modern "Western" influence of skyscraper hotels, built of course by the White Man, mostly with American money.

But to get back to the countryside, on our way to Sakkara. Once out of the city itself, a traveler is impressed with the profuse green fields, irrigated by the waters of the Nile. It can truly be said that the Nile is Egypt and without the Nile, Egypt would be nothing. The Nile has also been called the longest oasis in the world, and an oasis it is. This oasis, varying in width from approximately a mile to ten miles, has very clear lines of demarcation. Once outside of the irrigated waters of the Nile, the land is as bleak and barren as any desert in the world — nothing but miles of sand and rocks without a blade of grass in sight.

As we rolled along in the bus on a narrow two lane road to Sakkara, we could see the native houses of the fellaheen, visible on both sides of the road. They are built of mud bricks, palm fronds and other crude materials. They are extremely primitive and must be hotter than an oven in the summertime when temperatures run at 110 degrees and more. Also visible along the road were many goats, donkeys, camels and water buffalo. It was the water buffalo which were the main beasts of burden often pulling a primitive plow.

Once we got to Sakkara, I viewed the landscape. It was located outside of the green oasis and was as bleak and desert-strewn as any barren landscape on earth. But the Step Pyramid was huge, and it was impressive, being the oldest large pyramid ever built. Also, extremely impressive were the ruins of the walls of a huge temple that had existed there in ancient times. It is hard to conceive the millions of hours of hand labor that must have gone into the building of such a huge enclosure that took in several acres, and which temple now is merely a dim outline of its former glory.

Sakkara, the city of the dead, was supposed to be the home of the god Sakr (hawk). He was the god of the necropolis in the netherworld. This necropolis contains more than 14 pyramids of which the Step Pyramid is by far the largest, and was thought by some to represent a staircase to heaven. This is probably where the Jews got their idea of a Jacob's ladder. Remember the Egyptians had it first!

It was here at the Step Pyramid which dates back 5,000 years that we went down into our first underground tomb. The tomb, believed to be that of Sekhemkhet, is not in the pyramid itself, but entered through funeral chambers from the ruins of the nearby temple. It is here that we climbed down slanting board walks, stooped down through long, low passageways and were introduced to the multifarious and colorful hieroglyphics that decorated every square foot of the chamber walls. It does give one an eerie feeling to stand in a funeral chamber of a pharaoh who died 5,000 years ago.

Getting back into the sunlight again onto the huge grounds of the now ruined temple, we saw two cute native children riding up from the desert. Each on a donkey, the boy and girl wore bright red, white and blue robes. Their timing was such as to have their picture taken by the tour group, and for baksheesh, of course. We were happy to oblige them.

Looking around, there were archaeological diggings going on everywhere. Further out, the landscape looked like a moonscape, dry, barren and endless sand, Every so often, the ruins of another, but much smaller pyramid would poke its head above the barren sand. Using my imagination, I could only speculate as to the life and activity that ensued here so many thousands of years ago.

Having viewed the oldest phase of Egyptian history first, we drive back to Gizeh, about 15 miles distant, to now view the largest and most famous of all the pyramids. On our way we stopped at The Carvory Restaurant, just off Pyramids Road. Here we had our first sampling of Egyptian cuisine, European style. It was a sumptuous buffet lunch, with a wide variety of meats, fruits, salads, cheeses and desserts to choose from. Not recommended for anyone on a diet.

Then on to Cheops and the Great Pyramids, one of the most famous places in the world. (At the Sound and Light show that evening, they claimed it was the most famous.) The impression the pyramids made on me was not disappointing. They lived up to my every expectation. Cheops, the largest of the three, is indeed massive. Its original height was 481 feet, and the base covers 13 acres. There are several long empty corridors inside the pyramid. Going down these corridors to the tomb chamber was one of the options of the tour. After talking to someone who had done so, and said he would not do it again for a million dollars, and after climbing up and down the low corridors on board walks at the Step Pyramid, I declined. Instead, I decided to walk around the perimeter of the pyramid by myself, a venture that took longer than expected, and kept an impatient tour group and bus driver waiting for my return.

The bus next took us to the world famous Sphinx, only a few minutes away. Here, too, were not only crowds of people, but again donkeys and camels. The owners of the camels were extremely persuasive hucksters, fervently imploring the naive and astonished tourists to take a camel ride, or at least have your picture taken astride the back of a camel. I was persuaded. After all, what is a trip to Egypt without having a picture of yourself sitting on the back of a camel? I gave the driver an Egyptian pound and he helped me climb on the back of a reclining camel. With a little prodding from the owner, the beast snorted and bellowed loudly and rose to its full height. My wife then took a picture as the beast and I posed, with the pyramids as a backdrop.

On our way to the hotel, we stopped at a papyrus shop and gallery and were instructed in the ancient and fascinating art of making papyrus from the Egyptian reed, an art as old as the pyramids themselves. On display was a large selection of colorful paintings of the Egyptian mystics on papyrus.

Our guide, Tom, explained that there were only very few things in Egypt that were worth purchasing, and he could recommend only three. They were papyrus paintings, Egyptian hand woven wool rugs with intricate native designs, and gold or silver cartouches. We had already bought a wool rug on our way back from Sakkara in the forenoon, so we now added three colorful papyrus paintings, with hieroglyphics and all, to our collection. Then off through the crowded streets of Cairo to dinner at the Ramses Hilton after a very busy day.

But the day wasn't over yet. Tom, our guide, asked the group how many of us wanted to attend the Sound and Light program at the pyramids that evening, since this too, was part of our paid tour. Out of our group of 18 only my wife and I volunteered. Six of the group had arrived here in Egypt the day before from a Safari Tour in Nairobi, which Tom had also headed. The other ten were too tired. We were tired also, but we decided we wouldn't miss this show for the world. We skipped dinner and only had half an hour to change into warmer clothes.

Since we were the only two of our group to go, we had a private limousine provided, with not only a chauffeur, but also a ticket agent that went along, bought our tickets, showed us where to go and waited outside until the show was over to guide us back to the limousine.

We were extremely glad we made the effort. We had seen the Sound and Light show eleven years earlier at the Acropolis in Athens, and we had seen the Sound and Light show floating down a cruise boat on the Colorado River at Moab, Utah, illuminating the cliffs, but this show at the Pyramids was by far the most awe-inspiring.

Through the sound system the narrator started the show with a solemn and majestic "You have come tonight to the most fabulous and celebrated place in the world. Here on the plateau of Gizeh, stands forever the mightiest of human achievements." Impressive? We were impressed.

The lights then flashed on each of the three pyramids in turn, then on all of them. Then different voices — the Sphinx, priests, pharaohs, etc., — spoke up from different locations in sonorous, cultivated voices as if speaking from their tombs. The whole show was well scripted and well orchestrated, narrated by well known actors.

A booklet describing the production claimed that the study in putting this program together lasted six months, and carrying out the project took a year. It took more than 18 miles of wiring and cables to connect all the sound systems and lighting arrangements scattered over a considerable area. We took with us a set of LP recordings of the whole program so we could again listen to it back home.

The program is in English five nights, and in French two nights a week.

Tuesday, February 14, 1984. Next morning we were out of the hotel by 7:00 A.M. and off to the airport to fly south to Aswan 534 miles upstream from Cairo. It was to be a long, hectic morning that lasted through most of the day, in fact.

This same airport which we had left late at night only 36 hours earlier in a cloud of dust and henfeathers, was still the same mass of confusion as upon our arrival. Whereas we had arrived on (the Dutch) KLM before, we were now taking an Egyptian airline to Aswan, and one peculiarity about Egyptian airlines is that you don't get seating arrangements. It's every man for himself and the competition is fierce. Not only are you not sure of your seat, but you can't even depend on getting on a given plane. It is something like standby, in competition with a herd of buffalo.

The procedure was something like this: There was a plane leaving for Aswan about every 20 minutes. Our group, with our fearless leader Tom in charge, was squeezed into a large waiting room into the midst of a large crowd that was funnelling its way into the next waiting room with a guard allowing a certain number of people through the portals to another waiting room. After much push and shove our group finally arrived at the door of the next waiting room where we were fortunate enough to see the planes from Aswan coming and going through a door that we would eventually pass through. After about an hour of push and shove in the second waiting room we all finally made it through the last bottleneck and dashed across the field to our plane. Off to Aswan.

We arrived a little over an hour later.

Aswan, as you know, is famous for the mighty High Dam which the Russians built and completed in 1965. The town of Aswan itself sits seven miles downstream from the High Dam. Before the building of the High Dam, Aswan had a population of 50,000. Today its population has swollen to 500,000 and by the looks of the average fellaheen, the 500,000 individually are as poor and destitute as were the 50,000 twenty years ago. There is no accommodating a geometric population growth. The more resources that are poured into the mud races, the faster the population explosion, but economically they always sink down to their original subsistence level.

It was here at Aswan that I first noticed that whereas the native population of Cairo was a dark mud color, here in southern Egypt they were black as the ace of spades. They are identified as Nubians, having the kinky hair of a genuine nigger.

Be that as it may, as we drove from the airport to our hotel, we crossed over the Nile on the Lower Dam, a dam the British had built back in 1910 or thereabouts, an item that was news to me. This lower dam sits about four miles downstream from the High Dam and about three miles upstream from the town of Aswan itself

When our bus arrived at Aswan we disembarked on the east shore of the Nile and immediately transferred ourselves and our belongings onto a motor ferry. This took us to Elephantine Island which sits in the Middle of the Nile and on the tip of which our hotel, the Aswan Oberoi, is located.

Here we encountered a bizarre situation. This lovely old hotel, the finest in Aswan, did not have our rooms ready. With all the baggage of our party of 18 stacked in the bar, we explored the lovely grounds of the hotel for about an hour and a half, then leaving our baggage behind, we again embarked on a tender, back to shore, back on the bus and back to the Aswan airport to fly to Abu Simbel, 168 miles to the south.

I said earlier that it was a hectic morning, what with the embarkation at the Cairo airport. Well, things got rougher and more drastic at our next embarkation into the air. Whereas the airport at Aswan was much smaller, of course, it made no concessions to Cairo whatsoever when it came to crowding, waiting and confusion. Our fearless leader advised us that this might be as good a place as any to eat our box lunches which we had brought with us from the hotel. This was no easy accomplishment, what with the smell, the crowding and the Pandemonium. Some of us ate most of our lunch, and some did not. Some of us gave most of it to the native fellaheen who were scrounging for leftovers in an overfilled garbage can in the waiting room.

Anyway, after much of the same push and shove procedure we had encountered in Cairo, only more of it, after about two hours (at least) we were finally up in the air and off to Abu Simbel where sits one of the wonders of the world, the Temple of Abu Simbel.

There is a slogan in traveling that says something to the effect that getting there is half the fun. Well, this was hardly the case this Tuesday of February 14th. But when we got to Abu Simbel it was well worth it. This Temple, which was built by that powerful ego Ramses II for the glorification of Ramses II, was something to behold. Carved into solid sandstone on the west bank of the Nile some 3,300 years ago, it was and still is, a marvel to behold. I have more fully described its face and interior in the previous chapter and will therefore not repeat it.

What I did not mention is that nearby the Great Temple stands the Temple of Hathor, also carved out of solid rock. This temple was also built by Ramses II for his wife Nefertari and dedicated to the goddess Hathor. Outside the temple on the face of the cliff are six large statues, four of the omniscient Ramses II and two of his wife as well as smaller ones of their children. Inside, the Hypostyle Hall has a roof supported by six pillars topped with the head and face of the goddess Hathor.

Egypt can lay claim to roughly three major architectural and engineering marvels in three different eras of history. The first broad grouping is that of Ancient Egypt and the building of the pyramids, temples and other architectural wonders. This spans a period of several thousand years. The second marvel was the building of the Suez Canal by DeLesseps in the 1880's. The third, though of lesser accomplishment, was the High Dam at Aswan built by the Russians in the 1960's, and has been highly trumpeted throughout the world.

However, I would like to add a fourth marvel that we witnessed at Abu Simbel that was a direct consequence of building the High Dam. That engineering marvel is the slicing of the Abu Simbel Temples, both the Ramses and the Hathor Temple, piece by piece and moving it to the top of the cliff, and reassembling it in a condition that would almost defy detection from its original condition. We also got a good look at how this was done by American engineers and to the tune of American (taxpayer) money, 75 million dollars worth.

A huge concrete half dome was built at the top of the cliff into which the two temples were then moved, piece by numbered piece. The face of the dome was then reconstructed to resemble the natural face of the cliff, except where the faces of the two temples were exposed. The roof of the dome was then also covered with desert rocks and sand, blending it in perfectly with the rest of the rocky cliffs. Unless you walked into the dome through an obscure door to view the interior's full size, its scaffolding and its machinery, you would never suspect that both temples had not stood on that same ground for the last 3,300 years.

We had ideal weather to view the temple and also the landscape as we flew back to Aswan, 168 miles to the north. We got a fine view of Lake Nasser, (backed up by the High Dam) and the bleak, barren desert that surrounded it on all sides; nothing but rocks and sand with ridges of low mountains interlacing the landscape.

Back at Aswan into the bus, across the Low Dam, into the tender, back to the Aswan Oberoi Hotel on Elephantine Island, we discovered that our rooms were now ready. After a sumptuous dinner we were now also ready for our rooms after a long, hectic, interesting and tiring day.

Wednesday, February 15th, 1984. Our stay at the Oberoi was short — only one night. First thing Wednesday morning we transferred ourselves and our gear to one of the Sheraton cruise boats, which was to be our hotel for the next five days. Sheraton had several such specially designed behemoths to cruise the Nile, and ours was called **The Aton**, named after the monotheistic Pharaoh Ikhnaton's one and only sun god. Having settled in, we were on the go again right after lunch. Our guide had chartered a felucca for the afternoon, navigated by a native fellaheen. A Felucca is an ancient Egyptian sailboat with a gaff-headed sail, and they have been sailing the Nile without a change in design for thousands of years.

After a hectic trip to Abu Simbel the day before, this proved to be a most enjoyable and relaxing afternoon. We went to Kitchener's Island and saw the beautiful gardens there that were a legacy of the British stamp on Egypt, which by the way, is considerable. We then embarked the felucca again and sailed to the opposite shore of the Nile to visit the Mausoleum of the Aga Khan. It is a beautiful Mausoleum, built by his wife and son, sitting on a high hill overlooking the Nile. The dozens and dozens of feluccas looked like lovely white seagulls on the deep water below. In order to help make the climb up the hill to the Mausoleum, there were a number of those persuasive camel drivers again to meet us and greet us. My wife and I rented a camel and climbed aboard. Away we went up the steep hill with the driver leading the snorting and bellowing beast, with us hanging on to a precarious saddle that threatened to slip forward had we not been going up hill. After seeing the mausoleum we opted to walk back down the hill.

Back into the felucca, and with lovely calm weather, we drifted easily to the dock of the Old Cataract Hotel (circa 1880's). We had tea and crumpets on the large veranda of this stately old hotel, which sits on a high hill overlooking the Nile. We had a commanding view of the cataracts, which are studded with tremendous smooth black boulders. After another delightful ride on the felucca we were back on the Aton cruise ship.

We had dinner with a cocktail party that night. For entertainment we were favored with a program that featured an Egyptian belly dancer and four piece band that had its electric amplifier turned up very, very loud.

Thursday, February 16th 1984. Still at Aswan in the morning, we took a tour to the Aswan High Dam about seven miles upstream. After seeing Hoover Dam, and some of the other gigantic concrete dams in the United States, the Russian built dam was a huge disappointment. It was a broad, long, ragged earth fill, 364 feet high and two miles long at the top. It created 300 mile long Lake Nasser, backing up to where it expands past the Egyptian border into the Sudan. Its waters have expanded Egypt's cultivation by a third — an additional two million acres.

More impressive than the dam itself was the huge modernistic concrete monument the Russians built to commemorate the completion of the dam.

On the way back we stopped at a riverside dock and took a tender to an island located between the old and the new dam, on which stands the magnificent **Temple of Philae**. The oldest part dates back only to the 4th century B.C. and the remainder was built during the Ptolemaic and Roman periods. It was magnificent and it was huge, and strangely enough, it too had been dismantled piece by piece from below the present water line and re-assembled to its present site on the small rocky island of Philae. This was done through the efforts and generosity of the Germans.

Before getting back to our cruise ship for lunch, we stopped at the granite quarries where we viewed (and walked on) a huge obelisk still in situ. It was 125 feet long and estimated to weight 1,170 tons. It had been cut and shaped lying on its side with the bottom side still firmly anchored in its granite bed.

After lunch we set sail in the Aton to cruise down the Nile to Kom Ombo, where we stopped to view the temple of the same name. This temple, situated on a hill overlooking the Nile at a point where the river makes a bend is dedicated to the gods Harwar, a hawk-headed god, and Sobek, represented with the head of a crocodile. It seems that any idiotic caricature would serve as a god as well as any other in the minds of the gullible and superstitious ancients.

The fine reliefs throughout the temple were most impressive.

We were there only 30 minutes, then back to the Aton, and continued cruising down the Nile. This cruise was a relaxing and most welcome relief from the hectic pace we had been through. Not only relaxing, but most enjoyable. We sailed on well into the night and tied up at Edfu.

Friday, February 17, 1984. In the morning we went ashore and boarded fancy horse drawn carriages, four people to a buggy. We drove a mile or so through the relatively large town of Edfu to the Temple of Horus.

As we drove through the streets, there were donkeys, dogs, water buffalos, camels, children and grownups in large numbers. Small stores, or more like bazaar type booths, lined the streets. Vendors were all over the place. Children ran alongside our carriages, but they were well behaved. Whereas in Haiti or Mexico in a similar situation a tourist is usually besieged with beggars, especially little children, this was not the case here. In fact, the few that did ask for a handout were quickly admonished by either their mothers or other children not to do so.

Arriving at the Temple of Horus we were presented with another huge and impressive temple begun in 237 B.C. by Ptolomaeus III. The front facade is massive and stands 117 feet high. At the entrance stands a sacred falcon colossus, carved out of granite.

Back to the Aton and on to Esna which is located only 30 miles south of Luxor. Here we disembarked again and went ashore.

It is fitting here to note how our cruise ship was specially designed for these Nile cruises. Some of these landing places have only the faintest semblance of a dock, others have none. So how does a large four deck cruiser accommodating 84 passengers manage to dock at such places as Esna where there is nothing but a sloping, rock studded embankment to dock? Well, they thought of that item, too. The ship can push itself sideways by having water jets emitted below the water line, fore and aft. It also has large wooden booms, like telephone poles it can push out sideways, also fore and aft. As it sidles up alongside the bank, these booms are protruding on its side, sticking into the embankment and protecting the ship itself. The lines are then tied to convenient cleats on shore and there she sits. A wide gangplank is then lowered connecting the ship to the shore and the passengers are all set to disembark or board.

Another neat little feature about these ships is that the sides are flat and parallel and the ship is just the right width to fit through the several locks that impede its passage between Aswan and Cairo.

We disembarked at Esna and walked to the Temple of Khnum (the ram god). As I said before, any caricature will do for a god. Anyway, the temple was lovely and massive. It represented the Ptolemaic period of Egyptian history, although part of it was constructed much earlier by Thutmose III (1,500 B.C.).

The interesting feature about this temple is that it lies about 28 feet below the present level of the town. It sits in an excavated bowl and its foundation represents the level of the land at the time it was built. Archaeologists say there is much more to this complex, but since it is covered by 28 feet of top soil, and the town is built on it, no more excavations are contemplated.

We sailed on and arrived at the great city of Luxor that night. This city, which contains the most magnificent and greatest collection of all ancient Egyptian ruins, was the site of the ancient city of Thebes, the capital of Egypt at the height of its glory during the Middle and New Kingdoms.

Since we arrived at Luxor in the early evening, my wife and I took a walk down the street along the river bank to see a certain hotel. We had read much about a grand hotel built in Luxor during the 1880's that had been the haunt of royalty and the elite, namely the Winter Palace Hotel. Seeing it now, a hundred years after its founding, it was still charming and stately, but definitely did not live up to its billings.

Saturday, February 18th, 1984.

The weather was clear and beautiful. We got an early start and crossed the Nile in a crude motor launch to the west bank. A bus then took us to the Valley of the Kings, where we saw the tomb of Ramses VI, , the tomb of Tutankhamen and the tomb of Haremheb (19th Dynasty, 14th Century B.C.).

That same morning we also visited the beautiful Temple of Queen Hatshepsut, which I have also described in the previous chapter. On our way back we stopped to take pictures of the two Colossi of Memnon, huge statues of solid stone.

By the time we arrived back for lunch at the Aton, it was the middle of the afternoon, during which we were able to take a well deserved rest.

That night, we were to enjoy another **Sound and Light Program**, this time at Karnak. It was considerably different from the one Monday night at the pyramids. Whereas at the pyramids we sat in our chairs and stayed put during the whole program, at Karnak we assembled as a huge standing mob at the entrance in front of the Avenue of the Ram-headed Sphinx. (They are reclining and lined up on each side, a total of 40. Originally, when this avenue extended all the way to Luxor Temple, there were a total of 124 of these magnificent statues.) The sound system then begins the show by giving us a dramatic script of the sacred solemnity of the place and occasion, then tells us to move on to the next area in this huge temple complex.

As we moved in the darkness from one area to another to the accompaniment of dialogue and music, after about half an hour we reached an elevated grandstand. That was temporarily semi-lighted until the people were seated, then the show went on. The grandstand provided an overall view of the layout of the whole complex, including the Sacred Lake, which reflected the huge monuments as the lights play on one, then another.

It, too, was impressive, but the Sound and Light program at the pyramids was still the finest.

Sunday, February 19th, 1984.

Another clear, beautiful day. In the morning we visited the Temple of Karnak by horse carriage to see the great **Temple of Amon-Ra** at Karnak, where we had viewed the program of

Sound and Light the evening before. Then on to the **Temple of Luxor** in the heart of the city. These two great temples, the Luxor Temple and the Temple of Karnak, are about three miles apart. In ancient times when Thebes was at its height, these two were one continuous complex connected by the impressive Avenue of 124 Sphinxes. Less than a century ago the Temple of Luxor was covered under a hill of rubble and hovels.

That afternoon we flew back to Cairo and the Ramses Hilton Hotel.

Monday, February 20th, 1984. There are over 500 mosques in Cairo. In the morning we visited three of the most famous Mohammedan mosques. The first one was the Mosque of Ahmed Ibn Tulun where King Farouk and some of his forbearers are buried. The whole complex was beautiful indeed, displaying the best in ancient Moslem architecture. Everywhere you looked it was very ornate. Lacy grillwork, Islamic inscriptions, gold plating, jewel encrusted decorations everywhere.

The second mosque was in The Citadel, a large military enclosure erected by Saladin during the Third Crusade. Soldiers and guards were everywhere, as they were at all government buildings in Cairo since the 1973 war. Located in the Citadel also is the Muhammad Ali Mosque, which we visited. Buried here is the Shah of Iran, whose tomb we also viewed, although the Shah's family has discouraged public viewing of his grave.

We then visited the Khan el Khalili Bazaar, an interesting experience. Although not as large as the one we had visited in Istanbul eleven years ago, it is of considerable higher quality.

In the afternoon, we visited the **Cairo Museum**, and viewed with special interest the 3,500 pieces of rich artifacts from the tomb of Tutankhamen. Since I have already covered these in a previous chapter, I will not repeat the description of this most amazing collection.

Except for formalities, goodbyes, airports and travel back home, this completes our exotic journey into the Land of the Ancient Pharaohs.

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Conclusion:

In previous observations I summed up the impact of the astounding Egyptian culture and civilization on its own people and the world at large. Because Egypt's achievements in the cultural, religious and architectural areas were so unique and spectacular, I chose to describe those architectural and archaeological wonders in this chapter, because to have done so in reverse order would have been anticlimactical.

There are a few other observations about modern Egypt that I need to add, however.

One is about their money. The Egyptian unit of money is the Egyptian pound, (designated as L.E.) divided into 100 piasters. An official travel book put out by Fodor's in 1984 stated that anyone staying over 48 hours must exchange at least $150 U.S. at the airport. This, I found to be incorrect. However, since we were stranded and on our own at the airport, I figured that we would have to have taxis, baksheesh and various other sundries to contend with, so I immediately exchanged $100 U.S. at one of the many official exchange windows, for which I received L.E. 81. Whereas the official rate of exchange is somewhere around 1 L.E. to $1.22 U.S., actually the Egyptians themselves have little or no faith in their own money, and most of the shops, vendors, etc., would gladly take American dollars on a one for one basis for their merchandise. Furthermore, if you have any Egyptian money left over when ready to leave the country, you might as well spend it on anything, or give it away, because you cannot reconvert it back to U.S. dollars. Nobody wants it. The Egyptians have absolutely no faith in their own money, and for good reason.

The fact is, the Egyptian economy is rotten, weak and tottering, without any solid economic base. It will collapse as soon as American subsidies (carried on the shoulders of American taxpayers) are withdrawn.

The second observation is about the Nile and present day Egyptian agriculture.

The Aswan High Dam has been highly touted as a modern engineering wonder, and the benefits Egypt will derive therefrom are presumably manifold, such as two million more acres under cultivation, billions of kilowatts of electric power, etc. Yet, it is my conclusion that the dam will prove to be a disaster in several ways.

For thousands of years the Nile flooded its banks and deposited its rich mineral-laden silt on the farm lands. This kept the land watered and fertile forever, its fertility being renewed each year. Now, with 300 mile long Lake Nasser and structural and controlled irrigation, the following disastrous consequences are developing:

1. Much of the water evaporates in the formerly dry desert climate of Upper Egypt. The water coming down the Nile now has a higher saline content (as does our own Colorado River by the time it reaches the Imperial Valley of California).
2. Through controlled irrigation, rather than the former flooding, the salt content builds up in the soil over a period of years and will poison the formerly eternally fertile oasis.
3. The mineral-rich silt will no longer be deposited on the soil, but will eventually fill Lake Nasser with mud.
4. The climate has been changed into one much more humid, which will hasten the destruction of her many marvelous historical monuments, as too, of course, will the acrid fumes of modern industry.
5. The farmers there too, have been snookered into using large quantities of chemical fertilizers, pesticides and herbicides, as have American farmers.
6. Between the controlled irrigation and the wide use of chemical fertilizers the eternally fertile Valley of the Nile is being poisoned into extinction.

Briefly, I will recapitulate.

A. The great Egyptian race of Ancient Egypt was a unique breed of men and produced the first great White civilization (emphasis on the great). It died because they had a bad religion, one that was obsessed with life in a non-existent hereafter, obsessed with a world of non-existent spooks.

B. Long before Christianity raised its destructive Jewish head, the Egyptians had already invented every fictitious concept later used and copied by Judaism and Christianity. Some of these fictitious concepts were: the existence of a "soul" that supposedly lived forever; gods and spooks, both "good" and "evil"; polytheism, and also monotheism; a murky netherworld and a "hereafter"; rewards and punishments to be meted out in the hereafter; vast material sacrifices and monuments to their fictitious gods; baptism (ablution) and cleansing by water; the practice of circumcision as a religious rite; and a host of other spurious ideas that derailed the mind into an insane spookie world of make-believe.

C. Had they paid more attention to preserving their wonderful genetic qualities, their gene pool, instead of fiddling around with spooks that weren't there, the history of not only Egypt, but of the world, would be a marvel to behold.

D. Had they had a racial religion such as Creativity, that wonder would today be a reality.

E. Since they did not, they became mongrelized and degenerate. Their present population is one of the most pathetic on the face of the earth, embarked on a runaway population explosion to disaster, with the help of U.S. subsidization.

F. Let the history of Egypt be a serious object lesson not only to our own Creativity movement, but to the White Race as a whole. Let us remember once and for all, the Ultimate Horror is the mongrelization of the White Race, and that without a racial religion, the Ultimate Horror is now rapidly engulfing the world.

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Because they, the Egyptians, pursued a careless dementia, they lost their most precious treasure — their genes.

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Remember, also, just as you cannot reverse an omelet back into a perfect egg, so, too, is mongrelization forever an irreversible process.

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Let us never forget that the Divine Seed of the once great Egyptian White Race is lost forever because it did not possess a racial religion such as Creativity constitutes. Because they were instead obsessed with fictitious abstractions about gods, spirits and spooks, their precious genes were mongrelized into the shameful mess that is now their sorry plight.

Chapter Eight

Exit Keith Williams — Enter Carles Messick

We left Egypt on February 21 and made an overnight stop in Amsterdam, staying at the Ibis Motel. That evening I made a long distance call to Keith Williams, telling him specifically that we would arrive in Atlanta on KLM Flight 747 at 6 P.M. next evening, to make sure that he would be there to pick us up and there would be no misunderstanding.

We left for the Schiphol Airport the next morning, had breakfast at their restaurant and had plenty of time to shop and look over the beautiful, clean Dutch airport before taking off at 1:40 P.M.

We arrived in Atlanta at 6 P.M., but there was no Keith Williams to meet us, nor to be found anywhere. After chasing around in frustration for about an hour I got on the airport's intercom system and had them page Keith Williams, that he was to meet us at the KLM ticket counter, where we finally caught up with him. I asked him, what in the hell had happened, why had he not met us at the designated KLM gate? He acted like he had never met anyone at an airport before, and that he had expected to meet us outside, where he had let us off when we had left ten days ago. For a man 52 years old, had been married three times, been a disc jockey on radio and held down dozens of other jobs, you would expect that surely he would know how to meet someone at an airport after being given explicit instructions. How stupid can you get?

We loaded the luggage into the car and I took the wheel in driving home, while Keith slept in the back seat. It had been a long day, and Henrie and I were tired. We got back to the cabin in North Carolina at 9 P.M., but with the six hour difference in time zones, it was really 3 A.M. I did not bother chewing Keith out for his failure to meet us at the proper gate, nor did I bother to discuss the trip or anything else. That could come at another time.

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When I got back to my desk the next morning, there was a pile of work waiting for me. There were bills to pay, there was a stack of mail to answer. The March issue of *Racial Loyalty* had been taken to the printer before I left, but it had not been picked up. I called Gene Dowdle, the printer, and he told me it had been ready for some time, but nobody had come around to pick it up. This we did immediately, and Keith mailed out all the individual copies that same afternoon, something he should have done a week ago.

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Other events of note during the spring of 1984.

- The Macon County Tax Assessor, whose name was Jim Shope, and was friendly to us, had given us a verbal tax exemption for the church properties in 1983. So that there would be no doubt in future circumstances, I urged him to put this in writing. This he did, in his own neat hand-printed form, and it proved to be an invaluable document to us, as future events unraveled. Such remained the case until 1989, when a third tax assessor was appointed to the office, a Jewish stooge by the name of Richard Lightner.

- Kim and Walt were at this time thinking of making a major move from Loveland, Colorado, to Martinsville, Virginia, in order to improve their business opportunities. They asked us to meet them there on March 17, during which time they would be making an exploratory investigation of the area. We did meet with them, and although Kim was not very enthusiastic about the move, they did in fact, make the move within a matter of a few weeks. It proved to be a wise and profitable move, as subsequent events have demonstrated. Evidently, the Colorado area was over-saturated with chiropractors, making it a very tough and competitive business to break in to, whereas Martinsville had only two chiropractors. In the ensuing last eight years Walt's practice in Martinsville has done very well, and the Moore family is regarded as one of the leading families in their Church as well as of the town.

- Building of the Leadership School for Gifted Boys was proceeding nicely. We were now at the stage where the plumbers were ready to do their installations, which, due to the stringent Department of Health regulations, included two separate septic tanks and over 1700 feet of drainage lines.

- On March 2, I received a call from a television reporter by the name of Mark C. Winne, who asked if he could do a television story on the church. He was the same fellow who a year ago appeared on the premises with the Atlanta Constitution reporter Bill Montgomery, both of whom questioned me as to the whereabouts of J.B. Stoner, who at that time was on the lam, having been convicted of a phoney, trumped-up charge of having bombed a black school some 20 years earlier.

These two reporters at that time not only questioned me, but practically accused me of harboring him (legally a crime) at our church. In some pretty strong language, I told these two reporters where to get off at, and that was off of my property, and pronto. This, and the previous article in the Franklin Press made me hostile and leery of reporters, all reporters.

Reluctantly, I agreed to let Mark Winne do his story, for Atlanta WXIA (Channel 11). On March 10, he promptly appeared first thing in the morning, accompanied by his camera man, a fellow by the name of Mike Zakel. They had brought with them a ton of lighting equipment, cameras, and an assortment of other paraphernalia. Both of them swore they were not Jews, and the latter claimed he was of Rumanian descent. They spent most of the day with me, asking every conceivable question, and shooting endless rolls of TV tape of the upstairs and the downstairs of the church from the inside and the outside, both close-up and from a distance. As far as I know, the show was never aired. However, I am sure that all the information was assiduously relayed on to the Jewish ADL for their archives.

- On Friday, March 9, Henrie and I went into Clayton to have dinner at the Burrell's Junction Restaurant. When we came back at about 7 P.M. and were about to pass the church, I noticed that all the lights were on, both inside and outside, and not only was the gate still open, but there was a car parked astride the gate, making it impossible to either enter or leave the church grounds. I stopped the car and went over to see what in the hell was going on. When I opened the left front door, the first thing I saw was a revolver lying on the counter, a gun that looked familiar to me. When I looked into the next room, the sanctuary, I saw Keith and his wife Sandra sitting behind the little interview desk, and in front of them were three official looking men questioning and interrogating them intensively. I recognized one of them as being Sheriff George Moses, of the Macon County Sheriff's Department, but he was evidently only there for the ride to give official sanction to the process. The others were Secret Service agent Herbert T. Carlton and the third was his assistant. Both were out of Charlotte, North Carolina.

What was going on? I asked. The Secret Service man explained that there were allegations that Keith Williams had made some dire threats on the life of Gary Hart, who at that time was a Democratic candidate for the presidency. These allegations evidently stemmed from the hearsay of a friend of Keith's son, all the way back from Oregon. Nor was that all. They also charged that Keith had threatened the life of President Jimmy Carter a few years back. They kept on grilling him relentlessly, while he and Sandra were sweating it out. Meanwhile, that gun was still lying on the counter in the next room. I asked Keith whose gun that was. He replied it was mine, one I had loaned him. Great!

I didn't stay for the rest of the session, since Henrie was still outside, sitting in the car and likewise wondering what in the hell was going on. Evidently the session inside ended with no criminal charges filed against Keith. The big confrontation between us came the next day.

* * * * *

Keith Williams was a strange and eccentric fellow. Like most of us he had his good and bad points. On the good side, he was an excellent typist, he had a fine speaking voice as befitted a radio announcer, and could be quite charming when he was in a good mood. He had been converted to Mormonism by his mother many years ago, but had abandoned it in recent years when he became aware of the phoniness of it all, especially after his step-father died. Nevertheless, he kept looking for a meaningful philosophy in life and after he had read my book, *Nature's Eternal Religion*, he felt certain that he had finally found what he was looking for. Even several years before he came to North Carolina, he would call me on the telephone and eulogize about his new found faith. Even long after our break, he kept repeating that Creativity was the only way to go. Besides making him a Reverend of the Church, I bestowed the title of **Hasta Primus** on him, which in Latin meant Spearhead. Every morning when I would enter the church he would rise to his feet as a matter of respect for the head of the church. When I told him this was not necessary, he insisted that it was, and continued to do so. No other Hasta Primus emulated this gesture, nor did I ever request it.

On the negative side, he was emotional, eccentric and unstable, and lacked both business sense and I might also say just plain common sense. He had this frustrating habit of never answering a question directly, and when I demanded some specific answers about the progress of the paper, or other business matters, he would waffle and mumble, or stop in mid-sentence, a habit that aggravated me no end. He was now married for the third time and had five children by his previous two wives. In the nasty divorce proceedings that had ensued, he admitted that all of his children had gone against him and had supported their mothers' side.

We now come to the day after the encounter with the Secret Service. I asked him what in the hell was he doing, dragging my gun out to show to the Secret Service. He had no good answer, as usual, and I still don't know why he did it. I also asked him about all the alleged threats and his answers to that didn't make too much sense either. Then I brought up the subject of the fiasco at the Atlanta airport. Surely, I said, after fifty some years you have learned how and where to meet people coming off a plane. At this point he flew into a raging tantrum and said he was through, that I didn't like the way he talked, I didn't like the way he dressed, and in general he acted like a raving madman completely out of control. I just stood there calmly at the counter and let him play out his spiel. When he was through, I said, O.K. buddy, that's it. According to our contract we each are obligated to give a 30 days termination notice. I'm giving you notice right now. 30 days.

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In the meantime I had been getting repeated and long winded telephone calls from a young fellow by the name of Carles C. Messick III, from Dover, Delaware. He had read all three of my books, *Nature's Eternal Religion*, *The White Man's Bible* and *Salubrious Living*, and he was immensely impressed. He, too, had been brought up as a Mormon, by the auspices of a domineering mother who had been converted to Mormonism in later life. Like Keith Williams, Carl finally saw through the fraudulent nature of it all, and completely rejected it sometime before he ever heard of Creativity. But now that he had learned of our religion he was overwhelmingly dedicated to it. Furthermore, he admitted that although at one time (while stationed in Panama) he had been practically stoned on marijuana and habitually drank beer, he was now, and had been for years, a teetotaler and completely off drugs. He was now a strict vegetarian and had religiously practiced most of the basic principles of *Salubrious Living* ever since. He was 33 years old, had been in the military for the last 12 years, had been a Marine, a Navy Seal, stood six foot one, and was in top physical condition. Another point on the positive side was that he could touch type and was completely dedicated to Creativity.

However, he also had several negative characteristics. One was, he talked too much. He could and would talk endlessly on any subject, any time he could get someone to listen, and when he got on the phone, whether long distance or not, he never knew when to quit. Like Keith, he had no sense for business and he was always either broke or in debt.

He wanted to come down and see me about the job Keith was leaving, and I invited him to do so. The first surprise was that he was in debt and he needed a $700 advance. I said no way, but we finally settled for $500, which I sent him. The casual observer might ask why I did such a foolish thing, especially after the experience I had had a year earlier with Tyler Thompson, that alcoholic from Greenville, North Carolina. The simple answer is, I had damn few volunteers to choose from that were foot-loose and fancy free, could type and were dedicated to the cause, all of which is a dismal reflection on the disoriented state of mind in which the White Race was then, and still is.

Anyway, we made arrangements for him to come down for a preliminary visit so I could look him over, and since his jalopy was broken down at this time, he decided to hitch-hike down. I picked him up in front of Rose's Department Store at the Macon Plaza in Franklin on March 14. I liked the fellow, and seemed to get along fine. I tested his typing capabilities and he performed satisfactorily in that department also. We visited for two days, with Carl even helping Keith on the paste-up of *Racial Loyalty* for April, which we took in to the printer the next day.

We came to some kind of an agreement that he would take over the job of Hasta Primus as soon as Keith's 30 days were up. On March 16 I took him to the bus station in Franklin and he was back on his way to Dover, with the promise he would be back in April.

Chapter Nine

Kim and Walt Make Major Move

from Loveland, CO, to Martinsville, VA

As I mentioned in the previous chapter, the Moores were thinking strongly of improving their business opportunities by moving from Colorado to Virginia, although Kim was less than enthusiastic about the whole operation. This was now April and Kim had just had their latest baby, Amy, in January, and had barely recovered her strength. This was a big move to make at any time, as Henrie and I had experienced in the several moves we ourselves had made in our lives.

Walt was to drive the U-Haul with all their belongings in it, and Kim to drive the car, with both keeping in touch all the way. Henrie offered to help Kim do the driving, so she could rest and sleep most of the time, what with having to take care of the new baby. I drove Henrie to the Atlanta airport on April 17, 1984 and from there she flew on to Denver. Shortly thereafter they took off, and on April 20 I received a phone call from Henrie that they expected to arrive in Martinsville on the afternoon of April 21, a Saturday. That same day she called me from Martinsville and asked me to come and join them for Easter dinner. Kim and Walt had rented a house by previous arrangement at 914 Corn Tassle Road, but Henrie was staying at the Dutch Inn Motel.

I took off first thing Sunday morning, after stopping at the church, leaving last minute instructions with Carl and saying goodbye to Ken Schwartz, who happened to be visiting us at this time. I arrived in Martinsville at 2:30 that afternoon, and after a welcome visit with the whole family and looking over their newly rented house, we all had a big Easter dinner at the Dutch Inn restaurant, probably the best Martinsville had to offer. Henrie and I stayed at the Inn over night. After having breakfast at the Dutch Inn, I left the next morning, while Henrie stayed to help with the unpacking and other chores.

Next week-end Kim and Walt came to visit us for two days at our cabin. On Saturday we went bowling, and the next day, Sunday, we all had a second big Easter dinner, with turkey and all the trimmings. I showed Kim and Walt the church and what progress we were making with the building of the school. I also showed them the pictures we had taken on our trip to Egypt. Then at 3:45 they took off for Martinsville, Walt taking the VW Rabbit with him on a loan.

He had a big job ahead of him. Starting a new business in a new place is no small task.

Chapter Ten

The Summer of 1984

Carl Messick arrived with his jalopy, trailer, and all his belongings at 6:30 PM on Saturday, April 7, 1984, to start working. We unloaded his gear partly in the typesetting room, partly in the downstairs, and partly in the Hasta Primus bedroom, where he was to sleep that night. He had brought with him an assortment of guns, skin diving equipment, a collection of books and a number of Rambo type TV tapes, not to mention a whole list of other paraphernalia. I took him into Dillard that night and bought him a few bags of fruit to get him started on his vegetarian diet that he preferred. So he was now settled in for the night and ready to start working the next morning. I started programming him on the typesetting equipment on Monday, and on Tuesday he and Keith went into Franklin to change over the telephone and electric expenses, I paid Keith his final check of $107.35, and he left the premises on April 11. Carl also applied for his own P.O. Box at the Otto Post Office. So he was all set and was off and running. We had a lot of work ahead of us.

Carl had several other redeeming qualities that were helpful to the cause. Besides having given up smoking, drinking, and being dedicated to Salubrious Living, he kept in good physical shape and followed a strenuous routine of exercises.

Also, somewhere along the way in his military career, he had learned to become an expert agriculturalist, and soon he had a beautiful vegetable garden thriving on the grounds south of where we were planning to build the warehouse behind the church. He also planted a number of shrubs and flower beds in front of the church and at various places around it. But that was not all. He planted a number of peach trees along both sides of a walking path that he prepared, connecting the church with the School for Gifted Boys that was now under construction. We named the path **Leadership Lane**. Keith and I had already built an arched wooden bridge over a small creek that was located about half way between the school and the church. Carl also planted a number of cherry trees along the south side of the main road. What with mowing and trimming the grass regularly, he kept the place in fine shape, more so than any other Hasta Primus I have employed since, and this takes in quite a number.

On June 9, 1984, Carl and I laid out the corner stakes for a 12 by 12 studio I planned to build in which I could indulge in painting pictures when I retired. The studio was duly built, but I never did reach the stage where I could indulge in what I considered would be my favorite pastime.

Carl was quite frank and voluble about the mistakes he had made during his young life. He told me that during his rousing and drinking days more than a decade earlier, he had entered into an ill-considered marriage that he soon regretted and ended in divorce. However, the marriage produced a beautiful and gifted daughter, who was now nine years old, and was staying with her grandmother in Dover. Her name was Brandy, and later during the next summer holidays she was to come visit him for several weeks.

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Trip to Hawk's Nest in the Florida Keys

As I mentioned in my earlier biography, (ATET), back in 1973 we had bought three weeks of time-share units in a condominium, two in the last part of November, and one week was in the first part of May. The time had now come to take our spring jaunt.

We left the cabin at 11:40 AM and had lunch at Shoney's Restaurant at the Oakwood exit at Gainesville, Georgia. We stopped at the Best Western for the night at Gainesville, Florida, after a drive of 443 miles, arriving there at 9 PM. Next morning, after an early start, we had lunch at our favorite noon stopping place, the Holiday Inn restaurant at Fort Pierce, where we had our usual lunch of soup, a crabmeat sandwich and their delicious peach cobbler with ice cream for dessert. We had a super seafood dinner at the Whale Harbor Restaurant at Islamorada (another one of our favorite eating places) and after loading up with groceries at Marathon, we finally arrived at our apartment at Hawk's Nest at 9 PM.

The next day I spent sunbathing, reading a book on *The Government of Greater Germany* (1938) and started putting the photo album together of our collection of

Egyptian pictures. On Wednesday our friends from Lighthouse Point, Bill and Mary Wimmer, arrived for a few days visit, something that became a regular event in the years to come and something we always enjoyed. On Thursday Bill and I took a long, long walk on the old Seven Mile Bridge, to Pigeon Key and back.

The Wimmers left on Friday, and Henrie and I packed our gear and left at 10 AM on Saturday. We stopped at Sheehan Pontiac in Lighthouse Point to look at a new 6000 LE station wagon and compare prices. We then went over to the Wimmers where we stayed overnight. They treated us to a special home-cooked dinner, which was also shared by Emily and Bruce, Mary's sister and her husband. After having breakfast with the Wimmers the next morning, we took off, and after our usual lunch at Ft. Pierce, we drove 490 miles to stay at the Colonial Inn at Cordele, Georgia. The next day, Monday, we were back on our way to North Carolina, but not after first stopping in at Clayton Motors to talk to Burt and Larry Bickerstaff about prices on a new station wagon. We finally arrived at the cabin at 3:30 PM. The first thing I did was pick up our private mail at Dillard, then checked in with Carl.

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A few months earlier we had started a new column in *Racial Loyalty* called **Cupid's Corner** in which we encouraged correspondence between young people who had marriage in mind and were also dedicated to our religion, **Creativity**. Strangely enough, such a match was not easy to come by, since it seemed that whereas we were able to attract a lot of males, there seemed to be a noticeable scarcity of female applicants.

However, one such letter we received from a young girl by the name of Naomi, was the daughter of Quinn L. Hermann from Minnesota, with whom I had had some correspondence for several years. She was about 21, and although she had never been married, she had a young daughter about two years old. She sent her picture along with her letter, and both the picture and the letter really impressed Carl. After all, he too had a daughter and was not married. They soon had a flourishing correspondence going to the point where he invited her to come down to the church and visit with him. She accepted, and on June 12, Carl went down to the Atlanta airport to pick up Naomi and her daughter Natalie Grace. They stayed about a week, and it seemed a marriage was in the offing. They had a long counselling session about it with me and I felt flattered to act as their "father confessor." Of course, I told them I was all for them getting married. We needed more young White marriages and more White children, all of which was part of our Creativity program. Carl then took mother and daughter back to the airport on June 19, and Carl and Naomi kept up a hot correspondence and had many long telephone conversations.

On July 9 Carl told me he and Naomi had decided on Marriage and he planned to fly out to Phoenix (where she was working) and get married. Leaving here at 2:30 PM, I took Carl to the Atlanta airport, and he took the 6 PM Delta flight out to Phoenix. Poor Carl! Two days later he was back, no Naomi, no marriage. Henrie and I were working in our vegetable garden in the middle of the afternoon as we saw him slowly walking up the road from the church to our house and we already guessed the sad results. As he neared our yard he tried to vault over the rail fence, but even there he fumbled and instead of clearing it, he knocked down the top rail. He then told us the sad story — the marriage was off. I never knew exactly what the problem was, but I understand her mother had something to do with it. We felt so sorry for him, and as a consolation Henrie offered that he have dinner with us that night.

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At this time I was in a building mood. I still owned the 25 acre pie-shaped piece on HW 441 that I had traded from Jerry Ayres. I envisioned building a Creativity university on those grounds some day. But more immediately, I had in mind building an art studio just a few yards southeast of the cabin, in which I contemplated I could paint to my heart's content when I retired, a situation that could come none too soon as far as I was concerned. On June 9 Carl and I staked out a 12' x 12' site for the studio. On June 22 I signed a contract with Billy Sanders to have it built at a cost of $5500, a project he started in short order. I built a number of planters and retaining walls around it and brought in ten truck loads of dirt to fill in the planters. Carl did most of the shoveling, which was considerable.

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Kim called at 7 PM Wednesday, June 13, and said they were all coming down to visit us for several days while

Walt would be going to Atlanta to attend a seminar. They arrived at 2 AM the next day. While Walt went on to Atlanta, we had some good visiting to catch up on. On Saturday Henrie, Kim, Scott, Bryan, Amy and I packed a picnic lunch and went to Terrora Park (south Rabun County) and went swimming in the lake at the park. The weather was great and the water was warm.

Walt was back from Atlanta on Sunday. The family stayed over until Monday and left for Martinsville at 1 PM.

Our next visit to Kim and Walt didn't materialize until July 28, when we left the cabin at 11 AM, and after stopping in Maggie Valley to check into some video camera equipment, we arrived at Kim and Walt's place at 5:40, just in time for a good home cooked dinner.

The next day we looked over Walt's Chiropractic office, which was at the time located on Brookdale Road. Walt took X-rays of my back and shoulders and pronounced me in good shape (he said I still had the back of a 30 year old!) and that I had a minimum of calcium deposits in the bones of my back and neck. He also gave me a treatment, which included therapy with some electrical pulse mechanism.

Henrie also had X-rays taken, but her back and neck were not in good shape. She still suffered from some of the effects from a fall from a horse when she was taking riding lessons in college many years ago, and also she had quite a lot of calcium deposits in her joints. Walt recommended the repeated use of an electric pulse machine, and we ordered such a mechanism through him.

We all had dinner at the Dutch Inn Restaurant that night, with everybody ordering crabs legs. We left Martinsville the next morning, and Henrie and I had a good lunch at the Red Lobster in Winston Salem on the way back.

Chapter Eleven

Trip West,

Sept.-Oct. 1984

I had always had a great deal of admiration for our eleventh President, James K. Polk, who successfully fought the Mexican War and added more territory to the United States and the White Man's domain than any other president. I wanted to visit his sometime home in Columbia, Tennessee. I also wanted to look at the condominiums in Arizona, and at the same time see a number of people on our schedule out west. But most of all I longed to again see the wide open spaces and scenery in the west that have always fascinated me.

I finished the layout for the October issue of *Racial Loyalty* on September 18, and took it in to NE Georgia (Cornelia) for printing. The next day, after giving Carl a number of signed checks and instructions, Henrie and I left the house at 4:55 PM to start our long journey westward on US 64, stopping at the Lake Ocoee Inn restaurant for a hearty dinner. We drove a total of 145 miles that late afternoon to stay at the Ramada Inn in Chattanooga, Tennessee for the night.

Taking I-24 the next morning, we had lunch at the Cracker Barrel at Murfreesboro, Tennessee and bought a number of souvenirs, including a facsimile of an old Kentucky rifle. We then drove on to Nashville to visit President Andrew Jackson's historic Hermitage and went through the building and surveyed the grounds. After spending and hour or so at the beautiful Parthenon (also in Nashville) we went on to Columbia and checked in at the James K. Polk Motel after having dinner next door at the restaurant of the same name, although they are not affiliated. Henrie had frog legs as her dish. After dinner we drove around Columbia, including a drive past Polk's house.

The next morning we had breakfast at the same restaurant and then spent a considerable amount of time at the James K. Polk house and museum, looking over old letters, books and maps. I bought a picture of James Polk, and also one of Mrs. Polk, as well as several other souvenirs.

At 10:30 next morning we headed west on US 34 to Lawrenceburg, then on to US 64, where we had lunch at the Horse Traders Restaurant in Savannah, Tennessee. Very good. Back on the road again, through Memphis, then Little Rock, finally arriving at Conway, Arkansas, checking in at the Best Western for the night. I called Carl at home base, and found that he had picked up the printed copies of *Racial Loyalty*. I also found out that Mike McSwain had not yet corrected the computer for printing out the address labels, but would be over Saturday.

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Our next objective was to visit with **T.C. Fry**, whom I considered the Prima Domo of the Natural Hygiene movement of the time. I had met him in Austin, Texas, a few years previously, where he was at that time putting out his *Healthful Living* magazine and a number of books and tapes on the subject of Natural Hygiene, a program that was closely related to our own Salubrious Living program. He had now acquired a lease on a beautiful country club on a lake, near the town of Ridgedale, Missouri. He was running it as the Lakemont Health Resort. Here he was giving daily lectures, as well as having a number of people staying there who were fasting and getting the benefits of his other health treatments as well.

The large complex also had a restaurant, and after he had finished his lecture we (the three of us) had lunch together at a table next to a window that gave us a beautiful view of the lake. T.C. Fry stuck strictly to his fruitarian lunch of grapes and three delicious pears, while Henrie and I had some sandwiches and some fruits for desert. We discussed the possibilities of him helping us set up a Health Center at our World Headquarters in North Carolina, with him supplying us with instructors and students, a program that he endorsed enthusiastically. We also discussed rates he charged for clients now staying at his resort.

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We left Oakmont and headed north on US 65 to Springfield, Missouri, then diverted to I-44 West (a toll road from Joplin to Tulsa), arriving in Tulsa at 6:20 PM. We checked in at the Cross Roads Motor Inn and had a good dinner of spare ribs at the Country Inn restaurant. Despite all the stops, we had driven a total of 374 miles for the day.

After getting up early, 6 AM, we had breakfast at the Holiday Inn restaurant. It had been our objective to visit the Gilcrease Museum, which contained a wonderful collection of cowboy and western paintings, sculptures and artifacts. However, this being Sunday (the 23rd) we found out that the Museum didn't open until 1 PM. So instead we utilized the morning by driving over to the huge Oral Roberts religious establishment, a 40 acre compound that was a marvel to behold. It was at this time that shortly before he had claimed to have envisioned a **900 foot Christ standing before him,** allegedly telling him to build a hospital of equal height in this compound. This he was now endeavoring to do, with a great deal of promotion and vigor. His structure was already several hundred feet up and some of the elevators were in operation. We went in and up in the building as high as we could go, and were amazed at the immensity of it. In front of it he had a statue that was a replica of the praying hands that had been drawn by one of the classical artists. The statue itself was at least 50 feet high and must have cost a million dollars. I noticed that somewhere on the grounds he had a sign that said something to the effect that **with faith you could accomplish miracles**. Seeing his fantastic layout, it was hard to argue with his approach.

We left Tulsa at 10:30 AM and drove on to Oklahoma City to take another look at the Cowboy Hall of Fame. We found that its "Club" restaurant was also closed on Sundays, so we went over to Howard Johnson's and had a crab sandwich. We then drove back to the Cowboy Hall of Fame and again reviewed its many interesting paintings, statues and scenarios. We had been through it some years before, and the thing that struck me this time was that whereas before it was a magnificent museum glorifying the American cowboy, and the days of the early west, it was now beginning to move more towards down-playing cowboys and more and more prominently to glorify the goddamn Indians. I bought a bronze statue of a cowboy on horseback, some books, and two copies of their magazine, *Persimmon Hill.*

During the next several days we covered a lot of territory and did a lot of driving. We left Tulsa that same Sunday and checked in at the 7 Flags Motel at Shamrock, Texas, having driven 285 miles since 4:30 PM. Next morning we drove west on I-40 and had lunch at Denny's in Tucumcari, New Mexico. After stopping at Cline's Corners and buying several souvenirs, we arrived at Gallup, New Mexico at 6 PM. (We lost an hour due to change of time zone.) We checked in at the Royal Holiday (B.W.) We had been on the road for eleven hours and driven 515 miles. Henrie and I had dinner at an old Spanish restaurant, the Eldorado, where we each had a prime rib.

Next morning we continued west on I-40 until we came to the Information Center for the Painted Desert. The view from there was fantastic. We took the 26 mile loop road through it and the Petrified Forest, stopping at numerous places along the way, including **Newspaper Rock**, which had a mass of Indian hieroglyphics on it.

The tour road of the two parks ended at US 180. From there we went on to Holbrook, Arizona and had lunch at the Plainsman Restaurant. Staying on I-40, we turned north on Arizona highway 64 at Williams, heading for the Grand Canyon. We checked in for the night at the Red Feather Quality Inn and had a shrimp and avocado salad at their restaurant of the same name. The Red Feathers was located twelve miles south of the Canyon and the reason we stopped there is it was late and we did not want to take a chance on not finding a place on the more crowded area on the Canyon's Rim.

After checking out of the motel next morning, we drove to the Grand Canyon headquarters and received our Golden Age Passport, a privileged gift to Senior Citizens at any and every U.S. park, a welcome surprise. We saw many interesting exhibits and a slide show of early boats that had gone down the Canyon exploring its many gorges, banks, tributaries, and in general, its geography and geology.

Doing a little exploring of our own, we drove west along the Canyon's Rim to the Hermit's Rest, the end of the road. Here I bought a book by that noted canyon explorer, John Wesley Powell, and some other items. Then back to the village, where we saw a most fascinating show on the giant screen at the Imax Theatre. After having lunch at the Grand Canyon Squire (B.W.) Restaurant, we left the Canyon at about 2:30 and started heading for Sedona, Arizona.

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Arriving at **Sedona** at about 5:30 PM, we checked in at the Canyon Portal Motel. At 6:30 we gave Kim and Walt a call to let them know where we were and see how they were doing. Kim informed us they were buying a house in Martinsville, and the kids and everybody were doing just fine. I told her we were going to be looking at condominiums. Kim had talked to us on several occasions about owning a condominium in Arizona, as a winter vacation home, and probably as a retirement home for the future as well.

Next morning I visited the office of John DePoe Real Estate, and salesman Paul Sloman took us out and showed us a 2 bedroom, 1-3/4 bath condo in West Sedona. Price, $68,000. It didn't look too good. He had few other choices to show, none too attractive. We were not impressed.

Checking out of the motel, we headed south on US 179. About three miles south of Sedona we stopped at the **Chapel of the Holy Cross**, a beautiful memorial some lady had built for her deceased mother. It was built right into the solid red sandstone that was so abundant and characteristic of the Sedona area, and the views were just simply breathtaking. Heading south on I-17, we stopped for lunch at Cordes Junction, then headed on towards Phoenix, arriving there at 2:30 in the afternoon.

One of the first condo complexes that we happened to encounter was **Maryland Lakes**, in Glendale on 47th Avenue and Maryland. They had three different furnished models on display. A saleslady by the name of Courtney Morgan showed us around. We were impressed with "Plan C", but made no decisions. I thought it would be a good idea to first talk to my old friend **Dr. Martin A. Larsen**, with whom I had been in correspondence for some time. I called him and made an appointment with him at his home for 10:30 AM the next morning. He was glad to hear from me.

At that time Dr. Larson was nearly 90 years old. Although his hearing was somewhat impaired, he was still sharp as a whip. He had written numerous books and wrote a weekly article for *The Spotlight*. He was familiar with my operation and my books and complimented me on my bold approach on both the subject of Christianity and on the Jews, although he never attacked either of them openly in his own writings. We had a nice long conversation and exchange of views in his living room, and then he offered to take me out to lunch. It was an offer I could not refuse. We ate at Wynn's Chinese Restaurant (his choice). He drove me around Scottsdale, (where he lived), Paradise Valley, the Camelback Country Club, and showed me several of the other better class towns in the immediate area. He presented me with two of his latest books, as well as giving me a lot of valuable information about Phoenix in general. I asked him about the Maryland Lakes condo development. He approved of the area as such and said there were not too many Mexicans in or near the area at that time. (This was 1984, we must remember.)

The next day Henrie and I went back to the Maryland Lakes condos (the company was called J.R. Ventures, Inc.) and took another look at the condos and the whole layout and we liked it. After Henrie and I had talked it over, we decided to buy a unit for Kim, (Tahoe, Plan C) a two bedroom unit, two bath unit for a total price of $66,405, plus $650 for mirrors on all the sliding doors on the closets. The date was Friday, September 28, 1984.

We celebrated that night by having a sumptuous dinner at the Stag and Hound Restaurant on Indian School Road and I-17.

The next day I called Carl at 7 AM. Everything seemed in order. He had mailed out the copies of *Racial Loyalty* on Monday. Billy Sanders had completed construction of the steel warehouse. I called Kim at 9 AM and told her all about the purchase of the condo. Walt was not home. He had gone to Ft. Wayne, Indiana for a seminar.

We went back to Maryland Lakes and took a number of pictures, then drove on to Sun City West. It was really something to behold. They had everything there that any retired person could want for recreation. We looked at the huge Sundrome Auditorium and all the other lavish facilities for recreation, then had lunch at the Salad Bar. We then drove west on Bell Avenue to I-17 and south to the Phoenix Metro Center. Fabulous. Not only was the place huge, but the buildings all had that harmonious Arizona desert style of architecture that I particularly found appealing, not only at this mall, but throughout most of the city itself.

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We left Phoenix at 2:30 PM and drove south and west on I-10 to Tucson and on to Lordsburg, New Mexico where we stayed overnight at the B.W. American Motor Inn. Continuing on I-10 the next day, we stopped at El Paso, where we picked up a bundle of Texas tourist literature and had lunch at Denny's (chef's salad and brownie deluxe with ice cream). Diverting to I-20, we went on through to Ft. Worth, then south on I-35W to Waco, Texas to visit that most interesting Texas Rangers Museum and Hall of Fame. We checked in at the River Place Motel, which was just across the Brazos River from the Museum itself. Most of the next morning was spent browsing through the museum, looking at the hundreds of old rifles and guns, at the beautiful art works and portraits of the famous Texas Rangers that had added so much to Texas lore and history and to the opening up of the West. At this time the Heart of Texas Fair was in progress at the Texas Colosseum and Fairgrounds, and we spent the afternoon visiting their exhibits.

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Several years ago I had read a book called *Please Doctor, Do Something!* by Joe D. Nichols, M.D., who, when he wrote the book in 1972, was also President of Natural Food Associates. Although he had been a medical doctor since 1933, like most other M.D.'s he had not the slightest knowledge about the importance of nutrition, until one day in 1946 he had a heart attack that almost proved to be fatal. Since he was still relatively young, his period of invalidity and recovery forced him to meditate on what he had been doing wrong. He came to the conclusion that the food they, the doctors, and millions of other people were eating, was junk food. It lacked nutrition, as did the soil the food was grown on. He had just bought a 1000 acre farm before the heart attack and he decided to fertilize the soil with organic fertilizers, raise organically grown foods and spread his message to the world.

This he did with a great deal of vigor, and I happened to hear one of his speeches at Countess Guardabassi's mansion in Palm Beach several years later. Henrie and I were both much impressed, and now, in 1984, since we were in the area, we decided to go out of our way to visit him at Atlanta, Texas, a small town about 130 miles east of Dallas. After a long struggle, we finally found the town and the farm. However, much to our disappointment, some other organization had now taken over the farm and was using it for purposes altogether different from what Dr. Nichols had been doing. Not even his books were in the office of the building any more. Dr. Nichols, now 74, was pursuing his own private practice somewhere, and I never did find out from the secretary in charge as to what had happened.

Much disappointed, we drove south on secondary roads, had lunch at a small place called Vivian's, then on to Shreveport, Louisiana. Finally we pulled in at a Best Western Motel at 9 PM at Meridian, Mississippi. We had driven a total of 564 miles for the day.

From there we headed back home the next day and arrived at about 5 PM. I stopped in at the church, consulted Carl, picked up whatever mail was of interest to me, and called it a day.

It was now October 5, and we had travelled a total of 4854 miles on our circuitous odyssey.

Chapter Twelve

A Grand Prix for Henrie

After looking over all the back mail, my first order of business after the long trip out west was to put together the layout for the November, 1984 issue of Racial Loyalty. This would be our 18th edition since we started in June of 1983, and we had never missed a single issue since. We put the finishing touches on it by October 21, and I took it to the printers. This was now being done by **The North East Georgian** in Cornelia, Georgia, since Dixie Advertising had moved away from Franklin to Brevard, North Carolina and was no longer available to us. The man in charge of the NE Georgian Printers was a good fellow by the name of **Bobby Williams**, who, unfortunately, did not own the business. We did have a short stint with the Franklin Press doing a few issues for us, but the editor at the time, Ken Hudgins, although not unfriendly, told me he had had a revolt among his employees about the matter because of our hostile attitude toward Christianity, and he could no longer continue to do the job for us. It was to be the beginning of a long search for a reliable printer for our paper, but more about that later.

Meanwhile, Billy Sanders was busy in trying to make progress on the school building, and we were getting to the stage where I had to make a lot of individual decisions, such as wall colors, types of Formica counter tops, tile, lighting fixtures, etc.

For some time Henrie had been agitating for a prestigious car of her own. Of course, we did have the VW Rabbit as a second car, but she didn't like to drive it, especially since it had a stick shift. On Friday, October 27, 1984, we left for Martinsville to look for a car for Henrie. The next day, Saturday, Walt took her around to all the car dealers in Martinsville. The final decision was a silver colored two door, **Grand Prix Pontiac**. The dealer was Blue Ridge Pontiac, and since the car had been used as a demo and had a few miles on it, the final price was

$13,728. We closed the deal at 10 AM on Sunday, but since some servicing had to be done on it, and we wanted to make some other contacts in Florida, we left it there for a week.

Henrie and I had been at war with the I.R.S. for years, and had not filed a return since 1980. (At this date in 1992, we still haven't. Since Henrie has since passed away, and since it is a matter of grave principle with me that I will never stoop to be a race traitor, and that I would never, ever contemplate helping the Jews finance the destruction and genocide of our own race, I assure you I never will file.) Anyway, at this time the I.R.S. was beginning to breathe down our neck more heavily and we decided to go back to Florida and disperse whatever assets we had. We left Martinsville on Monday, October 29, and were back at our cabin in North Carolina by Wednesday night.

We met with Kim and Walt again at Hickory, North Carolina, a half-way point, about a week later. The Grand Prix had been serviced and was ready to go, and Walt was bringing it down to Hickory, with Kim following in her car. We met at Shoney's Restaurant, where we not only enjoyed a good lunch, but also a good visit. Kim and Walt drove back in one car, and Henrie and I drove back in two cars. Henrie finally had her own Grand Prix.

Chapter 13

Hawk's Nest; Tom Metzger; Christmas and New Year

It was always a pleasure when our last two weeks at Hawk's Nest in the Florida Keys came up in the last half of November. By that time it was beginning to get chilly in North Carolina and the bright foliage from the trees was pretty well gone, whereas in the southernmost part of Florida it was warm, sunshiny and the waters in the Keys were at their sparkling best. It was always a good time for a change of scenery and a time to get away from it all. Besides, we could always spend Thanksgiving there and our anniversary was usually within the same week.

We loaded up the station wagon and left the cabin at 11:40 on Saturday, November 17, 1984. We were a day late in leaving, since our week started on Saturday, but no matter. We stopped for our usual lunch at Shoney's at the Oakmont Exit off I-985, then drove a total of 405 miles, arriving at Lake City at 7:45 PM. This time, instead of taking the usual route we took a detour down along the west coast of Florida. We wanted to have lunch at the Crab Trap, just south of the Skyway Bridge, Tampa Bay. We had eaten there before and the food was delicious.

From there we drove south on I-75 to Naples, then east along Alligator Alley to Krome Avenue, then south past Homestead, all the way to another of our favorite restaurants, Whale Harbor at Islamorada, where we had another great dinner. We finally arrived at Hawk's Nest after 10 PM after having driven 555 miles for the day.

Of the three weeks we had, two of our apartments (#501) were on the (top) fifth floor, and one (#401) was on the fourth. From either one we had an excellent view of the old Seven Mile Bridge and also the new bridge that was now being built alongside of it. We could look over the bridges and see the Florida Bay to the north, with all its numerous little keys, islets and bird rookeries, and we had an unobstructed view of the Atlantic Ocean to the south, including the famous Sombrero Key Lighthouse. The latter was five miles straight south of us, and the area around it was a snorkelers and skindiver's paradise.

The next day after we arrived there, I started working on the article "The Polestar" for the next edition of *Racial Loyalty*. I wrote four pages the first day, twelve more the second, and before I was through with it, the article amounted to a stack of scribble on yellow pages. At this time I happened to see an advertisement for a Sharp typewriter with a limited computer memory, available at K-Mart for about $250. I went out and bought it, studied the manual for awhile, then showed Henrie, who was an excellent typist, how to use it. I then asked her if she would type my article, which over the next few days she did. It amounted to a total of 21 typewritten pages, and was published in the January 1985 issue of *Racial Loyalty*.

I read several books while there, such as *Golden Boy* about William Holden, the story about Ghandi, and a story about the experiences of 33 combat veterans in Viet Nam by Al Santoli. Henrie and I had a turkey Thanksgiving dinner at The Buccaneer, and talked to the owner, a Dutchman by the name of Bakker again. We had become acquainted with him last year. On the last Monday we made our usual visit to Key West and did some more exploring. We also talked with Kim that night. They had had a nice little Thanksgiving vacation in Williamsburg with their family.

On Wednesday we left the Hawk's Nest at 3 PM and drove over to Bill and Mary Wimmer's in Lighthouse Point. They had a lovely dinner prepared and we were soon at it again. We also saw their son Scott while there.

After having breakfast with them the next morning, we said goodbye and left to do some shopping in Lighthouse Point. We left at 12:30 and drove to Ft. Pierce, where we had our usual lunch of a shrimp sandwich and a peach cobbler with icecream. We drove on to Lake City, stayed overnight, and on home the next day. Since he is an avid frugitarian, we brought Carl a big bag of oranges from Florida.

* * * * *

Tom Metzger. For the last several months Tom Metzger, from Fallbrook, California had been taping a few half hour interviews with people who were connected with the racial movement, no matter how far astray their views might be. He had a connection with Dave Wiley, who was a student at the California State University in Fullerton, and either was in charge of, or had access to their video recording studio and facilities. Through his contact with Dave, who was always present at every recording, Tom was able to schedule a number of shows that concerned the racial issue, and at this time he had already been able to record about half a dozen or so, which could be aired on Public Television.

I had had some intermittent correspondence with Tom for the past ten years, since I had written *Nature's Eternal Religion*, during the periods when he still adhered to Christianity, or when he was still a member of the Klan, but our correspondence had never been very productive, nor very congenial. Although he was against the Jews and niggers, he seemed to have no clear cut creed, program or philosophy of his own, and what he said changed from time to time. Strangely, he always seemed to have some nit-picking reason as to why he could not join with us and promote Creativity. I also had some correspondence with his son John, who seemed much more receptive, and in fact applied for a Ministerial Certificate to become a Reverend of our church. This we were happy to grant him, and he still is in good standing with us to this day (1992).

We now go back to December of 1984. About a month earlier Tom had called me and said he would like to tape a show of my ideas and activities. Since I would have to fly most of the distance across the country, while he had me there, he said he would make it worth my while and tape two half hour shows. I checked the cost of the airline ticket and found it came to $596, plus there would be other expenses. I contemplated for a while whether it would be worth the cost, and after some consideration I agreed I would come. The condition was we would tape two shows.

He called me while I was at the Hawk's Nest in Marathon and confirmed that he had the taping scheduled, and the date was Wednesday, December 5, 1984. At 3:30 on Tuesday afternoon, just a few days after getting back from the Keys, Carl and I left in my car for the Atlanta airport for me to catch the plane for the John Wayne Airport in Orange County, California. At 6:20 PM I left Atlanta on American Airlines Flight 627 and after a change of planes in Dallas, arrived in Orange County at 11:22 PM. I took a cab to the Ali Baba Best Western Motel at La Mesa and called it a day.

Next morning I called Henrie to say I had arrived, and then called Tom Metzger. He said he would pick me up at 11 AM. At 12 noon he, or they, arrived in two cars. In one was Tom Metzger and his bodyguard, a fellow by the name of Terry. In the other car was the great (jerk) Mike Brown, to whom Tom introduced me as once having had the honor of being the bodyguard of George Lincoln Rockwell. Tom told me right at the outset that since the great Mike Brown had arrived, he was going to do a show on him, and sorry, that left time for just one show for me, instead of the two he had promised. This made me angry, since if I had known that he (Tom) was going to welch on me I would not have come at all. It was not the only thing that aggravated me. This Mike fellow talked endlessly and had an ego as big as a house, and a brain as big as a mouse. What was worse, Tom pointedly slighted me, for what reasons I am still mystified, but patronized Brown like he was God's gift to the White Race. The only other achievement, besides being Rockwell's sometime bodyguard, was that Mike had also served a year in the penitentiary for a stupid and bungled attempt at dynamiting the United Nations building. I was not in a good mood, but since I was here, I tried to make the best of it.

We drove about 20 miles to the studio at Fullerton, where I finally met with Dave Wiley, who was in charge of the production, and, also along with Tom, acted as the host asking the questions. The taping started at 2:30 PM, with me going first. I thought it went rather well, and in all fairness to Tom, although he had a cold, I thought he did a good job and asked all the right questions.

After Brown's session was over, we all went to a Pizza Parlor, where pitcher after pitcher of beer was ordered and drunk. Here I met Tom Padgett, who was a member of our church (and also an Odinist!) and with whom I had had considerable correspondence. I also met Carl Straight, who claimed he supported me 100%, except that he still clung to Christianity. There were soon several more fellows who joined the group and to whom I was introduced, and as pitcher after pitcher of beer was consumed, the party became very lively and congenial. I didn't like beer, but just to join the crowd, I drank a tall glass of wine to get in the mood.

At 8 PM the party broke up and Tom Padgett drove me to the Los Angeles Airport. Here I met Larry White, who had specially come to see me at the airport, and with whom I had had correspondence for several years. Since we still had some time to kill before my plane left, we all ordered dinner and had much conversation.

At 11:15 PM my plane left. Sleeping most of the way, I arrived at the Atlanta Airport at 6:20 AM, where Carl was ready to pick me up in my car. We arrived back in North Carolina at about 9:30, and after relating most of the events to Henrie, I went to bed and slept until 3:30 PM.

* * * * *

Christmas and New Year, 1984-85. During the year's holidays, we mutually decided we would have Christmas at the Moores, and New Years at the Klassen's layout.

On Sunday, December 23, Henrie and I left the house at 11:30 AM and headed for Kim and Walt's place. At Exit 64 on I-40 we stopped and had lunch at the Western Steak House. After a stop at the grocery store and loading up, we arrived at Kim and Walt's at 5:30 PM. On Monday we had a big turkey dinner, then opened stocking stuffer presents at night. Friends of the Moores, the Kleinschusters and their family and parents were over in the evening and brought some presents.

Tuesday, December 25, 1984. Christmas Day. After a viewing of Santa's appearance (Walt was dressed as Santa Claus) in a downstairs room, we opened many, many presents in the living room. Much confusion and much hustle and bustle. Later in the afternoon we had a kitchen dinner. After dinner a neighbor from across the street came over to visit and told us about her adverse experiences with the medical profession, about over-medication with drugs and their disastrous effects. I gave her a copy of our book on *Salubrious Living*.

In the evening Walt replayed the filming of this morning's events of opening the presents and other activities. He also showed a screening of a play Bryan had taken part in at school.

Next morning we left for home at about 10:30. Since Kim and Walt would be with us in a few days for the New Year's get-together, we took Scott and Bryan with us. On the way back we stopped at Hickory to have lunch at Shoney's.

New Years at the Cabin. Kim and Walt and Amy arrived at our place on Saturday, December 29. One of the first things Walt helped me with was to put the shutters up on the north side of the studio. He also tried to give me some help with a video camera I had recently purchased, but there was something wrong with it and he could not get it to work either.

The next day, Sunday, Kim and I had a long walk down the lower road of Swiss Village, and then also tackled the upper road. We talked to the Penns, who lived on the upper road, and were invited into their house. After all that walking we had a big New Year's dinner that Kim and Henrie had cooked. It was great.

On Monday, the last day of the year, I received a copy of the *Race and Reason* tape I had made with Tom Metzger. We all watched it on the TV set with anticipation. Not bad.

That night we all went to Sky Valley (of which I was then still a member) and at 9:30 the whole family had dinner there, after which we participated in the dancing and in the floor show. We got back to the cabin just before midnight so we could watch the New Year being brought in on television in different parts of the country.

The next day, January 1, we all watched the Rose Parade in Pasadena on TV, with Walt switching stations every so often to see what the football games were doing. Meanwhile Kim and Walt started packing their things, and at 1 PM they said good-by and left for home.

Chapter Fourteen

January, 1985:
an Assessment

This being the beginning of a New Year, the time had come to take stock, to make an assessment as to what we had accomplished so far, and where we were now at.

It had now been almost twelve years since I had published my creed and program in *Nature's Eternal Religion*. Since then we had published two more fundamental books, *The White Man's Bible*, and *Salubrious Living*. It had been a year and a half since we moved our whole operation up here to the World Center in North Carolina. During this time we had printed, published and widely distributed tens of thousands copies of *Racial Loyalty* every month, for a total of 20 issues, as of January, 1985. Everyone of them was hard hitting, pulling no punches against either Judaism or Christianity, a combination of evils that had never before been linked or accused of as being in collusion in a conspiracy to destroy the White Race, nor as being at the root of all our evils. We had made a lot of enemies of the most powerful forces in the world, not the least of which was JOG (our Jewish Occupation Government.)

However, so far we had survived. We had not had our headquarters burned down, and I personally had not (yet) been shot, as many predicted I would be. Furthermore, we had received widespread attention, not only from our friends in the racial movement, but also from our legion of enemies in the Establishment. We had won the hearts and dedication of a considerable number of dedicated White Racial Comrades. Our list of subscribers and supporters, although not phenomenal, was growing each month. We would have liked to see a more rapid growth, but then, Rome wasn't built in a day, and it took the Christian movement 300 years before they even so much as had a Bible that encoded their beliefs, whereas we had ours put together and in place right at the very beginning of our movement. Furthermore, at that time we were able to carry insurance on our buildings, and the County, bless their little black hearts, had even allowed us property tax exemption, something to which we were most certainly entitled, and was guaranteed by the Constitution, but which most of the Jews and the Christians in the area fiercely resented. (Both of these basic rights were later illegally taken away from us, despite our legal battles, as we shall see later.) We had been fire-bombed and shot at in June of 1983, as I have already related earlier in my autobiography *Against the Evil Tide*, and we had rocks thrown at the front of our building from time to time. But the fiercest and most vocal opposition came from the local little preachers of the numerous fundamental churches in the county, of which there were more than one hundred of such dens of superstition. However, although not as visible, we never forgot that behind all such harassment and opposition were those parasitic and eternal enemies of the White Race, the Jews.

Well, things could have been better, but they could also have been a lot worse. Anyway, we were struggling along against some most powerful odds, but we were surviving.

In writing these articles for the first 20 issues, the thought came to me that we were enhancing and adding much to our creed and program of Creativity, material that should become a permanent part of our religion and should be preserved for the future. Whereas I was busy writing the material, pasting the copy sheets for *Racial Loyalty* and a hundred other things, while Carl was answering mail, typesetting the copy, planting trees and mowing the lawn, I decided we needed a special typist to put together and typeset the articles in a special book for permanent preservation.

I called Rev. Rick Becker, our erstwhile Hasta Primus, and asked him if he would take on a temporary job and do just that. He was getting a permanent government disability pension, but no matter, nobody need take note of that, and in three months or so he would be back at Greenville. The pay was small, only $100 a week, but, it was so much extra spending money, and Rick was very conscious of money.

He started the second week in January, and moved in with Carl in the upstairs apartment. However, he was such a sloppy housekeeper that there soon developed a disagreement about this matter between him and Carl, and soon Rick moved into the accommodations at the school. He did very nicely in his typesetting, and in a few months he had it finished.

I gave the book a title. I called it *Expanding Creativity*. His job finished, I paid him his final check in the amount of $110 on May 2, 1985, and Rick left for home.

The next big problem was finding a printer. Shops that print tabloids seldom print books, and, because our material was so controversial, most printers were extremely reluctant to print either our paper, or any book we might put out. After much scouting and many rejections, I finally found a printer that could and would do our book. The name of the company was **Currahee Printing**, located in Toccoa, Georgia. We soon reached an agreement and the book was duly printed in 1985. It was to be the forerunner of several other books that the same printer would do for us. As an additional note, all our books are in the Macon County Library.

Chapter Fifteen

Hawaii Revisited, 1985

It had been nearly twenty-seven years since Henrie, Kim and I had last visited Hawaii. That was back in June of 1958, on the occasion of both Henrie's and Kim's birthday, when we cruised over on the Matson Steamship Lines flagship, **The Lureline**, and a beautiful cruise it was. (We flew back by plane.) Now, after a long and intensive involvement in the religious and racial issue for the last fifteen years, it seemed it would be most interesting to make another visit to Hawaii and take a fresh look at these beautiful islands from both a scenic point of view and also a look at its people, as well as the changes that commercial development had wrought in the meantime. What better time to go than in the middle of the winter?

We made arrangements with our travel agent to leave February 16, 1985. In telling about this trip, I am going to divide it into two parts. First, I will treat it as a regular travelogue, describing our daily itinerary and activities, including our three day stay in Las Vegas, and our side trip to Phoenix to overlook things at the newly bought condo apartment. Secondly, in a separate and following chapter, I will go into more explicit detail about my racial impressions of the rank miscegenation that is Hawaii, as I described in my former article in *Racial Loyalty*. (Issue No. 23)

In my opinion, there is no question about it that the Hawaiian chain of islands represent one of the most scenic pieces of real estate in the world, from what I have seen of it. Henrie and I were most eager to see them again, especially the islands of Maui and Kauai, which we had not visited on our first trip.

* * * * *

Saturday, February 16. Henrie and I got up early, 4 AM, to finish our packing and get ready to go. We picked up Carl in our Pontiac station wagon at 5:10 and drove to the Atlanta Airport. In getting over-involved in one of Carl's conversations, we missed a turn-off at the Airport and barely caught United Flight 780 to Denver. We arrived at 8:55 AM and left Denver on United Airlines Flight 27 at 11:35 AM. After an approximately seven hour non-stop flight, we arrived in Honolulu at 2:30 PM.

We were picked up at the Airport by the MTI tour director, were given leis to hang around our neck, had our pictures taken, and driven to the Hawaiian Village Hotel by private taxi, all part of the paid tour. Although by this time we were real tired (it had been a long day) we checked over the hotel grounds and started looking at the numerous tour brochures that were most readily available. We decided on two activities for tomorrow, (a) the Circle Island tour, which took in most of the day, and (b) the Don Ho Dinner and show that night.

Sunday, February 17. We had chosen the Alamai Tour Agency's Deluxe Circle Island tour. Cost, $33.50 each. A minibus that held no more than ten passengers picked us up at the Hawaiian Village Hotel at 9 AM. The first stop was at the Kahala Residential Area, inside the crater of Diamond Head. When we were there 27 years ago, there was no development inside the crater, but there certainly was now. Then on to Hanauma Bay Blowhole, Sandy Beach, Makapuu Point, Pali Lookout, and then on to Punaluu, where we had lunch at "Pat's." Here I bought a Japanese carved whalebone (imitation?) bridge, which I still keep in my study as a souvenir.

From there we drove on to the Mormon Temple and its Cultural Center, but since this is a huge, all day attraction in itself, we only had time to drive through it. But no matter, since it avidly attracted our attention, we decided to come back to it again another day and spend the whole day exploring it. This we did, and I spend all of Chapter 16 telling about it, as I promised I would at the beginning.

We drove on to Sunset Beach and the North Shore, the latter being a real surfer's paradise. From there on to Waimea Falls Park, where we stayed a while and watched the beautiful white falls, and also had a refreshing fruit drink at the Dale Pineapple Hut. While driving through the sugar cane fields, we got to meet a nice couple from Indiana. I got involved in a conversation about Creativity with the husband, whose name was McCord Purdy. I promised to send him a three book set, which I did.

We were back at the Hilton Hawaiian Village Hotel at 5:30. After changing clothes, we went to the Don Ho show and dinner inside the Geodesic Dome of the H.H.V. Hotel at 6:30. We had two Mai Tai drinks each (watered down) and a real good dinner while Don Ho was telling his jokes, singing his songs, putting on girlie dance routines and kissing any number of old women while engaging them in meaningless chatter. We met an interesting couple at our table. Their names were Don and Edie Adams from Wenonah, New Jersey. We had our pictures taken ($11) and took a number of flash pictures with our own camera. Back at our hotel room at 10:15 PM.

Monday, February 18. Had breakfast at the Voyager Restaurant at the Travelodge Hotel nearby. Made reservations with MTI tours to leave the hotel tomorrow at 12 noon with our luggage, all to be ready at the Diamond Head entrance at 11 AM to leave the island of Oahu.

For today we also made reservations to take the Mormon Polynesian Cultural Center tour ($43). The driver of our bus was a comedian by the name of Joe, who claimed to have a mixed ancestry which included just about every race and nationality imaginable, Japanese, Irish, and even native Hawaiian. (Didn't everybody?) He loaded us into a large bus and we took off at 12:30. It proved to be a most interesting day, and since I will be describing this event in more detail in the next chapter, I will not take the space here.

Tuesday, February 19. After we were all packed and ready to leave we had breakfast at the hotel restaurant, and then I bought myself a navy, blue, and yellow "Aloha" shirt. We had set all our luggage out in the hall and at 12 noon we and the luggage were picked up by the bus at the Diamond Head Exit to transfer us to the airport. After a crowded and confused scramble that was reminiscent of the Cairo and Aswan airport episodes in Egypt, our Hawaiian Air flight left at 2:30 PM. We were on our way to Kauai.

When we got there, we stood in line for about an hour at the Dollar Rent-a-Car before we managed to acquire a vehicle, a Chevy Sprint. We drove ourselves out to our hotel and checked in at the Kauai Surf Hotel, assigned Room 306. It was a great hotel, a beautiful place, an excellent room and a wonderful view of Nawiliwili Harbor on whose beach the hotel was located. It was a huge place and had six first class restaurants. We chose to have dinner at the Outrigger Restaurant, having prime rib, and a Napoleon for dessert. We were really living high on the hog.

Wednesday, February 20. Today was my birthday. I was 67 years young, but I felt like 35. I had a good night's sleep, the best on the trip so far. (It must have been last night's prime rib.) In the morning, after a good breakfast at the Outrigger Restaurant, Henrie and I went for a long walk on the extensive grounds of the hotel, which consisted of 200 acres altogether. We left a roll of film with 24 exposures at the camera booth at the hotel. Now it was time to explore the island, and having our rented Chevrolet Sprint at our disposal, we took a south and westerly drive along Road #50 from Lihue along the south coast to the very end of the road. There we stopped at a broken down old place at Waimea and had lunch.

We drove up the Waimea Canyon road, which later joins #55 to Waimea Lookout, an elevation of about 3800 feet, to look down into this huge canyon, then back to #50 and the end of the line to the west.

We looked at some time-sharing condos at Poipu Beach, called Niki Kai Villas. However, they did not particularly appeal to us. After this, we drove back to our hotel, the Kauai Surf, and had a delicious dinner of duck a l'orange. We also had our pictures taken to celebrate the event.

Thursday, February 21. Had breakfast at the Outrigger Restaurant, and while dining there we watched the cruise ship Constitution come in to Nawiliwili Bay. Went for a walk on the hotel grounds to the set where many of the TV episodes of Mash were filmed and took a number of pictures. We then walked to the hotel's Japanese gardens and took a number of pictures, then took a roll of 36 exposures to their camera shop, to be developed and ready by 4 PM.

The same day we took a drive to Lihue and visited the Kauai Museum, next we drove to the Wailua Marina and took a (Smith) cruise to the famous Fern Grotto. While there we witnessed a wedding in progress, followed by a program of singing and music.

We returned to the marina and had lunch, then drove north on HW 56 to Kapaa and visited the Kapaa Shopping Center and Bazaar, which had a multitude of interesting shops. Continuing north, we saw many taro fields, and some terrific beaches right next to steep mountainsides.

Returning to the hotel, we picked up the sets of 24 and 36 developed pictures from the photo shop. Had a

Mahi Mahi dinner at the Fisherman's Restaurant at the hotel. Very good.

Friday, February 22. This morning we had a big buffet breakfast at the Outrigger Restaurant with lots of papaya, pineapple spears, melon, bacon, sausage, and more. We got our belongings together and reluctantly checked out of the Kauai Surf Hotel at 12 noon. We drove our rented Chevy Sprint to the Lihue Airport and checked it out at no charge. (The cost had already been figured in the original package.)

After having lunch at the airport, we embarked on Hawaiian Airlines Flight 27 at 2:10 PM, then changed planes on the runway tarmac to Maui. We arrived at the Kahului Airport at approximately 3:45 PM. Back again to the Dollar Rent-a-Car where we obtained a Nissan station wagon. It was a 27 mile drive to our hotel at Kaanapali, and on the way along the coast we saw a whale cavorting on the surface, about 3/4 mile off shore.

We checked in at the Maui Marriott Hotel, Room 2059. After having dinner at the Moana Terrace Restaurant, we checked the listed room prices. We noted ours was listed at $115 a day, but, what the hell, it was all part of the package.

Saturday, February 23. Started out with breakfast at the same restaurant as we had dinner last night.

Getting into our rented station wagon, we headed for Lahaina, the famous old whaling town, where we bought a number of items, including a Hawaiian shirt and shorts outfit for each of our grandsons. We had lunch at a quaint old restaurant overlooking the water. Returned to the Maui Marriott at about 3:30 to get ready for the big luau coming up for tonight.

But first I though I would give Carl a call at the church headquarters and see what was happening back home. Things seemed to be pretty well under control. The paper had been printed and delivered. He would be mailing it out Monday.

The luau was to be served buffet style and when we got there at 4:55 a line had already formed. About 400 people were coming. The food was good, and drinks (Mai Tais) were being served, as many as you wanted, but they were pretty well watered down.

We were back at the hotel by 8:45.

Sunday, February 24. About a mile from the Marriott was the quaint old Whaler's Village and shopping center. Here we had breakfast at the H.M.S. Bounty Restaurant, then drove south on HW 30 on the west coast of Wailea, where quite a lot of new development was going on. We then turned around and drove across the island on HW 35, all the way to Keanae, expecting to see the church and where we thought Charles Lindberg's grave was located, but when we got there we learned that his grave was another good ten miles past Hana. This meant another 28 miles of rough driving and since the last 17 miles had been extremely crooked, we decided to turn around and go back home. However, it was a beautiful drive along the north shore, and an unusual sight to see dozens of windsurfers riding the big rollers as they were coming in.

When we got back we had dinner at the Moana Terrace Hotel. That same night I started reading the story of Marriott by J. Willard Marriott, a most remarkable man.

Monday, February 25. Next morning we checked out of the Marriott Maui Hotel, drove back to Whaler's Village and had breakfast again at the H.M.S. Bounty. After exploring this unusual shopping center more extensively, we visited the Whaler's Museum on the third floor of one of the larger buildings.

That completed our tour of the islands on this trip. We filled the tank with gas, drove over to the Maui Airport to unload our baggage, turn in our car to the rental agency and check in our tickets. We left Maui at 4:45 PM and when we arrived at the Honolulu Airport immediately checked in with United Airlines. At 10:45 PM we took off for Los Angeles, and tired out after a long day, we slept most of the way enroute.

* * * * *

Addendum: In describing our trip to these beautiful island, we must remember that this is how we saw them in February of 1985. Many changes have ensued since then, some of most damaging consequences. As I am writing this in September of 1992, a most powerful natural disaster, Hurricane Iniki, swept over the island of Kauai on September 11 devastating the island to such an extent that it will never be the same again. What a tragedy!

However, there was a demographic disaster overtaking all of the islands that was, and is, of longer standing, and although more devious in its course, is even more virulent in its long term damage. It started when the American missionaries landed there in the 1820's. In the next chapter I will concentrate on the miscegenation of the people who inhabit the Hawaiian Islands. This is as I saw it in 1985, and described the situation in an article in Issue No. 23 of *Racial Loyalty* and page 161, *Building a Whiter and Brighter World.*

Chapter Sixteen

An Eyewitness Report from the Hawaiian Islands

Aloha to You too, Kamaaina!

Race mixing and miscegenation rampant in one of nature's most scenic tropical paradises.

From a scenic and climatic point of view, the Hawaiian Islands are some of the most desirable pieces of real estate on earth. They are, in fact, the stuff that dreams are made of and a virtual tropical paradise, if there ever was one.

From a White Man's point of view they are a racial nightmare, the ultimate in miscegenation. They are, in fact, the consummation of a race mixer's dream. They come very close to that goal so devoutly pursued by the Jews and their bleeding-heart counterparts among the Christians and their degenerate White segment.

My wife, my seven year old daughter and I visited the Hawaiian Islands of Oahu and the big island (Hawaii) in 1958. Departing from San Francisco we went over on the then operating Lureline, one of two flagships of the Matson Lines. The five day cruise across the Pacific was sheer joy, and was in celebration of both my wife's and daughter's birthdays, both of which occurred on June 7th. Our first trip to these beautiful islands was an exciting adventure and we enjoyed every minute of it. We flew back by plane.

A few months ago, my wife and I planned to make a return trip to these lovely islands which we had visited 27 years earlier. This time it was to celebrate my birthday.

We took off by United Airlines from Atlanta at 7:35 AM, changing planes in Denver and arrived in Honolulu at 2:30 PM the same day, February 16, having gained six hours on the sun.

Flying in toward Oahu, as this beautiful island is bathed in the afternoon sunshine, is still (almost) as exciting an event as arriving there by cruise ship. The island is still a beautiful gem set in the blue Pacific, its vertical green mountains creased by sharp ravines and the sawtooth profile accentuated by sharp, picturesque peaks. Geographically, with their beautiful sandy beaches, rugged mountain peaks and undulating valleys, they are still a tropical paradise.

Honolulu had greatly changed since we last saw it in 1958. It has now become another Miami Beach, but fortunately not as heavily infested with rude, pushy, arrogant Jews. In fact, the mongrel natives, which are a melting pot of Asiatic, Oriental, Polynesian and every other shade of miscegenation, are by and large friendly, polite and accommodating. But big money has arrived in Hawaii and large conglomerates, mostly Jewish controlled, have taken possession. Huge motel and hotel complexes now crowd the limited real estate, and whereas in 1958 there were only a handful, now the city of Honolulu is as crowded and congested as any on the "state side." High-rise apartments, condominiums and hotels now crowd this beautiful tropical island. It now also has “freeways," traffic congestion and noise pollution. The air, however, is still relatively clean, having the advantage of the perpetual Pacific breezes and tropical showers renewing the atmosphere.

Prices are high in Hawaii. I was well aware that most of what Hawaiians consume has to be imported. I was, however, surprised to learn from a tourist guide on one of our excursions that practically everything else, flowers, shrubs, fruits, trees, birds and animals, too, are of recent foreign import. Even the "native" Hawaiians did not arrive from “elsewhere” until as recently as the 14th century, only a few centuries before Captain Cook, that great White explorer.

We stayed only briefly in Oahu, being eager to explore Kauai and Maui, which we had not visited on our previous trip.

One of the tours we took on Oahu was an all-day circle tour of the island. We took off from the hotel at 9:00 AM in a mini-bus, with a group total of ten. The driver and guide was a typical native by the name of Robert. He explained eagerly that his own racial ancestry was somewhat like chop suey (or smorgasbord) and consisted of Portuguese, Irish, Japanese, and some others that I don't recall, but it did include Hawaiian. Everybody there claims some Hawaiian ancestry, whether they have it or not.

One of the stops on this all-day tour was at the Polynesian Cultural Center, a vast Disneyland like complex of structures that are supposed to represent seven Polynesian "Cultures," but look more like Hollywood sets for a movie. This 42 acre complex adjoins the Mormon Temple grounds, and the campus of Brigham Young University of Hawaii. All this is part of a huge 7000 acre spread known as Hawaiian Village, and includes the town of Laie. It is all owned by the Mormon Church which bought this prime piece of real estate for a song back in the 30's.

I was intrigued by the Mormon extravaganza in promoting these alien "cultures" and the next day we took another tour to the Polynesian Cultural Center itself. It was expensive — $43.00 per person — including dinner and a Polynesian show at night. The Mormon Church does not come cheaply and has few rivals in the efficiency with which it can extract money from its own members, or outsiders.

The Center is a 42 acre "living museum" and was purportedly established for the purpose of preserving the "cultures" of the Polynesian peoples, in particular that of the islands of Tonga, Hawaii, Fiji, Tahiti, the Marquesas, Samoa and Aotearoa. Aotearoa? Where is that? I had never heard of it. Well, guess what? That is the future name of New Zealand already resurrected from some mythical invention to be bestowed upon these lovely islands when the White Man has been expunged from them, and the aborigines again hold sway. This is completely in line with the Jewish program now going full speed ahead in Africa, where the Belgian Congo has now become Zaire, White Rhodesia has become Zimbabwe, and a host of other countries that were being colonized by Whites and had their culture bearing people driven out and/or exterminated and placed in the hands of cultureless black savages.

Most of these new names really have little or no historical significance. They are purely Jewish inventions designed to sound very African, and wipe out any and all White influence.

The Mormons have spent a wad of money on this 42 acre “museum,” which it is not. A museum, in the correct sense of the word, is a place where genuine artifacts, statues, relics of some historic bygone age are collected and displayed. The articles displayed are usually genuine, not fabricated. Not so at the Polynesian Cultural Center.

Everything is genuinely phoney, fabricated by the skill of White technology, mostly by White craftsmen and workers much in the same manner as are Hollywood sets constructed for a particular movie.

But for these sets the Mormon Church has spared no expense. Money is no object, it would seem. It has poured tens of millions into these 42 acres. It has built wide, intricate canals, bridges and waterfalls with the water kept in constant motion by huge pumps hidden from view. It has built a huge Gateway Restaurant, as well as several smaller fast food snack bars. It has built a store, "Shop Polynesia," canoe landings, a huge Pacific Pavilion to stage its nighttime shows, gazebos for bandstands, the whole works. I repeat, money is no object.

It has also built a Samoan Village, (Talofa), an Aotearoa Village (Kia Oro), a Fiji Village (Bula Vinaka), a Tahitian Village (Iaorana), a Tongan Village (Malo e Lelei) and more. It has also built a Hawaiian Village named (Aloha), a word repeated to the point of nausea, around which a whole industry has been built.

When we arrived in Hawaii, I liked the word "Aloha" which means hello, I love you, goodbye, and just about anything else you might want it to mean. You are greeted with it at the airport, it is repeated incessantly on the tour buses, at the night time shows, everywhere. In fact, as soon as a tour guide has the attention of his group he starts training them to respond to his "Aloha" with a loud shouted "Aloha" in return from his group, until it becomes as automatic as a trained Pavlovian dog salivating. They especially train you to stress the end of the word with a loud aaah! By the time we left, I became sick of the word.

Several questions arose in my mind as we wandered through these 42 acres of plastic Polynesian fantasyland by dugout canoes, outrigger canoes, by tram, and on foot. Some of these questions were **(a) Were these "cultures" by these shouting, stomping aborigines really worth saving? (b) Were they really cultures at all by the White Man's standards? (c) Why would any group of White people spend such lavish amounts of money to construct artificial renditions of a phoney Hollywood set in order to glorify "cultures" that never existed, and could not be identified by true natives of those many islands even if they were paid to do so?**

Why did the Mormon Church spend tens of millions to build this plastic facade?

The shuttle bus that took us through the Polynesian Villages also took us on a tour through the adjoining Brigham Young University Campus, then as if by happenstance, to the lavish Mormon Temple, but not through the Temple. Heaven forbid, that is only the privilege of a select few, not ordinary sinners. However, they did take us through the Visitor's Center next to the Temple, where we were given a low key speech about the history and virtues of Mormonism and shown a movie to further drive the message home. Everyone was invited to sign the Visitors' Register, a clever recruiting device that is faithfully followed up by their young missionaries at your home address at a later date.

Back in the Village we were lined up — about two blocks long — outside the Gateway Restaurant for the ensuing dinner that was included in our $43.00 ticket. It was a disaster. Not only did several thousand people have to stand in line outside for nearly an hour under the skies that threatened rain, but the dinner itself was crudely served buffet style and of inferior quality — all the "seafood" had been strained out of the Seafood Newburg — and only replaced after there were no more people in line waiting to eat. As huge as the place was, there were few clean tables to be seen, and no one could be seen cleaning any of them. So everyone grabbed an empty table, shoved all the dirty dishes and glasses aside and proceeded to eat. The floor areas leading from the buffet tables were wet and sloppy from spilled food. It is an understatement to say that the whole affair was most unappetizing.

At 7:30 PM we congregated in the Pacific Pavilion, a huge amphitheater with comfortable seats on concrete tiers similar to a football stadium. We were now ready to view the highlight of the day, a 90 minute extravaganza of music and dancing called **This is Polynesia**. After a disappointing dinner, I was surprised at the excellence and the high quality of the show. It had lavish sets, the costumes were terrific, it had a cast of 150, and it was great. We really enjoyed it. I am sure the natives back in the South Sea Islands would not recognize any of the music, dances or costumes as being part of "Their culture." It was strictly a matter of the White Man's genius and talent **creating a rendition of what a glorified version of their native** culture should have been if these savages had had any brains of their own.

One thing I noticed was that there were any number of mongrelized smorgasbord, chopsuey South Sea Islanders much in evidence and highly visible. Yet in all the key positions, whether it was in the villages, or at the restaurant, or wherever, a nice Nordic type of Mormon was in charge. Obviously, when it came to organizing and keeping the show together the chopsueys couldn't cut it. From the foregoing, a reader might get the impression that I did not enjoy the recent excursion to the Hawaiian Islands. Not so. I enjoyed it immensely. After a few days in Oahu, we flew on to Kauai, the Garden Isle, then to Maui, the Valley Isle — both extremely scenic and picturesque. We even saw a humpback whale lumbering along about a mile off shore shortly after we arrived at Maui. Of the two islands, however, it is my opinion that Kauai is the most beautiful and restful of all.

However, I did not intend to write this article about the scenic wonders of the Hawaiian Islands. Rather it is to examine the race-mixing and miscegenation that is characteristic of Hawaii, of what the Jews, the Mormons and the bleeding-hearts (all for different reasons) are doing to compound it, and what the White Man must do to regain this precious piece of real estate for himself.

In so doing, we would not be taking anything away from the "original natives," since there is hardly a genuine pure-blood native left in these islands. The only exception perhaps is the tiny island of Niihau, containing only 72 square miles and not far off the coast of Kauai. This small island the natives have tried to preserve for themselves, and no one that is not a "pure blooded Hawaiian" can reside there. Tourism is relatively sparse and is discouraged. However, what vestige of "pure blood" remains among these natives is questionable, since the Hawaiians had been thoroughly miscegenated before they got the idea of preserving what was left on the island of Niihau.

It is interesting, nevertheless, that these backward natives should take enough pride and interest in their original racial stock to want to preserve it, when there is and was little to be proud of, or for that matter, little to be accomplished with this small and incompetent seed-bed. In contrast, it is not only interesting but shamefully **disgusting when we look at the wanton and indifferent attitude the White Race has about** itself. Nature's Finest has a proud record of achievement in culture, civilization, art, music, literature, science, technology, architecture, warfare and ranks first in just about every other field, yet the White race hardly even recognizes itself as an entity. Not only does it stupidly not lift a finger to ensure the future survival of its species, but on the contrary, like the Mormons in Hawaii, it goes all out to promote, perpetuate, subsidize and glorify other cultures hostile and much inferior to itself.

The question that remained uppermost in my mind on my return from Hawaii is why are the Mormons doing this? Isn't every "culture," every race, in competition with, rivals of, and an adversary of, if not outright hostile to, every other race or culture?

Yes, they are, unless they are spiritually sick or demented. You can't be loyal to your home team and at the same time be bankrolling, promoting and cheering for a rival team. Only traitors who have been bought by the opposition do that. For instance, you don't find George Steinbrenner, who owns the New York Yankees, bankrolling, promoting and cheering for the Los Angeles Dodgers when it comes to the World Series playoffs, or at any other time, for that matter. He would be considered a fool, an idiot and a traitor to his own team if he did.

So why does the Mormon Church promote, bankroll and glorify not only one, but seven "cultures" that are not only completely alien to it racially, religiously and culturally, but also vastly inferior to it? Isn't promoting an alien group with vastly different values also flagrantly demeaning to your own? Isn't it playing the fool and being a traitor to your own? Of course it is. It is stupid, demeaning and outright treasonous. It is, in fact the most heinous kind of betrayal and treachery it can perpetrate on the followers of its own church and race which from its very beginning has not only been White, but more zealously guarded its White origins than any other pseudo-Christian religion in the world.

What has happened to the Mormon Church?

In studying this question in depth, the answer comes up loud and clear: the Mormon Church has gone Jewish, lock, stock, and barrel. When President Spencer W. Kimball proclaimed on June 7 of 1978 that he had had a new "revelation from the Lord" and that the mud peoples were now also eligible for priesthood, it might have been a shock for many of the Mormon faithful. (Read again *My Transformation from a Jew-loving Mormon to a Militant Creator* by Rev. Carles C. Messick in Issue No. 13 of our monthly newspaper, *Racial Loyalty*). However, it was not a sudden reversal of the Mormon creed. The seeds had been sown a long time ago, and the crafty Jews had sunk their poisonous tentacles into the heart of the Mormon hierarchy almost from the beginning. The two religions have now become as cozy as two peas in a pod.

While being subjected to indoctrination propaganda at the Visitors Center at the Mormon Temple in Oahu, I picked up a few pieces of their free literature on display. One of them was the booklet *The Mormons and the Jewish People*. On the first page of this booklet it says: "If the Jewish people really understood, they would realize that no other people, organization or church, has as much in common as do the Mormons, as members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints.

> *You have been driven, robbed, and ravished. So have we. You have been persecuted, mistreated, misunderstood — so have we.*
>
> ***What a power we could be if we were united.***
>
> ***The complete accomplishment of our mutual and heaven assigned responsibilities involves our becoming united (as descendants of Joseph) with the descendants of Judah (the Jewish people) in the fulfillment of the promises given by the Lord to Abraham and renewed upon the heads of Isaac and Jacob,---"***

There you have it. This is the official line as disseminated by the hierarchy of the church itself. It fairly shouts: "We want to be Jews!"

Alright. That's what the stated, official position of the Mormon hierarchy is in their strange and sticky love affair with the Jews. Now let us hear from the other side and see what the cunning Jews have to say about their queer, hybrid courtship of the Mormons.

Here is a Commentary written by Rabbi Marc H. Tannenbaum in the B'nai B'rith Messenger:

> "Probably no people who are not themselves Jews are so much concerned in the Jewish race (sic!) as the Latter-Day Saints. Indeed, the fortunes of these two people are very closely connected."

That statement was made in 1905 by a Brigham Young church historian on the occasion of the centennial of the birth of Joseph Smith, founder of Mormonism.

The Mormon Church's deep feelings of respect and solidarity with Jews, Judaism, and Israel were manifested impressively a few weeks ago. **Southern Utah State College in Cedar City, Utah, sponsored an entire week of activities devoted to introducing their 3,000 students, mostly Mormons, to the religious, cultural, artistic, and social achievements of Jews.**

An entire room was dedicated to learning about the Nazi "Holocaust" and the "horrors of anti-Semitism." Mormon students from 32 states and nearly a dozen foreign countries joined Hillel youth from Las Vegas in dancing Israeli dances and in eating humus and techina. Utah's Governor Scott Matheson, Israel officials, the Las Vegas Jewish Federation — which did yeoman's work in helping organize the event — made this a memorable week in strengthening friendship between Mormons and Jews.

There is more sweet talk, but I believe this pretty well tells the story, more about the Mormons than about the Jews, who are playing their intentions close to the vest.

Joseph Smith, who based his whole religion on an incredible fraud, (actually he plagiarized *The Book of Mormon* from Solomon Spaulding's fictional story *Manuscript Found*, written 20 years earlier) nevertheless had one redeeming characteristic in his movement: It was exclusively White. But the Jews, who had been around for 5,000 years and were exceedingly cunning in the techniques of subversion and infiltration, were already conspiring of ways and means of how to take over this newly founded cult and pervert it to their own designs. In this they succeeded overwhelmingly. **Today the Mormon Church stands poised to become the most effective religious movement in the Jewish goal of race-mixing.** If there is any question as to why the Mormons would lay out tens of millions to build the Polynesian Cultural Center, the fact that they have built and are building their temples in places like Buenos Aires, Argentina; Papeete, Tahiti; Nuku Alofa, Tonga; Apia, West Samoa; Japan; Mexico; New Zealand; as well as Hawaii (this is only a partial list) should answer the question. The Mormons are now fully committed to an all out Jewish program of race-mixing, and not only halfheartedly like the other Christian denominations. **They are now promoting the Jewish business of race-mixing with a vengeance, no holds barred.**

Whereas Joseph Smith had no understanding of the Jewish conspiracy nor the depth of their treachery, the Jews were already into his operation while he was alive. As early as 1841, Orson Hyde, himself a Jew, was already one of Joseph Smith's twelve Apostles, and in that year Joseph Smith sent Hyde to Palestine to dedicate that Arab country to the future piracy of the Jews, with Smith's blessing.

So much for the sinister race-mixing program of the Jews, the Mormons, and the Christian Churches en masse. Let us now spell out the program of The Church of the Creator to save the White Race from such a fate, a fate worse than death.

In the title of this dissertation appears the word "kamaaina," which in Hawaiian means a native, or a person born in the islands, or having lived there a long time. This is in contrast to the word "haole," which means Caucasian or White. Since, as I have stated before, there are practically no "pure-blooded" Hawaiians left in the islands, but only a mish-mash mixture of mongrels, the prolifically breeding mud people are further being rapidly reinforced by a massive invasion of the more aggressive Japanese, who, thanks to American collaboration and encouragement, are rapidly buying up and taking over a choice piece of American real estate. This despite the American military forces at great cost in men and material smashing the military power of this yellow peril only 40 years ago.

We, of The Church of the Creator, have a dynamic program that runs completely counter to that of the Jews, the Mormons and the bleeding-heart Christians. We flatly oppose the diabolical program of race-mixing and the population explosion of the mud races.

We say to the White Race — let us get our act together. Let us spread the word, inform our racial comrades as to the immensity of the conspiracy to commit genocide on the White Race. **Let us arouse, organize and unite the White Race. We have the means and the power. Let us stop subsidizing and promoting the mud races and let us take care of our own.**

Pursuing this program, the Jews and the mud races would soon shrink and wither on the vine.

The Hawaiian Islands are much too beautiful, much too good to be wasted on the "kamaaina" mud races that now pollute it. It is the goal of The Church of the Creator that the White Race, Nature's Finest, inhabit exclusively every square mile of the good lands of this Planet Earth. That includes particularly the beautiful islands of Hawaii.

So we say to mud races — Aloha to you, too, kamaaina! and we do mean goodbye!

*   *   *   *   *

The reason the White Race has been such an easy prey is that a major segment of the White Race is promoting its own self-destruction and the overwhelming moral force behind it has been none other than Christianity itself.

Chapter Seventeen

Las Vegas, Nevada
and
Phoenix, Arizona
1985

After the diversion about miscegenation in the Hawaiian Islands described in the previous chapter, I am continuing the narration of that same trip after leaving Hawaii from where I left off in Chapter 15.

Tuesday, February 26, 1985. After sleeping on the plane from Hawaii most of the night, we arrived at the Los Angeles Airport at 6:30 AM and immediately changed planes to United Airlines Fl. 608 for Las Vegas. We arrived there at 8:40 AM and took the shuttle bus to the **Flamingo Hilton**, where we checked in at Room 608.

We immediately made a few reservations. One was for the dinner show at the hotel that night. The dinner was set for 6:30 and the show, **City Lights**, was for 8:30 PM. The other reservation was with Thrift Car Rentals for a vehicle for 9 AM the next morning. We obtained a quote on a Chevette with air conditioning and automatic shift on a three day package at $24 a day, which we confirmed. After that, I shaved and showered and then took a nap.

After several more phone calls, we finally got to the City Lights dinner at 7, a little late. The dinner was very good, the show was excellent. They had fabulous revues, many beautiful girls and costumes, a magician performing his act, an ice-skating show, two South American comedians, and three acrobats in the performance.

Wednesday, February 27. Had breakfast at Lindy's Restaurant in the hotel by myself. Henrie was too tired and preferred to sleep in for the morning. I took a walk to look over some of the other casinos, including the **MGM Grand Hotel**.

After Henrie got herself awake and put together, we made reservations for that evening's **Rich Little** and **Ann**

Jillian show at the cocktail lounge for 7:30. Then Henrie and I explored Caesar's Palace and had lunch in the Post Time Restaurant. We then saw Hawaii in the big geodesic dome of the Omnimax Theatre, also part of Caesar's Palace. Back in the hotel room, I read some more of Marriott.

At 6:30 we had dinner in the Orleans Coffee Shop at the MGM Grand Hotel. By 7:30 we got into a long, long line to see the Ann Jillian and Rich Little performance (despite our reservations). Ann Jillian was cute, but somewhat boring, including her nigger support. Rich Little was terrific, and showed great talent. He literally had people rolling in the aisles with laughter. The show lasted about an hour and 40 minutes. That same night we made reservations for the Jubilee show at 7:30 for Sunday night, when we expected to be back from Phoenix.

Thursday, February 28. Had breakfast at Lindy's Restaurant (good Canadian bacon, two thick slices). Then we checked out of the Flamingo Hilton, after making reservations to return to the same hotel on Sunday night. We were picked up by the Thrifty Rent-a-Car mini-bus at 8:30 AM, and now rented a Chevrolet with air conditioning and automatic shift. At 9:30 we drove out of Las Vegas on US 93 and headed for Phoenix. We stopped at Hoover Dam and took a few pictures, then stopped for lunch at a Chinese restaurant in Kingman, Arizona, called House of Wan, which was new, attractive and had good food.

Arriving in Phoenix at 4:30 PM, our first stop was at the Maryland Lakes apartments to check out our condo #210. We found the carpeting and the vinyl had been laid. The washer-dryer unit was standing in the middle of the living room, uninstalled. Many details were still unfinished.

We checked in at the American 6 Motel at 4021 N. 27 Ave. Since Henrie said she was not hungry, I had dinner by myself at the nearby Village Inn Restaurant. I called Carl at about 8 PM to check things back at the Headquarters, and everything seemed pretty much under control. I also called Kim and reported to her about the apartment. Everything seemed in good shape at Martinsville as well. Walt was setting up a second office at Stuart, and Kim and Walt were looking at a certain house they thought of buying.

Friday, March 1, 1985. Henrie and I had breakfast at the nearby Village Inn Restaurant. I called Roger Nelson and made an appointment with Terry

Hannenberg, the project manager of the Maryland Lakes construction crew to go over the details of what needed to be done. We made a "walk through" inspection and wrote down all the deficiencies (18 of them) that needed to be taken care of. I also met with Tim, who would be doing much of the work.

Henrie and I then drove over to the Valley West Shopping Center, where we had lunch. We looked at refrigerators at Montgomery Ward, and in general looked at furniture at other stores in the shopping center. However, we didn't see anything we liked. Next we went to Appliance TV City at 422 W. Cactus St., and there we bought a real nice 22 c.f. Hotpoint Refrigerator-freezer for a total of $865.91. The salesman was Joe Juliano, and he promised to deliver it to the apartment on Saturday. Next we drove to the Metro Center Shopping Mall, to Breuner's Furniture, where we shopped for bedding. We bought two sets of (double) bed frames, and two of each — mattress and mattress springs, the total coming to $1054.76. These were all to be delivered Tuesday or Thursday.

Back to the motel. We had dinner at the Village Inn and watched *Dallas* and *The Wizard of Oz* on television that night.

Saturday, March 2. Breakfast again at the Village Inn and then we looked at dining room tables and chairs at two stores, Shaeffers and Levitz, both of which were close to our motel. At 11 AM we went back to the apartment to await the installation of our new 22 c.f. refrigerator. It finally arrived at 12:30 and I gave the man a check in the amount of $815.95 to close out the balance. We then had a good lunch at the Red Lobster on Dunlap, after which we drove to Breuners and wrote them a check for the balance on the two sets of beds and mattresses. We looked at more furniture there, and also at RB Furniture.

Back to the motel. We were going to have dinner at the Stag and Hound, a high class place where we had eaten before, but could not get a reservation, so we settled for the good old Village Inn again. I finished reading my book on Marriott that night.

Sunday, March 3. Got up early, 4:30 AM. Had breakfast at the nearby Village Inn (blueberry pancakes, eggs, bacon.) Checked out of the motel and left Phoenix at 6 AM in our rented Chevrolet Cavalier, headed for Las Vegas on US 93. I got a speeding ticket just 18 miles short of the Nevada border (65 mph on a 68 mph clocking.) Returned the car to Thrifty rental at 9:40 AM, then checked in at the Flamingo Hilton at about 10:30, where we had a reservation, However, the room was not ready until 1:30 PM. Meanwhile, we had another breakfast at Lindy's, then when we got into the room we took a nap.

At 5:30 we went to have dinner at the Orleans Coffee House at the MGM Grand Hotel, then went to see the Jubilee cocktail show in the theatre of the same hotel (we had made reservations before we left previously). While watching the show we had a bottle of Lancer's rose wine. The show lasted about an hour and 45 minutes. When we got back to our room we called the Whittlesby Transportation Co. for transportation to the airport the next morning.

Monday, March 4. We checked out of the Flamingo Hilton at 9 AM and about 20 minutes later we were picked up by the mini-bus to be transferred to the airport. At 11 AM we flew out on United Airlines to Chicago, then changed planes and arrived at Atlanta at 8 PM. Carl was there to pick us up, and we were on our way home, but not until after stopping in Gainsville at the Star Supermarket to load up on groceries.

We got home at about 11:15 PM, after perusing and picking up some of the mail at the church.

Chapter Eighteen

Tour of Alpine Countries, 1985

My wife and I had made any number of trips to Europe, and we decided that it had been too long since we had made our last such foray, which was in 1973. Since we had a fairly wide perception of the European landscape, and since we were going to take only two weeks off, we asked ourselves this question: which area in our judgment is the most beautiful to re-visit and see again? Our answer unequivocally came up that the Alps and the Alpine region was Number One. We therefore decided that in the two short weeks we could concentrate on the beautiful scenery within the confines of this region. We went to see our travel agent at the beginning of August and chose a Globus Gateway tour.

We left on an overnight flight on **Monday, August 19**, and arrived in Frankfurt, Germany, the next morning. After settling in at our hotel, the day was free to wander around the city, or rest and get some much needed sleep. We did some of both. At night we assembled at a gala dinner and met our fellow travelling companions, and also our tour director, whose name was Hans. The latter was a fellow of German descent, in his late thirties, had a beard, and dressed rather sloppily, I thought, in comparison to our previous directors we had observed in several other tours. Our group was relatively small, consisting of approximately 15 people.

On the third day, **Wednesday, August 21**, we finally got rolling. We boarded our deluxe (they said) air-conditioned bus first thing in the morning and headed towards Munich and the Alps on what the Germans like to call their Romantic Road. On the way we visited those romantic old cities with ramparts and towers reminiscent of medieval times, such as Rothenburg an der Tauber (we had been there before), Dinkelsbuel, Nordingen and Donauwoerty, cities that the Germans refer to as the jewels of medieval town planning. In Augsburg we visited the

Cathedral, which was begun in 955, and boasts of the world's oldest stained glass, an altar painting by Holbein, and an 11th century bronze door. Back to Munich for overnight, where we had dinner and were treated to a "stein" of beer.

Thursday, August 22. Back in Munich, we had a guided tour of the famous Olympic Stadium, the 1000 ft. high TV tower, the Nymphenburg Palace, the Oktoberfest area, the Marien Platz, and the Old and the New Townhall. We also toured the famous Pinakothek Art Museum, which had a collection of paintings by Duerer, Cranach, Rubens and other great masters.

In the afternoon we entered the heart of the Bavarian Alps: **Ettal Abbey**, then charming **Linderhof Castle**, once the hunting retreat of Bavarian Royalty, and finally on to the beautiful town of **Oberammergau**, where the **Passion Play** is staged every ten years. Then back to Munich overnight.

Friday, August 23. After driving through the forested landscape of southern Bavaria, we crossed the border into Austria and on to **Salzburg**, Mozart's birthplace. It was here that most of *The Sound of Music* was filmed. We also viewed the **Great Festival Hall** and the celebrated 17th century cathedral. Then on to **Vienna**, the capital, once the center of the mighty Hapsburg empire.

Saturday, August 24. We stayed in Vienna for two nights, there was so much to see. First we visited the lavishly terraced gardens of Prince Eugen's **Belvedere Palace**. Then we took a drive around the sumptuous **Ring Boulevard**, which is really the heart of Old Vienna. This includes past Emperor Franz Josef's **Hofburg Palace**, the **Burg Theatre**, the **State Operahaus**, and the **University of Vienna**, among hundreds of other historically famous points of interest. Next we visited the huge **Prater Amusement Park**, which contains bandstands where orchestras play Strauss waltzes, and has many other attractions, one of which is the largest **Ferris Wheel** in the world. We took a ride on it. The United Nations has built and arrogantly preempted for itself a city that claims to be outside of the jurisdiction of either Austria or Vienna. It is located in a choice area on the banks of the Danube. The highlight of the tour was an inside visit to the famous **St. Stephen's Cathedral**, a beauty to behold.

The afternoon and evening were free for shopping, or a tour of the **Schoenbrunn Palace**, which we had seen before, but went through again.

Sunday, August 25. We left the urban sophistication of Vienna and drove into the rustic beauty of the surrounding countryside, which included the scenic **Semmering Pass**, the peaceful baroque crossroad towns in Styria and finally into the mountains, lakes and resorts of Carinthia. We drove along the shores of beautiful **Lake Woerth** and ended up in the romantic city of Villach, immortalized in Franz Lehar's operetta *The Merry Widow*.

Monday, August 26. From Villach we followed the course of the Drave River up to Lienz, near the Italian border. We stopped for lunch at the Olympic ski resort of **Cortina d'Ampezzo**, beneath the limestone towers of the majestic Dolomites. Then on through the Brenner Pass that takes us through the barrier of the Tyrolean Alps to Innsbruck, Austria. After a stroll through the quaint medieval lanes we had a look at a major tourist attraction — Emperor Maximilian's **Golden Roof**, and we settled in for the night.

Tuesday, August 27. St. Moritz, the famous Swiss ski resort and one of the favorite playgrounds of the international jet set, is our destination for the night. To get there we ascended up into the **Swiss Engadine**, a mountain area considered by many as the most beautiful in the world. It has deep blue lakes, airy larch forests that turn golden in the fall, and quaint Grison style ornate stone houses.

Wednesday, August 28. We see more vistas of the Engadine on our way up **Majola Pass**, then negotiated thirteen hairpin bends that finally took us down into the lovely Bregaglia Valley leading towards **Lake Como**. Now the vegetation became more Mediterranean, with chestnut groves, vineyards, olive and fig trees, all of which remind us that we are now into a sub-tropical area and away from the glaciers. By lunch time we are in subtropical Lugano, a sparkling Swiss summer resort with a charming Italian character. Here we spent the rest of the day exploring the arcades of Via Nassa and flower bedecked **Piazza Riforma**.

Thursday, August 29. By ferry, we crossed **Lake Maggiore** and then motor up the 6500 foot **Simplon Pass**. It is here that Napoleon built a hospice in 1802. Going down into the Rhone Valley, we left our coach behind and traded it for a tiny mountain train which took us to the lovely little summer and winter resort of **Zermatt**, which tolerated no cars, and brought us into the shadow of the world famous Matterhorn. Here we spent the night, and while walking down its streets, Henrie and I were impressed by how much it had changed, how much more densely it was now built up compared to our last visit here, compressed within the same amount of limited space.

Friday, August 30. Morning at leisure. We chose to take Europe's highest rack-railway to 10,272 foot **Gornergrat**, where we would be as close to the foot of the great Matterhorn (without walking) as we could get, while also at the same time on the interesting ride on the rack-railway we could take in the breathtaking panoramic view of the Alps.

In the afternoon we motored through the vineyards and apricot groves of the lower Rhone Valley to **Lake Geneva**. Here we visited **Chillon** and took some pictures. The Castle of Chillon was immortalized by the poet Lord Byron in his poem *The Prisoner of Chillon*. We spent the night at the elegant resort town of Montreux.

Saturday, August 31. Our next destination is **Lucerne**, and on the road to it are undoubtedly some of Switzerland's most spectacular sights. Most outstanding points of interest: the terraced vineyards on the shores of Lake Geneva; the cheese factory in **Guyere**; the perfectly preserved medieval **Old Town**, the **Parliament Building**, and the **Bear Pits in Berne**, the capital of the old confederation. Finally, the scenic drive to Interlaken in the **Bernese Oberland** and the **Bruenig Pass**.

Sunday, September 1. We now come to **Lucerne**, Switzerland's most popular tourist city. The impressive city walls, the mural decorated covered wooden bridge dating from 1333, the ornate patrician houses lining cobblestoned streets. A highlight is the **Lion Monument**, in honor of the heroic Swiss Guard that defended Louis XVI and died in the attempt. That night we attended a folklore party with yodeling and alphorn blowing, as well as a beautiful display of native folk dances.

Monday, September 2. Our first stop was at **Schaffhausen**, where we viewed the impressive **Rhine Falls**, a 70 ft. cataract on the **Rhine River**. We then crossed over into Germany and drove through the fairytale landscapes of the **Black Forest**. Later, we stopped at the Student Prince University town of **Heidelberg** on the banks of the Neckar River. We stopped to visit the romantic old Heidelberg Castle and viewed the panoramic scene below us. We then returned to the cosmopolitan City of Frankfurt for a last dinner with our travelling companions of the last two weeks.

Tuesday, September 3. We flew back home from Frankfurt, arriving the same day.

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There are a few personal incidents on this memorable tour that stick in my mind. This was in the year of 1985, and I was aggressively promoting my views on Creativity to anybody and everybody, including my travelling companions on this particular trip. I had even brought along a packet of Creativity flyers. At least three people were quite receptive to my ideas, a few disagreed, but nobody was particularly hostile. Although the group was small, it had in it some most interesting characters.

One was a spinster in her early seventies. She claimed that although she had had any number of proposals, she had never married. She was a very voluble old lady, had a loud, raucous voice, usually sat near the front of the bus, and never stopped talking. She nearly drove Hans, the tour director, crazy, and he had given her explicit instructions not to talk to, or distract the driver. Most of our group avoided sitting at the same table with her at mealtime, that is, if they had a choice.

One evening, in Munich, my wife didn't feel like coming down to dinner, and I was late getting there. I had no choice but to sit at the same table with this voluble spinster, the only seat available, and no supporting cast. We were alone, and I was trapped. What to do? Instead of letting her do all the talking and being bored to death on the receiving end, I decided I would take the initiative and have a little fun in the process.

She lost no time in opening the conversation. She was Catholic, and she had read one of my Creativity flyers, she told me, so her first questions were: what was Creativity all about, and was I an atheist? I replied, no, I was not an atheist, I was a Creator, but rather than explain our religion, she could read some of my books, if she cared to. Instead, I suggested, let us talk about Christianity, a subject we both knew something about.

I started out with the position that the Christian religion was based on the supposition that there are spirits floating around somewhere, everywhere, who are continuously looking over our shoulder, taking notes on our every action, word and even our every thought. We humans too have a spirit inside of us, and it is called a soul. When we die this spirit supposedly leaves our body and then will be brought to judgment by other spirits who are superior to ours. Evidently there are master spirits and slave spirits. The master spirits, who have been snooping on us during all our living days, now that we are dead, are suddenly in a position to take full control, pass judgment on us, and either throw us into a fiery pit to endure eternal torture, or put wings on us and have us fly around in a heaven of eternal bliss.

Having laid down this frame of reference, I pursued the question: **Just what is a spirit? What is a soul?**

She started off with the usual negative answers — it is not this, it is not that. Not good enough. I kept on pressing — **what is it?** If you didn't have the foggiest idea of what a giraffe was, it wouldn't help much to say it's not like a mouse, it's not like a house, so please don't waste my time telling me **what it isn't**. I want you to tell me what it is, describe it in specific detail, backed with meaningful and substantiated evidence. Does it have eyes? Does it have brains? Nerves? Shape? Weight? Consist of molecules and atoms?

The answers to these questions were all negative. Alright, tell me something you know for certain about a spirit that is positive and you can back up with evidence.

This kind of conversation went on at our little table for about two hours long after everyone else had left. When we finally concluded, I had a speechless, dumbfounded little old lady who couldn't answer the basic question: **what is a spirit?** If you don't know what you are talking about, why make such a fuss about it, waste other people's time and money, or why talk about it at all? She was stumped.

Next morning she told me (and everybody else in the bus) that she hadn't slept much last night, and it was all my fault.

A few days later, which was Sunday, when we stopped over in Vienna, my friend sought out a Catholic Church and consulted a priest. She asked him the same basic question: **what is a spirit?**

The next day the little old spinster had the tour guide slip me a note. It said:

Soul — a general principle of life (human beings, animals, plants).
Spirit — immaterial principle of intellect (human soul/spirit).

Well, I was as baffled as ever as to **what is a spirit.** Her answers were no answer at all. Our little discussion got around in the group.

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Our group included a nice Methodist minister from York, Pennsylvania. He was in his early fifties and his name was John. One day I suggested to him that I would enjoy a friendly discussion with him on the issue of religion, and especially I would like to hear his definition of a soul or a spirit. He agreed to accommodate, although, it seemed to me, with some foreboding.

And so it came to pass, about a week later, when we finished dinner in the hotel dining room in Montreux, Switzerland, we sat down on a sofa in the hotel lobby and had our discussion. The discussion lasted about three hours, but I will not go into any great detail. I started off the discussion by explaining to him that we were in a similar line of work. Whereas he was laboring in the fantasy of saving "souls," a nebulous concept at best, I was in the real business of trying to save the White Race from extinction.

My basic premise was that the whole framework of the Christian religion to which he had devoted most of his adult life, rested on the supposition that there is a supernatural world of spirits floating around out there somewhere, yet nobody seems to have the foggiest idea what a spirit is. Now, if after all these thousands of years nobody has been able to define a spirit, or find any meaningful evidence of such, then it is logical to come to the conclusion that such do not exist and the whole framework of the Christian religion is based on nothing more than a fictitious concept, or, in other words, a hoax. We went through the same arduous procedure as I did with the little old spinster, with the same results. Furthermore, I charged that I had researched the Christ story in encyclopedias and hundreds of other books. They all pretty well agreed that there was no historical evidence that such a character as Christ ever existed, there were no written records from any contemporary eye witnesses about him, nor any other meaningful evidence about those claims. All we had were the contradictory stories attributed to some fictitious characters named Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, but there was no historical evidence as to who they were either, or if any of them ever existed. The whole thing was concocted some centuries later, with no more credence than the fables of Mother Goose. That, I suggested, is a pretty flimsy coat hook on which to hang a whole battleship.

Finally, I asked him what did he know about God, and what was his perception of him. Was he like a male father, only much smarter? His answer was very fuzzy. No, he said, the anthropomorphic image, the father image, was not real, just an explanation for the simple people to grasp more easily, he explained. God was intelligence. Where did he reside? He was all over. Any shape? Any shape in the image of man? No shape, just all over. That sounds like the scientists' description of the ether. What is the difference between God and the ether? No answer. O.K., what about the other spirits? What about souls? He was stumped. No answer. That pretty well finished our discussion. We said goodnight and prepared to take off for Lucerne the next day.

Chapter Nineteen

Fasting

Going on the alpine trip meant being away from home for about 16 days and a drastic change in our eating routine from what we had followed at home. Naturally, on such an excursion one is inclined to indulge and have a good time. However, eating on airplanes, at restaurants and hotels is not an inducement to sticking to any sort of diet that will keep your weight down. So on this trip I had gained about six or seven pounds. This was no great catastrophe, but I felt that instead of dieting at home, I should go on a crash program and go on a fast. Besides, I had never gone on a prolonged fast, despite the fact that it is a major part of our Salubrious Living program, and we had published any number of articles about it, all written by T.C. Fry, or Herbert M. Shelton, or Arnold De Vries, or someone else in the pursuit of the Natural Hygiene doctrine. I thought that now was a good time to experience fasting for myself, and at the same time lose a few pounds and get my system into better shape.

Henrie, my wife, had gone on several fasts in the past, and with good results. At two different times she had fasted at a place in Bonita Springs, Florida, once for a period as long as 30 days. The place was called Shangri-la, and it specialized in fasting, recuperation and dieting programs. It had been converted from an old two storey hotel, and was patronized by health-conscious people, especially those who wanted to get away from the northern cold in the winter season. Henrie had advised me that trying to fast at home, while easily done and is a lot less expensive, was a rather hard routine to follow, especially with all the interruptions and demands made by other people who know that they can always reach you at home.

So I decided to take two weeks at Shangri-la and get away from it all. I left the cabin on September 27, 1985, and driving my own car, arrived there two days later. The first day after checking in, they put me on a light fruit and vegetable diet, the same as the rest of the "boarders" there were being served. The doctor, or nurse, told me it was better to precede a fast with a light diet such as they served. To my surprise, I found that practically nobody there was really on a fast, but on a light vegetarian diet. I was there to fast, and was determined to go a full 14 days without eating a thing. I started that process the second day. I found that the procedure was not as painful as I had expected, and that hunger as such was not really a problem. However, during the first three days I did have a continuous headache, but not really severe. After that, I didn't even feel hungry any more. The real problem for me was boredom, although there were a number of activities to participate in, and plenty of people to talk to, if you were so inclined. However, I did not feel inclined to do either. My daily routine was to walk across the street, pick up the morning paper, the *Miami Herald*, and study it thoroughly. I would go for long walks and do some calisthenics. I had brought along several good books to read, and found some additional ones in their library. (In fact, as my contribution, I left a copy of *Nature's Eternal Religion* and *The White Man's Bible* on the library shelves for others to read.)

Regularly, I would spend a part of each day sunbathing. Each morning I would weigh myself, and usually I found that I lost a pound, more or less, each day. Since I had my car there, I could also go for a drive whenever I wanted to.

Each morning, at about 10 o'clock, the nurse would check into my room and take my pulse and temperature, although I didn't feel that it added much to the cause. My main complaint was I didn't sleep as well as I was used to, but other than that, no problems.

By Monday, October the 14th, I had put in my 14 days, no food, only distilled water, I got up at 6 AM and felt a little weak and sluggish, with a slight headache. I picked up the *Miami Herald*, shaved and showered, then went to the dining room and had a slice of watermelon and three stewed prunes for breakfast. The cook fixed me up with a brown bag of goodies to take along on my trip home. Their advice was to break a fast slowly, and to eat only fruits and veggies, and that in moderation.

After paying my bill, I took off at 8:40 AM. I ate two dates and two figs at 11 AM, then a bunch of grapes at 2 PM, all out of the brown bag the cook had given me. I drove 462 miles that day, stopping at the Colonial Inn at Cordele, Georgia, getting there at about 5 PM. About an hour later I had a Chef's Salad at the Holiday Inn across the street. It was not too good a choice, since it had quite a lot of ham and cheese, as well as the vegetables.

Some observations about driving the 462 miles on the trip after the fast:

(a) I never got sleepy, as I usually do while driving on long trips in the middle of the morning, or the middle of the afternoon.

(b) My joints didn't feel stiff after I got out of the car after a long drive.

(c) I wasn't particularly tired after 462 miles.

(d) After I had eaten something, I had three bowel movements that day, one each in the morning, at noon and at night, the first in nine days.

I went to bed that night in a real good bed, and slept from 9 PM until 2 AM, and then I couldn't get back to sleep. The next day, Tuesday, I got up at 5:30 AM, shaved and showered and picked up and read the *Atlanta Constitution*. For breakfast I had a banana and an apple in the room. Left Cordele at 7:40 AM and motored down I-75. In mid-morning I had a couple of dried figs and raisins. I arrived at Shoney's Restaurant on I-985 (Exit #4) and had a lunch of soup and salad. From there it was a straight shot home where I had my regular cook (Henrie) fix my menus again, which were a big improvement.

I had lost 16 pounds in the process, and I felt much better in every way. Although I did not stick to a Salubrious Living diet, I watched what I ate more carefully, sticking more to Chef's salads, fruits and vegetables. I slowly got back to my usual weight. However, I felt I had more energy and felt better in every way. **Fasting pays!**

Chapter Twenty

Phoenix in February, 1986

Henrie and I spent our usual two weeks at the Hawk's Nest in the Keys in the latter half of November of 1985, celebrating both Thanksgiving and our anniversary, our 39th. We had a rip-roaring and hilarious Christmas at Kim and Walt's and with all three of our grandchildren at Martinsville eating, drinking, distributing presents, and making merry. Henrie and I spent New Year's Eve at our cabin, and had Carl over for New Year's dinner the next day.

After dinner, Carl and I had a long discussion about our optimistic plans for the promotion of Creativity in the coming year. We sat down in my newly built art studio and talked for the next three hours about our plans for 1986. Poor Carl! Little did either he or I know that before the year of 1986 was over Carl would be **sitting behind bars in a penitentiary**, and the Creativity movement would suffer a severe set-back. But more about that later.

Meanwhile, the winter days in North Carolina grew colder, with much fog in the mornings. Henrie and I were thinking about sunny Arizona and our newly acquired apartment in Phoenix. We still had a lot of work to do to furnish it fully and put it into good shape, and we were determined to spend some of our winter time enjoying it.

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On Tuesday, February 18, I finished the details on the last small paste-up pieces for Flyers #56 and #57 for Carl to take to the printer (Rabun Printers) and have 5000 of each printed. Henrie and I already had our gear packed and we left the cabin at 10:45 AM on our planned trip to Phoenix. We stopped at Duck Town, Tennessee and had lunch at Burger Hall. Pushing on down I-59, then I-20, we drove a total of 442 miles to pull in at the Holiday Inn at Meridian, Mississippi, arriving there at 6:40 PM. We treated ourselves to a good steak dinner and called it a day.

Wednesday, February 19. Off to an early start with breakfast at the Holiday Inn dining room, we were on the road by 7:45. Continuing on I-20, we stopped for lunch at Shoneys in Monroe, Louisiana. When we came to the Texas line, we stopped at the Visitors' Center and loaded up on more Texas literature, concentrating on the Texas Hill Country. When we got to Dallas-Ft. Worth, we took the I-20 By-pass but the evening traffic jam was terrible, and added to that, in order to make my driving more miserable, the sun was low and shining directly into our not too clean windshield. We finally made it to Weatherford, approximately 30 miles west of Ft. Worth. We found a fine new motel we hadn't noticed before, the Santa Fe (use Exit #409). We stopped there for the night, having driven 568 miles for the day, and finished off with a Chef's Salad for dinner.

Thursday, February 20. Today is my birthday. I finally made it to the age of 68!

I gave Carl an early morning call at 7:20 AM. He informed me the 10,000 flyers were to cost us $700, and that he took in $285 in contributions yesterday, including $200 from Hetty Greene, an old correspondent from South Africa, and a publisher of a newsletter herself.

After a nice breakfast in the B.W. dining room, we left Weatherford and proceeded down I-20 to Colorado City, where we had lunch at the Villa Restaurant. Turned off I-20 on to U.S. 285 to stop in at the Pecos Museum. We found it very interesting. They had a large collection of western artifacts and memorabilia.

Drove on to Carlsbad, New Mexico and checked in at the Best Western Stevens Motel. Had a spaghetti dinner. Drove 455 miles.

Friday, February 21. From Carlsbad we headed for White Sands, New Mexico, after stopping at Artesia and buying a vest or jacket lined with sheepskin at Bennie's Western Store. Drove down U.S. 82 through some real scenic valleys, including past Snowcroft, a ski resort.

Arrived at Alamogordo, where we promptly had lunch at Denny's. Visited the White Sands National Park. We found the white dunes a most interesting geological phenomena and took several pictures. We also went through their Visitors' Center, which was most informative. Back on I-20 going west, we stopped at a tourist trap called Akela and Henrie and I each bought ourselves a pair of Indian moccasins. At 7 PM we reached Wilcox, Arizona, pulled in for the night at the Plaza Inn and had dinner at their restaurant. We drove a total of 419 miles.

Saturday, February 22. Left Wilcox at 8:10 AM and drove on to Benson, then turned south on HW 82 and drove another 23 miles to Tombstone, Arizona. We stayed about two and a half hours and saw the scene of the shoot-out at O.K. Corral. We went through a number of souvenir places, including one run by a dealer of interesting dolls.

Had lunch at Denny's in Tucson, then drove on north to Phoenix on I-10, arriving there at 4 PM. After stopping at one of our favorite supermarkets in Glendale to load up on groceries, we arrived at the apartment about an hour later to unload. Had soup and a sandwich of our own making in our own kitchen. The weather was real nice and sunny. Drove a total of 250 miles.

Sunday, February 23. First thing in the morning I picked up the Arizona Republic Sunday paper at the Convenient Food Mart located catercorner from our apartment. We read it while eating breakfast, especially looking for furniture ads.

Henrie and I then went to Chris-Town, a huge shopping mall located at Bethany and 19th Ave. on the west side of I-10.

(a) We bought a sofa for $800, two easy chairs for $250 each, and with delivery, etc., the total came to $1407.

(b) Then at Montgomery Ward we bought a floor sample kitchen table for $117. and a vacuum cleaner.

(c) Stopped at Smitty's on Bethany and 35th and loaded up on brooms, mops, glasses, etc., and a load of groceries.

Had dinner (Chef's Salad) on the new kitchen table.

Monday, February 24. Went across the street to pick up the morning paper and called Carl from the pay phone at 7:20 AM. He had picked up the 5000 copies of Racial Loyalty #33, and also 5000 copies of the "Mexican" issue we had reprinted. The books, Expanding Creativity, due from Copple House (bookbinders) had not been delivered yet. I told him to call Pierson, the manager.

I let Henrie sleep (she was tired out from all the running around yesterday) and fixed my own breakfast. Then solo I went out and scouted around at different furniture stores, I finally found a set of bedroom furniture I liked at Levitz's, located at 2801 W. Indian School Road.

Stopped in at K-Mart on the same street and bought a step stool and other pieces for the kitchen.

Back to the apartment and took Henrie to the Levitz Show Room to show her my selection. She highly approved. Bought desk, $129; hutch, $129; chest of drawers, $149; headboard $89; nightstand $88. Total with delivery, $702.

Tuesday, February 25. Got hold of Tim, the repair man. His bosses' name is Terry. Pointed out all the deficiencies for Tim to fix. Drove to Levitz's central warehouse in Mesa, a distance of 26 miles, in order to pick up a matching night stand for my bedroom set. On the way back I stopped in at Good's Furniture Store and found a good secretary's chair that had been a rental. It had retailed at $217 and I picked it up for $89. After picking up a few more items at Smitty's, I had lunch by myself at Denny's on Bethany St.

Started reading Richard Barrett's *The Mission*. Read 91 pages.

Wednesday, February 26. The delivery van arrived from Levitz at 9 AM with a desk, bookcase and headboard for the bed. Spent the rest of the morning vacuuming headboards, window sills, etc., and sweeping the deck and the storage room.

In the evening Henrie and I had a real good dinner at The Hungry Hunter Restaurant on Indian School Road. It used to be the Stag and Hound last year.

Thursday, February 27. Had Tim change locks on all doors so that no master key could fit any longer. Checked Sales Office about insurance and found out that the Homeowner's Insurance did cover fire damage.

Henrie and I went shopping some more at Fry's, Thrifty Drugstore and to Chris-Town Plaza on the other side of the I-10 Freeway. At J.C. Penney's we bought two sets of full-sized bedsheets, two pillow cases, two queen sized pillows, two blankets, one through mail order. We also paid for the sofa and two lounge chairs, which we had bought earlier, and Penney's delivered in the afternoon.

Friday, February 28. Got up at 6 AM and started packing for the trip back home. We felt we had accomplished a lot to get the apartment furnished and in good shape for our next stay, which we hoped would be of longer duration. We locked up the apartment and took off at 9:15 AM after stopping at Fry's Market and picking up a few essentials.

Drove south on I-10 and in Tucson we had lunch at Denny's again, our favorite when travelling, it seems. Took time out to visit the old and all white Mission of San Xavier de Bac, about ten miles south of Tucson. Drove on to Las Cruces, New Mexico and checked in at the Messilla Valley Inn (Best Western), arriving at 6:10 PM. We had a good prime rib dinner at Eddies Bar & Grill, (next to the motel). Drove a total of 415 miles.

Saturday, March 1. Breakfast at Eddie's next door. Called Carl to see if everything was under control. He answered in the affirmative. Good responses from donations, $200 from Paul Alexander, good letter from Michael Merritt.

Left motel at 8:30 AM and drove on and through El Paso. Looked very dry and desolate. Had lunch at Van Horn, a small Chef's Salad. Merged I-10 with I-20. Drove on to Abilene, Texas and stayed at the American Best Western Motel. Novel room. Both the bathtub and the wash bowl in the vanity were in the shape of the State of Texas. Had a Jacuzzi in the tub. The weather was great. Drove 495 miles for the day.

Sunday, March 2. Breakfast at B.W. dining room. Picked up a Sunday edition of the Dallas-Times Herald, which had a large extra section dedicated to the ongoing Texas Sesqui-centennial, all very pro-Mexican. Left Motel at 9 AM and stopped for lunch at Denny's, Grande Prairie, halfway between Dallas and Ft. Worth. Drove on to Monroe, Louisiana, and stayed at the Rodeway Inn, a happy choice, arriving at 6:45 PM. We had dinner served in our room, Henrie had Seafood Fiesta and I had Red Snapper with shrimp. Drove 476 miles.

Monday, March 3. Had breakfast at Tobe's Restaurant, at the far end of the Rodeway Inn. Left Monroe at 8:50 AM. The weather was just beautiful.

Drove to Vicksburg, Mississippi and took a tour of the National Battle ground Park and Cemetery, perusing through the Visitors' Center and driving over 12 of the 16 miles of the parkway's roads. Then on to Jackson, Mississippi and had lunch at Shoney's. North on I-59 to Gadsden, Alabama, where we turned in to the Holiday Inn for the night. I had a Sirloin Tips dinner in their dining room, but Henrie wasn't very hungry, and just ate a couple of oranges in the room.

Arrived at Gadsden at 7 PM, after driving 430 miles.

Tuesday, March 4. Had a good night's sleep and woke up late. We both had breakfast in the Holiday Inn dining room. Filled car up with gas and left Gadsden at about 9:30. We stopped at the Ocoee Lake Lodge on HW 64 in North Carolina for lunch, then at Winn Dixie in Franklin by 3:30 to load up with groceries, and home by 4:15. Stopped at the church to talk to Carl and picked up my mail. Drove 237 miles for the day and a total of 4320 miles for the trip.

At 8 PM I had a long distance call from Bolder Landry from California. He wanted me to know that he would be delighted to come help me with the School for Gifted Boys, and said that in the meantime he would send me an appraisal of Jewish infiltration into the Atheist movement.

Chapter Twenty-one

Sizing up Richard Barrett

As all the world knows, for more than a decade I had been seriously searching for the Great Promoter, especially as age was increasingly edging up on me. I was now 68, and I was desperately searching for a man whom I could not only trust to carry on the Creativity movement, but one that I felt could probably do a better job than I was doing in promoting the great new White Man's religion. What I was really looking for was another Adolf Hitler, a prospect not too likely to happen. In so doing, I approached just about anybody and everybody that I thought showed some kind of leadership in the racial movement, and believe me, I ran into a variety of strange and twisted characters, probably half of whom were Jewish stooges and/or government agents.

Back in 1985 I received gratis and unsolicited a book called *The Commission* from a Richard Barrett, the author of the book. He resided in Jackson, Mississippi, and I had noted that he had run for various state and federal offices, although he had always come out a bad loser. Representing himself as a White racist, this was to be expected, and was no mark against him. I read his book from cover to cover, and although I did not discover what his "Commission" was, he did seem to get around the political arena, and had an ample number of photographs in his book that showed him in the company of a considerable number of political notables. Perhaps he was a candidate for the Great Promoter.

I wrote him a letter thanking him for the book and suggested that it might be a good idea if we got together and discussed some of our common concerns. We agreed to meet on April 5, 1986, and I would visit him in Jackson.

According to my notes, I left the cabin at 9 AM on that date, and taking several audio tapes along to listen to during the day long trip, I headed out west for Jackson, stopping only for lunch at the Holiday Inn located about 10 miles west of Chattanooga, Tennessee. After driving 534 miles, I arrived in Jackson at 6:45 PM and checked in at the Metro (Best Western) Motel. After calling him at both the numbers he had given me, all I got was his taped message.

Finally at 8:30 he and his chief aide arrived, and we went to the nearby Green Derby Restaurant and had shrimp and steak dinners. (I picked up the tab.) At the end of the meal, a blonde young fellow, about 30, joined us at the table. His name was Rev. Kevan Barley, a preacher. Why Richard had invited him I still don't understand, since I had questioned Richard closely about his own position on Christianity. Whereas he had waffled on the issue, he made it clear to me that we were on the same wave length about this religious hocus-pocus, but since he was always running for election, he could not, of course, take an Anti-Christian position. Why then did he bring this young preacher, who claimed he was a racist, into this meeting at 10 PM to argue about Christianity with me? This was the first of several repeated strange moves of his that soon convinced me this fellow was not a friend, but a tricky con man.

After some further discussion all around, I gave each of the three all five of my (then) books and I turned in at 11:30 after a long day, with plans to get together again tomorrow.

Richard Barrett and his aide picked me up at the motel next morning (I checked out) and we drove to his country office at Learned, about 20 miles out of Jackson. He owned a small brick building completely out in the country. He had bought it for taxes ($30) about 20 years earlier and fixed up the dilapidated little building to serve as his office. As I understood it, we were going to have a large meeting with his followers in his electioneering, in which I would participate. At the same time we would discuss the main issue I had travelled all this way to see him about, namely whether he might be the right man to lead the Creativity movement.

Instead, when we got there he brought his lawn mower out of the shed and started mowing the grass on the scrubby acre or so of land that went with the building, then he would go into his office and work on a mailing list. This he did alternately with his aide. In between we talked in interrupted sequences about our business, all of which made no sense. My proposition was that I was looking for a competent leader, the "Great Promoter," to take over the leadership of my church. I had made this clear during our previous conversations on the phone. He put forth some kind of confused proposition that we bring the C.O.T.C. in under "one umbrella" with his Nationalist movement, form a Board of Directors with him as chairman, and he would then select a new Pontifex. The church would then be some kind of a subsidiary adjunct to his Nationalist movement, whatever it was that his movement stood for. Even after reading his book, I could not get any kind of a picture of what his Nationalist movement stood for, if anything. The very fact that it was Nationalistic and stressed nationalism, was in itself a clear contradiction to Creativity, which sought to unite the total White Race under one banner. Actually what he was preaching was the same old God and country, flag and constitution garbage that had provided the basis for the downfall of the White Race for the last 50 years. After intermittently sitting by and watching him mow his grass and listening to his propaganda, finally I had had enough, and I asked to be returned to the motel, where my car was parked. Disgusted, I got back into my Pontiac station wagon and took to the road, leaving Jackson at 4 PM.

Stopping at Meridian to have a good dinner at Shoney's restaurant, I pushed on to pull in at the LaQuinta Motor Inn at Tuscaloosa for the night. After having breakfast at the nearby Holiday Inn, I hit the road again at 9 AM, deciding to remain on I-20 to Atlanta, instead of following the previous I-59 and Chattanooga route. I found a group of about 20 firefighters also lunching. They were fighting some out of control fires in the nearby area.

During the trip home I tried to analyze Richard Barrett and his motives. Was he a sincere White racist or was he perhaps an agent for JOG, misleading the White people down dead-end streets, wasting their money on futile election campaigns that he had no intention of winning? He had repeatedly run for one office after another, always with disastrous results. He had run for governor of the State of Mississippi, he had run for U.S. Senator, and numerous other offices, always coming out a bad loser. Now, while I had been visiting with him, he was running for Justice on the State Supreme Court. His opponent was a nigger, and a little later when the results were in, he again lost by a land slide. Was he there just to discourage the White racists from running and draining their finances, or was he for real? After talking to the man, I came to the conclusion that his pro-Christian front was phoney, and he did not believe that garbage himself. Yet his attitude towards the C.O.T.C. was openly hostile, and his proposals were such as to destroy and close us down. Was he perhaps a JOG agent doing his job as several people who had known him for years later informed me? I wasn't sure, but I had found out one thing: he was no friend of ours, and he was not promoting the good of the White race. It was neither the first time nor to be the last time that I would be going on a wild goose chase in trying to find the right man to succeed me.

I got back home at 4:30 PM and stopped at the church to talk to Carl. He had received a lot of mail in the few days I had been gone, and had deposited $718 in donations. Things were going pretty well at Headquarters.

Chapter Twenty-two

Harassment and Fireworks

From the time we started building our headquarters the Jews and the Christians had begun spreading outrageous lies and wild rumors about us, which soon culminated in a nasty, hostile article against us in the Franklin Press on May 13, 1982, headed "Pro-Hitler, anti-Christ leader headquarters here." This article, instigated by the Jewish ADL and modeled after the Miami Herald article of July 7, 1981, rile up the natives of Macon County to the extent that not only were lies, rumors and allegations flying all over the county, but we were soon being physically threatened with deadly violence. As I have described in the last chapter of my autobiography, Against the Evil Tide, our building contractor for the headquarters, Billy Sanders, was threatened with gunfire aimed at his workers if they continued working on the construction of our building. This halted their work for a few days, then coming back armed with their own weapons, they continued working and finished the job before the end of 1982. As I have also related in that same chapter, on June 15, while our new Hasta Primus, Richard Becker, was in residence at the new H.Q building, at 1:45 in the morning our Church was fire bombed with a Molotov cocktail, which, on the quick action of Rev. Becker brought out both the Otto Fire Department, and also the Dillard Fire Department, which put out the fire and saved the church. But before the vandals left, they fired off a shotgun blast at our eight foot diameter Logo Sign on the upper part of the front of our building, using a double 0 shotgun load. The holes are still there in the plastic sign and we are going to leave them there as part of our colorful history. Although any number of people in the county knew who the culprits were, the Sheriff's Department pleaded ignorance, and the culprits were never apprehended.

We had other minor attacks and harassments from time to time, but despite us notifying the Sheriff's Department, no one was ever charged, no major damage resulted, nor did we ever pause in putting out and distributing our Flagship paper, *Racial Loyalty*, each and every month. We were growing, and as I said in the last chapter after coming back from Jackson in April of 1986, things were coming along pretty well. Rev. Carles Messick had been the Hasta Primus for over two years.

In the early hours of June 14, 1986, Henrie woke me at 3:10 in the early morning hours and warned me that Carl had just called and had heard some loud voices talking and laughing in the area between the church and the school. It was a hot dark night and Carl had been sleeping outside on the second floor deck. He had heard them saying that they were going to shoot out the yard light, and blow up the church. If the bald headed dude (meaning Carl) should come running out they would shoot him, too. He wanted me to call the Sheriff's Department while he got his gun and other gear together to check the area as to who was out there. This I did immediately, but I had to call four times before I could get through. (Busy line. Coincidence?) Finally at 3:20 I got through and talked to Deputy Jim Barker. I told him the story and asked him to immediately send out a squad car. I quickly got dressed and grabbed my gun, when sure enough, I saw a car coming up the road, stop at the intersection at our house, turn around and drive back down towards the church. They stopped in front of the church momentarily, and turned out their head lights, but when they saw my headlights barreling down the road at them, they took off like a scalded cat. But let us hear from Carl directly. Here is his official report to the Sheriff's Department.

My Report on the Attempted Assault on the Church of the Creator in the Early Morning Hours of June 14, 1986

by Rev. Carles C. Messick III

On the warm night of June 13-14 I was sleeping in the open air on the second floor deck of the Church of the Creator. At approximately 3:10 A.M. I was awakened by some loud and boisterous voices. Two male voices were talking and laughing in the darkness. Although I could not pinpoint their exact location, the sound seemed to be coming from somewhere near our school, or near the entrance of our private road.

Although I could not understand everything, I did hear the following snatches of conversation that alarmed me.

"Something needs to be done about that church. First I will shoot out the light." (There is a yard light on the north side of the church.) "Let's blast that 'W' off the church." (We have a circular eight ft. logo on the front of the church.) "...firebomb and burn down the church. If that bald-headed dude comes out we will take care of him, too."

After I had heard that much, I got up and crawled into the upstairs apartment through the kitchen window, since I did not want to expose myself in the light, nor did I turn on any lights in the apartment. The first thing I did was to try to call the Sheriff, using my flashlight to see my way. I tried twice to call the Sheriff, but the line was busy. I then called Mr. Klassen's house. His wife answered the phone. I told her about what I had heard, and would Mr. Klassen call the Sheriff while I wanted to investigate who the people were that were threatening to burn down the church and probably kill me as well.

Mr. Klassen did call the Sheriff's Dept. at approximately 3:20 A.M., and specifically talked to Deputy Jim Barker, who was on duty. He told him that there were some prowlers around the church, threatening to burn down the building and do other mischief.

Meanwhile, I grabbed my gun and circled around in the meadow to the back of the school and eventually to the main road, (Old 441) but I could not locate the people who had been talking so loudly before. As I was nearing the entrance to our private road, I heard a car coming up behind me from the south and saw headlights approaching. I hid in the ditch by the main road as they passed by. I saw them turn into our private road and do the classical thing we have noticed most previous terrorists have done. They drove up the private road to the Klassen's and the Bergstrom's entrances, turned around, then drove back to the front of the church. There they stopped and turned out their car lights.

In the meantime, Mr. Klassen, who had contacted the Sheriff's office by this time and gotten dressed, was in his car and coming down the road to see what was going on.

They were sitting in front of the church in their car, (probably 20 seconds). When they saw Mr. Klassen's headlights coming down the hill, they took off at a high rate of speed. By this time I was stationed at the entrance by the sign that plainly said "PRIVATE ROAD — PROPERTY OWNERS ONLY — NO TRESPASSING." I intended to stop them and make a citizen's arrest, since no help had yet arrived from the Sheriff's Dept. This is not only a citizen's Constitutional right, but in fact, his duty, when he believes a crime is in progress. I fired a warning shot, but they kept coming right at me. I then fired a number of shots (more than a dozen) at the vehicle, trying to shoot out their tires and force them to stop. But they kept right on going, trying to run me down, passing within two feet of me. They escaped southward towards Dillard, Georgia.

By this time Mr. Klassen arrived and we met at the church and I told him what had happened. We then got in the car and drove down Old 441 to the bridge to see if we could perhaps find the culprit's car on the road, but we did not. We then drove back to the church and looked at the clock. It was 3:51 AM. We then got out and walked down the road to see if there were any signs of car damage. Using the flashlight we saw a trail of water on the main road in an erratic path, and we assumed that the radiator had been pierced. In making the shots I had tried to keep them low at tire level, and not aim for the occupants. This is pretty well verified by the fact that more than a dozen shots were fire, two tires were shot out and no one in the car was hurt.

We then walked back to the church, sat in the car and waited for the Sheriff's squad car to arrive. By approximately 4:05 AM the squad car and two Deputies did arrive, and we voluntarily gave the Deputies a brief resume of what happened.

About an hour later they came back and told us that it belonged to Wm. J. and Patricia A. Trusty of Dillard, Georgia. Another squad car arrived from the Sheriff's office with two more Deputies. The Deputies also told us the Trusty's story. They claimed they had been here to look up some "old friends," the Lents, to have a drink with them, and ask them about co-signing on a loan for a pick-up truck, a story that at best, is wild in fantasy and far-fetched to the point of being preposterous. The Lents had moved away from our neighborhood nine months ago.

As far as we are concerned, the key question still remains unanswered, and that is this: IF NOT PART OF THE CONSPIRACY, WHAT WERE THE TRUSTYS DOING IN FRONT OF THE CHURCH AT THE UNGODLY HOUR OF 3:30 IN THE MORNING? This is especially cogent since I had incidentally apprised Mrs. Trusty (and others) on numerous occasions that it might be somewhat unhealthy for unidentified prowlers to be found loitering in the vicinity of the church during unreasonable hours of the night.

We have more than substantial evidence to conclude that the Trustys were lying when they said that they were merely looking up "old friends" to have a drink, at 3:30 in the morning and talk about a loan. We have sworn affidavits to indicate otherwise, and in any case, the fact that after the loud and verbose threats I heard at 3:10 AM, it would be the height of gullibility to believe that they drove up to the church only 15-20 minutes later, and were completely unrelated to threats I had heard in the darkness just 20 minutes earlier.

Whereas we do not know to whom the two male voices belonged, the evidence is overwhelming that the Trustys are part and parcel of the conspiracy. We therefore charge them with the following allegations:

1. Criminal trespassing on private property adequately posted as such.
2. Conspiracy to commit arson and burn down our religious center.
3. Attempted murder by trying to run me down by moving vehicle.
4. Conspiracy to terrorize a religious group.
5. Violation of my religious, civil and Constitutional rights as guaranteed by the First Amendment.
6. Terroristic threatening and harassment.
7. Conspiracy to entrap me into a criminal act.

In conclusion, I want to state for the record:

In doing what I did, I had no intent to do bodily harm to any person, and did not do so. I did what I did legally and deliberately and that is to try to apprehend the culprits involved in a criminal conspiracy to violate my civil, religious and Constitutional rights and those of my church, specifics of which I have already listed.

I did what I did in order to defend my life, our property and my Constitutional rights. For more than three years now we have been threatened, harassed, maligned, shot at, fire-bombed and terrorized. The Sheriff's Dept. and the courts have turned a deaf ear and a blind eye towards our plight. Had this been a Jewish synagogue, or a black church, (or even a Christian church) that was shot at and fire-bombed as was ours three (3) years ago, the FBI would have had a force of 50 men out here, investigating and tracking down the culprits. But not for the Church of the Creator, despite the fact that it has been harassed and threatened repeatedly, and as recently as a year ago four boys were apprehended on their way to blow our church sky-high with six cases of dynamite. But they were not apprehended for their intentions of blowing up the church — only for firing at the Patrol car that saw them weaving erratically and tried to stop them. Their intentions were, in fact, discreetly suppressed, and in the end they were let off with a light slap on the wrist. The Sheriff's Dept. never even bothered to apprise us while all this was happening.

And what, supposedly, is our crime? We stand for the survival, expansion and advancement of the White Race, something the NAACP has been promoting for more than 50 years for the blacks, and the Jews have been doing this same thing with extreme fanaticism for their people for more than 5,000 years. Since when is it a crime to be a proud member of the White Race, a race that has built America, and every decent and progressive civilization for the last 6,000 years?

I did only what every prudent and reasonable citizen would have done under similar circumstances: and that is to protect his own life, his property and Constitutional rights when the legal authorities and law enforcement agencies fail to do so, when they have become partial,

discriminatory and prejudiced against a particular religion because they don't happen to agree with it.

We of the Church of the Creator have not gone out to seek trouble, to intrude and invade other people's churches, homes or properties. We have been the victims, not the culprits, of terrorists aggressions and attacks, and evidently without any legal recourse, and we are getting damn sick and tired of it.

Therefore, we finally come to the bottom line: If the legally instituted authorities will not render equal protection under the law, as guaranteed by the 14th Amendment, then it is incumbent upon every reasonable, prudent, self respecting citizen to do what he is bound to do: protect his life, liberty and property the best way he can. This I have tried to do within the legal bounds of the Constitution as spelled out in the First, Second, Fourth and Fourteenth Amendments.

We therefore respectfully demand that our Constitutional rights be respected and that Warrants be issued for the arrest of the conspirators and transgressors, and their still unidentified cronies be found and also arrested.

Carles C. Messick III

I took some hurried notes of my own later that morning and recorded them in my day book. For the sake of posterity I believe it is relevant that I repeat them in this book, although they may not exactly mesh with Carl's version. I will pick up from where I was barrelling down the road to the church and the intruders "took off like a scalded cat." Here are my notes on the morning of June 14:

Vaguely, I heard a number of shots which were fired by Carl as they were trying to escape past him at the gate entrance. (He was stationed at the "No Trespassing" sign.) The time just before I left the house was 3:37 AM. I stopped in front of the church and heard Carl calling as he was coming towards my car. He then told me what had happened, and we decided to drive after the prowlers (in my car) in case they were stalled further down the road. We drove to the bridge (on County Rd. 1102) and turned around and drove back to the church, without finding the culprits. We then walked down 1102 with a flashlight in hand and saw water on the road south, in a weaving pattern. We then walked back to the church and waited for Deputies from the Sheriff's Department to arrive, which they did at 4:05. We told them what had happened. They then went to look for the car and evidently found it at Dillard with (they said) about 30 bullet holes in it. It belonged to Wm. J.

and Patricia Trusty who claimed (they said) that they were there to visit their “old friends" the Rollie Lents, have a drink with them and then ask about co-signing on a loan. Soon another squad car from the Sheriff's Department also arrived, and one of the deputies suggested we present a written statement to the Sheriff in the morning. Another observed "if we weren't here, these kind of things wouldn't happen," as if being assaulted by terrorists was really our fault.

I called Sheriff George Moses at 9:20 AM (Saturday) and said we would cooperate fully with his department, but we first wanted to obtain a lawyer and have him present when we did. He said he needed to talk to "my young man" and they would be here in about an hour.

They did not get there until shortly before 6 PM while I was eating dinner. They arrived in three squad cars, six men, as I remember. They claimed they had a search warrant and they went all through the first and second floor of our church building, taking copious pictures of everything as they went along. I suspect these pictures were for the benefit of the ADL, who I also suspect, set up the whole caper in the first place, for three reasons (or more) (a) to entrap us in a position where we had to use firearms to defend ourselves, (b) to take Carl's guns and ammo away from him, and (c) to get detailed pictures of the interior and layout of our church. Carl called me as I was eating dinner and by the time I got there, they had picked up his guns and ammo, taken their pictures and were taking Carl into Franklin under arrest. I told them I would follow in my car and shortly thereafter see them at the Courthouse.

Carl was booked, fingerprinted and photographed and placed in custody, to be held for trial. I applied for a release bond, which was granted by Magistrate Waldroop. The surety bond was for $20,000, and I personally guaranteed it against property I owned in Macon County. At about 8:30 PM I drove back with Carl in my car and dropped him off at the church.

I had talked to my attorney, Richard S. Jones, while at the courthouse, and made an appoint with him for Wednesday at 2:30 PM. (End of my notes for Saturday.)

When I say "my attorney" I use the term loosely, because I seldom used him, but had known him for about 15 years. It was he and his family from whom I had bought the original 160 acres in North Carolina back in 1971.

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A few months earlier I had received a call from a certain Don Johnson, who resided in the outskirts of Houston, Texas. He said he was a friend of Gale Bailey, who had come to visit me during the previous year. Besides some smaller donations earlier, Gale Bailey was the first to make a one thousand dollar donation to the church. A little earlier we had inaugurated a program in which we offered to plant a tree along **Leadership Lane** with a plaque honoring the donor if the amount of the donation was $1000 or more. Gale Bailey had the honor of being the first man to do so, and Carl duly planted a peach tree, placing Gale Bailey's name beside it. There were several other donors who followed suit for whom we planted trees in the ensuing years.

Anyway, to get back to Don Johnson, a friend of Gale Bailey must be a friend of ours, I reasoned, and I was receptive in listening to what he had to say. He said he had read several of my books and he and his wife Bobbi were all for Creativity. Furthermore, he was a paralegal, he had studied and completed a paralegal course given by Jack Gordon a few years ago, and Don himself now was a practicing paralegal. He had all sixteen of Jack Gordon's lessons on video tape, information to which he referred repeatedly. Anything he could do to help the church in any legal problems it might get into he would be most glad to contribute his expertise. Don even sent us a few of Jack Gordon's video tapes, copies of which Gale Bailey also possessed. Carl, too, had talked with Don several times after my original contact with him and he was most impressed.

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With this as background, Carl and I showed up for our appointment with my lawyer, Richard Jones, the following Wednesday at 2:30, June 18. However, when we arrived, his secretary told us Jones was sick, and the meeting was postponed to 1:00 PM Friday.

Jones was head of a partnership of several attorneys, who officially were listed as Jones, Key, Melvin and Patton, PA. When we did meet on Friday, Jones had brought with him Russell Bowling, a partner who specialized in criminal law and would probably be taking the case if we reached an agreement. We explained what had happened, and they seemed most eager to take the case. Both Carl and I realized that their fees would probably run as high as $20,000 up front and probably much more as the case progressed. Bowling suggested that there was a presiding judge in the next county who was retiring shortly, and if we hurried and brought the case before him and that if Carl plea bargained (pleaded guilty) he might get off with as light as a six months sentence. After about two hours of discussion, we finally concluded with that we would think it over and let them know within a matter of a few days. Before we left, Jones asked me a key question: had I myself sanctioned such shooting at prowlers at any time? Absolutely not, I answered, which was a fact. Carl had acted on his own volition, and there was no reason to drag me or the church into the case, which, I believe, both the Court and the lawyers would love to have seen happen.

In the meantime Carl talked extensively with the paralegal, Don Johnson, by phone. Carl did not trust the establishment lawyers, and besides, he had committed no crime, he said. He had done the honorable thing and defended the church, he said. He had done the honorable thing and defended the church from prowlers who had threatened to burn the church down and commit other mayhem. He wasn't going to plead guilty when he had committed no crime and be branded a felon. Don Johnson concurred in this attitude and volunteered to come to Macon County and defend him at no cost, other than travel expenses. Don had vehemently declared earlier that any assault on the church was a personal assault on him! How lucky could we get! He, too, was against plea bargaining, and said we should go for clear victory!

I made it clear to Carl that I would help defend him and pay the legal costs, including Jones' attorneys' fees, if he chose to go that route, whatever those fees might be. I also made it clear that I did not claim to be any kind of legal expert and the decision as to which way to go was squarely up to him. Carl decided he would act in his own defense with Don Johnson back of him and advising him. We advised Jones and Company of our decision.

So the case rested. The trial date would be set later.

Chapter Twenty-three

Legal Maneuvering, Trickery and Stonewalling

Before I start to describe the confused sequence of events in Carl's case, let me make it clear that justice in this country is non-existent, that the courts are rigged and controlled from beginning to end, and that unless you are part of the (Jewish) establishment, the system is almost impossible to beat. Carl had three strikes against him to start with, whether he was guilty or whether he was innocent, and they were (a) he chose not to hire a lawyer, something the establishment wants to make sure that you will learn your lesson never to do that again or you will be punished for it. (b) He belonged to the C.O.T.C., which was anti-Jewish and (c) anti-Christian. Being in the Bible Belt, the last strike alone was enough that almost any local jury would convict him. But even more ominous was the fact that the judges, the attorneys, and the prosecutors worked as a team and every one of them belonged to the Masonic Lodge, a Jew instigated conspiracy. They pretty well determined in advance whom they were going to nail, and whom they would let off the hook.

* * * * *

On Tuesday, June 24, Don Johnson called and said he was flying in from Houston and would be arriving at 9:35 in Atlanta tomorrow morning. I duly met him there at Concourse B-28 (Delta). It was our first meeting. For some reason, my initial impression of him was less than great. After having lunch at Shoney's, we arrived at the Church at about 3 PM. After quickly showing Don the premises, I introduced him to Carl and left them to talk strategy. Since Don had to be back in Houston in a few days, time was of the essence. One of the first items Don needed were some law books on North Carolina procedures and some case histories. Patsie Braswell, who had been working on her husband Frank's case for some years, was fairly well versed in these procedures, and she probably had the right books. She and Roger Ingram, another friend of the Church, who also offered his help, had just left about fifteen minutes ago. Anyway, Don, Carl and Brandy (Carl's ten year old daughter) decided to go to Penland and see Pat Braswell. They took my VW Rabbit and off they went. Pat did not have the law books, but she gave him a case history that was useful. They all got back to the church at 11:15 PM.

Next morning we all sat down together and planned strategy. We went to the Franklin Law Library, and also the bookstore, but were not successful in finding the proper law books. However, Don got a copy of a case at the law library of assault with a deadly weapon. The culprit was black, and got off with only six months probation. I picked up a copy of my $20,000 bond at the Clerk's office. Don also got a copy of the Charges against Carl. We decided on the following: (a) Try to postpone the July 8 Hearing date. (b) Press Federal charges against the Sheriff's Department. (c) File a multiple complaint against the Trustys, who had threatened and attempted assault against us in the early hours of June 14.

Then at 3 PM I took Don back to the airport, arriving there at 6 PM.

* * * * *

On Saturday, June 28, in the afternoon at about 2 PM, Carl and I went into Franklin to see the Magistrate about filing a complaint against the Trustys. To my surprise, I found that Michael Sharp, whom I had known for 15 years, was one of the three Magistrates, and he was on duty that afternoon. He seemed very nervous, and gave us very much the runaround. He suggested we wait until Monday morning and take it up with Charles Boring, who had all the information and was handling the case. We insisted that it was up to us to give him our complaint, regardless of what "information" Boring might have. But instead of persisting that he take our complaint as we had come to achieve, we naively let him off the hook.

Carl and I went back the next day and laid our complaint on the Magistrate on duty, which was not Boring, but a third fellow by the name of Waldroop. We went in prepared with a tape recorder. Waldroop referred us to the Sheriff's office. We told him we had already been to that office last week, but we went back anyway. There a blonde young fellow told us we had to initiate our charges with the

Magistrate's Office. And so it went, round and around. Sheriff Moses insisted that we type up our charges and give him a written statement of the whole affair.

This we did and decided that since we were getting nothing but a runaround, we would take our story to the newspapers. We sent a copy to Bob Scott of the *Asheville Times*, one to Ken Sexton of the *Franklin Press*, and one copy to the *Clayton Tribune*.

Early Tuesday morning Carl, Brandy and I went to the Courthouse to try to get a continuance (a delay) for Carl's hearing. First we talked to the D.A. Jerry Townson. This antagonistic fellow told us we would have to get that decision from the Judge in the Courtroom. Carl had a tough hassle with both the D.A. and the Judge. The district Attorney, Jerry Townson, chortled that he loved to prosecute turkeys like Carl who did not know how to defend themselves. He told Carl he was facing a probable ten years. We got back to the church at 12 noon. Carl was pretty rattled and agitated, and justifiably so.

At 6:30 July 1, Carl took Brandy to the Asheville Airport to return to her home in Delaware. He called Don Johnson about what had transpired that day. Don said he would be back in about two weeks.

I got up at 3:40 AM on Tuesday, July 15, to pick up Don Johnson at the Atlanta Airport. I met him at the Eastern Departure ramp at 6:50 AM and we drove to the Holiday Inn at Exit 44 on I-85 and had breakfast. We checked him in at the Best Western Motel in Dillard, and after an exhausting night flight he took a short nap. I reimbursed him for his airline ticket ($118). Carl met with him a little later and they discussed strategy for the court hearing the next day, Wednesday, July 1.

I picked up Carl and Don Johnson at the church at 8:45 AM and we drove to the Macon County Courthouse for the "Probable Cause" hearing. There we also met our friends, Roger Ingram, Paul Wheeler and his wife, and Pat Braswell and her daughter. Don had seven motions to file on Carl's behalf.

Carl's turn at the docket finally came at 3 PM. Jack and Pat Trusty were there to give evidence against Carl, as did Deputy Ken Doster. Presiding was Judge Danny Davis and the prosecuting D.A. was Don Patton. The verdict was that "Probable Cause" was justified and Carl was to be bound over and tried in Superior Court at such time as he would be notified. He was free on the previous $20,000 bond I had put up, with the restriction he was not to contact the Trustys at any time.

Carl and I stopped in briefly to see Sheriff George Moses about our complaint against the Trustys. He was still "investigating." Carl then drove Don back to the Atlanta Airport, where his flight was scheduled to leave at 1 AM Thursday, July 17.

Chapter Twenty-four

A Journey into History Lands

For some years Henrie and I had been thinking about visiting and exploring Pennsylvania and surrounding areas, the Civil War battlefields, such as Gettysburg, and some of the Mennonite settlements, such as Lancaster, and others. While we were waiting for the Johnsons to arrive, we thought might be a good opportunity to do so.

On the morning of September 8, 1986, I called Don Johnson and told him we had put up a mail box on the County road 1102 (at our own road entrance) and sent the new address to him. I also told him we would be going on a trip for the next ten days or so, but since he and Bobbi would not be arriving for some time anyway, this should present no problem.

After getting all packed, Henrie and I left the cabin at 10:30 AM. I picked up our mail at Dillard, stopped off at Drake and Co. in Franklin to leave the Blue Ridge Villas Ledger book with Glenn Davis, the accountant, and took off on US 441 North, then I-40 East. We arrived at Mom & Pop's Restaurant (Exit 135) at 1:30 to have lunch. At Statesville we turned north on I-77 until we reached I-81, then east until we reached New Market, Virginia at 7:15 PM.

Here we checked in for the night at the Quality Inn, and I had dinner at the Johnny Appleseed Restaurant. (We were now in Johnny Appleseed country.) I had BBQ pork ribs, while Henrie stayed in the motel room and had grapes. (She was on a fruitarian diet.) We had driven a total of 451 miles for the day.

Tuesday, September 9. After we both had breakfast at the Johnny Appleseed Restaurant we drove to New Market, Virginia, and visited the New Market Battlefield Park. It was here that on May 15, 1864 a battle was fought between 4500 Confederate troops and 6000 Union forces. Joining the outnumbered Confederate Army was a volunteer contingent of 247 young and untrained Cadets, who have gone down in history for their outstanding bravery and valor. Of the 247 young Cadets who fought against the Union forces, ten were killed and 47 others were wounded. The Hall of Valor accompanying the Battlefield and the 160 acre park were endowed to the State of Virginia in 1911, by George R. Collins, a graduate of the Virginia Military Institute. What a horrible waste, and what a terrible and completely unnecessary tragedy was that insane episode now referred to as the **Civil War.**

We drove on up I-81 through part of West Virginia, Maryland, and into Pennsylvania, and arrived at the Quality Inn on Steinwehr Ave. in Gettysburg, where we had dinner at Elby's Restaurant across the street. I bought the book **The Lincoln Conspiracy** by David Balsiger and Charles E. Sellier, Jr. at the lobby of the motel.

Wednesday, September 10. Had breakfast at Elby's Restaurant. We then took a ride up the 393 foot high **National Tower** to view the **Gettysburg Battlefield** and its huge cemetery. We took a walk through the cemetery and took a number of pictures, including several from the top of the tower and also on the ground, including the monument where Lincoln delivered the Gettysburg address. We also went to the Jenny Wade House (she was the only woman killed in the Battle of Gettysburg).

Had lunch at The Dutch Cupboard, then went to see the Old Dutch Village. Next we drove five miles west of town on HW 116 to see the Gettysburg Minnapure horse farm, where they have a number of very small horses. Very interesting. Went to the National Park Service Visitors' Center to see what other attractions they had to offer.

Called Carl after 5 PM. He had received more than $600 from England and Australia on Monday, he told me. Henrie and I had lunch at the Dobbin House restaurant on Steinwehr Avenue. That night I started reading a book on **Mennonite Life** by John Hostettler.

Thursday, September 11. Still at the Quality Inn at Gettysburg. After breakfast Henrie and I took a shuttle bus to the Eisenhower farm. The tour took about an hour. I was especially interested in his collection of choice guns that were on display in a rack on the wall. From there we went to the Cyclorama Painting and Exhibits Center, where we also visited for about an hour.

We left Gettysburg at about 12:30 PM and drove down U.S. 30 to York, Pennsylvania. Had lunch at the Quality Inn Restaurant and then drove on to Lancaster, where we stopped at the Pennsylvania-Dutch Information Center. Made a reservation at the Best Western for the night at Intercourse, about ten miles west of Lancaster. Had dinner at the B.W. Restaurant. Started reading the Lincoln Conspiracy.

Friday, September 12. Intercourse is a highly ethnic town settled mostly by Amish and Mennonite pioneers, located west of Lancaster. We settled in a Best Western Motel there. We drove to a Crafts and Shopping Center where Henrie bought a highly crafted and beautifully lighted plastic ornament. I had a wooden sign made for the church with the words Leadership Lane carved on it.

Drove south on HW 896 to an Amish village. We were given a viewing of the interior of a typical Amish home, (a family lived in it) by a tour guide, then we toured the rest of the farm on our own.

We drove to another Amish place, the Hershey Farm, and had lunch there, then drove on west to Italian Villa East and reserved a room there in the Friendship Inn for the night. We had dinner at Denny's, about two miles west on U.S. 30. Read another 130 pages of The Lincoln Conspiracy.

Saturday, September 13. Had breakfast at Joe Myer's Restaurant on U.S. 30. Checked out of the Italian Villa and made reservations again at the Best Western Intercourse Motel, where we stayed two nights ago. In the morning we headed for Hershey, Pennsylvania, about 30 miles distant, to take a guided tour through the Hershey Chocolate Factory. It was done in real style. We sat in a little car on tracks, (along with a train of other little cars) with sound, animation and complete control of programming as we passed through the different parts of the factory. It was all very interesting.

Mr. Milton Snavely Hershey, (1857-1945) who started this extremely successful enterprise of manufacturing and merchandizing chocolate products, was a Mennonite, and, as we all know, he became a very rich and successful man. What most people don't know about him is that he was also a very generous man and donated millions of dollars to various civic enterprises that he sponsored. In 1903 he acquired a 1200 acre site which became the base of his manufacturing plant and subsequently also became the town of Hershey, which today has a population of more than 10,000. In 1905 he founded a school and home for orphan boys, which later became known as the **Hershey Industrial School**, which was endowed by him in 1918 with a trust fund of 60 million dollars. This is only one of several civic and philanthropic projects that he sponsored and funded.

We spent the next two hours going through the **Hershey Museum**. Excellent American collections of tureens, artifacts, furniture, Hershey family history, etc. Had lunch in the Hershey display and stores area. Then went through the Hershey factory a second time, and next we went through the beautiful Hershey Gardens. Of course, the whole town of Hershey is named after him, as is the Hershey High School and the Hershey Hotel. We drove past both of the latter.

After that we went back to our Motel at Intercourse, then had dinner at the Best Western Restaurant.

Sunday, September 14. Most Amish and Mennonite restaurants are closed on Sundays. We tried to get a table at Joe Myer's, then at Denny's. Either way, there was about a 15 minute wait, and we finally decided on Denny's. Stopped at the Mennonite Information Center. We were surprised to see a Hebrew Tabernacle also located on the same grounds. Both were closed for Sunday, so we didn't get much information, except that it looked like the Jews also had their tentacles sunk deep into the Mennonite Church, had them under their control, and had them doing their bidding as well as all other churches.

Drove west on HW 30, then south on I-83. Stopped at a Red Lobster Restaurant for lunch. Arrived at Fredericksburg at approximately 3:40 PM and checked in at the Johnny Appleseed Best Western Motel. Called Carl at H.Q. Everything under control. Had received $210 from Mr. Nieman in Holland, and $50 from a young fellow in New Zealand. Drove to a Safeway store to pick up some items, then had dinner at the Johnny Appleseed Restaurant. Watched the TV show on CBS, *The Last Days of Patton*. What they neglected to mention was that the Jews deliberately had him murdered in order to shut him up.

Monday, September 15. At the Best Western Motel, Fredericksburg, Virginia. Had breakfast at the Johnny Appleseed Restaurant. After a frustrating and confusing goose chase in trying to find the points of interest in downtown Fredericksburg, we decided to leave the town for the Outer Banks of North Carolina. After we had lunch at the Coppahaunk Restaurant in the small town of

Waverly, Virginia, we drove down HW 460 to the Shirley Plantation on the north side of the James River. It is one of the oldest plantations in the United States. It has been owned by the Hill-Carter families for ten generations.

Drove on to the Outer Banks and checked in at the Quality Inn on the beach at Kill Devil Hill, where we had dinner at the Sea Ranch Restaurant. Nice dining room, Had crabmeat wrapped in crepes. Good. At night we watched the TV movie, *The Ghost of Flight 340.*

Tuesday, September 16. At the Quality Inn, Kill Devil Beach. We both had breakfast in the dining room of the motel at a window overlooking the ocean. After checking out we drove about a quarter of a mile to the Wilbur & Orville Wright Museum. An interesting lecture was given by a lady Park Ranger relating the story of the Wright Brothers. The room had a replica of their original "flying machine" and glider. Took several pictures. Bought the book *Wind and Sand.* Drove to the memorial statue and walked up the hill, approximately 120 feet. Took more pictures.

After driving down the main thoroughfare, we decided to leave The Banks. Drove out on HW 64, then inadvertently got on HW 264 and drove all the way to Raleigh, North Carolina. Checked in at the Cricket Inn, a nice new motel on U.S. 1, North. Had dinner at Denny's Restaurant next door.

Wednesday, September 17. At the Cricket Inn, a fairly new chain, good, decent sized rooms, good beds, at a reasonable price of $34.50. Had breakfast at Denny's nearby, then checked out at about 8:45. We headed out on I-40, but it soon ended. At that time neither I-40 nor I-85 were completed between Raleigh and Burlington as then shown on the road map. Finally we got back on I-40 again before Greensboro. Stopped at Ex. 135 at Mom and Pop's Restaurant for lunch. (It is now no longer Mom & Pop's, only Mom's.)

When we arrived in Franklin, I stopped and checked with Troy Whiteside about the metal gate posts. They were ready to also include the electric latch. Had Troy add an additional six inches of length to the latch post.

Stopped at Winn-Dixie for groceries, then picked up the mail at Dillard. Got home at about 5 PM.

Checked with Carl at the Church. Had an interesting letter from K. Bolton from New Zealand. Called Ralph Allen, the fence man, to start installing the fence posts for the hurricane fence around the church.

Addendum: In the previous ten day trip I got the ideas for writing three articles for future editions of Racial Loyalty:

(a) The Holy Trinity: Don't worship it — become one.
(b) The War with Mexico and the Civil War — a sharp contrast.
(c) Who Killed Kennedy? We have the answer. Also similarities with the Lincoln assassination.

Chapter Twenty-five

Building a New Home

When we decided to sell our home in Lighthouse Point, Florida, in 1983, and make the move to North Carolina permanent, Henrie and I also had in mind the building of a better and bigger house than the cabin we were moving into. The cabin, built in 1974 as a summer (and sometimes Christmas) vacation place, was a fine, two story Swiss chalet style building. It had three bedrooms and two and a half baths. It even had a library room in the basement, and although the rest of the walls in the basement were unfinished, it offered ample storage space for our many belongings. As time went on, we added an enclosed garage, which soon turned into a workshop instead. Then a year or so later we also built a detached two-car garage as well. With its two outside decks and its chalet-like steep sloped roof, its chalet-like trimmings, the "cabin," as we liked to call it, had real style, and best of all was its choice location. It was built in the middle of the encirclement of seven huge oak trees that some pioneer had evidently planted a hundred years earlier. Most likely he had built his homestead there, but all vestiges of the building itself were long gone. Added to that was the excellent open view across the valley below and the beautiful profile of the mountains about a mile and a half to the east.

Yes, the cabin and the location were excellent for what its original purpose was, namely a vacation place. But as a full-fledged, roomy, permanent home, Henrie kept reminding me, it was too small and inadequate. Especially now that we had a married daughter, a son-in-law, and three grandchildren that came to visit us every so often. She wanted a larger bedroom for herself, with an accompanying sun room of her own. She wanted a bigger living room. She wanted a bigger kitchen. She wanted a fully finished basement which would not only have the present library, but three nice bedrooms and a full bath to accommodate Kim and Walt and the grandchildren when they came to visit. In short, she wanted quite a lot more house, and I was in full agreement. The only reason we had dragged our feet so long was that I was so busy with my projects at the church, and secondly, being in our late sixties, we dreaded the prospect of packing all our belongings together again and putting them into boxes and in storage, an ordeal we had just gone through in moving from Lighthouse Point. And on top of that, we would have to be living in some makeshift rentals during the seven months or so during the time it would take to build the house.

However, by 1986, we decided to bite the bullet and do it. On October 2, 1986, we called our regular contractor, Billy Sanders, who had built the church and several other buildings for us, to our cabin to discuss the matter in detail. We had mentioned the idea to him before, but now we were getting down to brass tacks.

The first decision we had to make was as to what we should do with the cabin. Its location was so ideal that we had no hesitation that that was where the house was to be built. We debated pro and con. Should we modify and enlarge the existing cabin? Should we jack it up on wheels and move it to a different location? Or should we tear it down and start from scratch? The latter seemed such a waste and a shame. But in the end, that is the conclusion we finally came to.

On October 7, we brought in our architect with whom, too, we had done considerable business before. His name was Jack Patton, with whom we had also discussed the different alternatives before. We now announced our decision that we would tear the cabin down and build the new house in its place.

We were hemmed in by certain limitations because of the beautiful large oak trees that surrounded us. We could not make the house any wider, but we could extend it ten feet further in front. Also, we had considerable room in the back to build Henrie's larger bedroom and the adjoining sunroom, and a first class bathroom of her own. With these decisions made, we then went into any number of details about the rest of the items we wanted in the new house, and told him to go to work and come up with some preliminary plans. This he did, and with several additional consultations and revisions, we were finally ready to haggle with Billy Sanders, the contractor, about price.

Sanders said it would take him about two weeks to tear down the cabin and clear the site. For this he would charge us $2500. We finally came to an agreement on the total price of the building itself and drew up a contract to that effect.

Now came the hard part. We moved out all our furniture and packed all the books and smaller items into dozens of boxes, the same dreary routine as we had gone through in Florida before moving here. We stored all these items either in the two-car garage (which was not affected by the building change), or in the warehouse back of the church, and/or in the basement of the church. We timed our leaving for November 14, so we could take full advantage of our two-week time-share stay at our Hawk's Nest condo in the Florida Keys. So the next day, November 15, Billy Sanders and his crew were ready to go to it and started the process of tearing down our beloved cabin.

A little more than two weeks later we were back, and the contractor and his men had indeed torn the cabin to the ground. Before we left, we had made arrangements with John Dillard, (who owns the Best Western Motel, the restaurant and any number of other properties in and around Dillard) to rent one of his cabins on the north side of the road going towards Highlands. So this is where we stayed a few weeks, giving us an opportunity to further watch and discuss building developments with the contractor. By this time Don and Bobbi Johnson had moved into the upstairs Church apartment, and poor Carl was already sitting behind bars in the penitentiary. Gale Bailey, Don's friend, was fasting and living in the quarters at the school. But more about all that later. We were getting our house built and we moved to various facilities available to us where we chose to stay for the time being.

Some time ago we had decided to spend a month of that time in our Maryland Lakes apartment in Phoenix, Arizona, during the Christmas holidays and on into January. But more about that later.

In the meantime, Bobbi was picking up the mail at the Post Office and answering the mail, Don was holding down the fort and seemed to be working on his legal education program, while Gale Bailey was maintaining his 30 day fast at the school. Gale said he felt great. I kept in touch by telephone with Billy Sanders as to the progress of the building program on any problems that might be coming up.

Billy was quite a congenial man to work with, but like every other contractor, you had to watch his every step. One hassle I recall in particular was about the shingles on the roof. The contract called specifically for cedar shake shingles, the thick kind, such as were already on the roof of the detached double car garage. During the building process

Billy told me that there was now a synthetic type of shingle available that looked exactly like the genuine thick cedar shakes. He furthermore extolled its virtues that it was fireproof, and also much cheaper. I said O.K., bring me some samples and I will take a look. But somehow, he never got around to bringing any of the said samples, and when it came time to put the shingles on the roof, the whole load of the synthetics was already unloaded and a dozen bundles had already been dragged to the top of the second story roof. I tore open one of the bundles still on the ground and took a close look. They were no different than the thin tar shingles we had on the school roof and had no resemblance to the thick cedar shakes. I was angry. I made him reload all the synthetics and get the genuine thick cedar shake shingles, which he did. (This incident was quite a bit later than our return from Arizona.)

When we returned from Phoenix at the end of January, the framework was pretty well completed, and the shape of the house and the rooms was becoming visible. The sheeting, the insulation and the paneling were going on fast. A lot of the more detailed decisions now had to be made and we had to stick close to the job. We also had to find a place to stay in the meantime. We went back to our old friend, John Dillard, at the Dillard Motel (the Best Western). He happened to have a whole house to rent, known as the Sellers place, which he now also owned. It sat at the top of a round hill with a beautiful view in any direction you might want to look. (It had three bedrooms, more than we needed) several baths, a large old fashioned kitchen, a large living room, the whole works. Most of all, it had the whole hill around it to itself, and it was beautifully landscaped. The old people that had lived there for many years had spent a lot of time building rock walls and planters, and planting all kinds of flowers and flowering shrubs. Came Easter time the place was a joy to behold. Kim and the three grandchildren came to visit us over the Easter holidays and spent several days with us, which we all enjoyed immensely. John Dillard was quite reasonable about the rent, which we paid on a weekly basis. However, our time of stay was limited to two and a half months, I believe, when someone else had an option on occupying it. It was all electrically heated and the electric bill was considerable, which we understood would be additional. We paid each week's rent in advance, but strangely enough, John Dillard never mentioned the electric bill again. When our time was up, he found us another cottage on the north side of the road to Highlands, not too far from where our first rental was located, the place we stayed in before Christmas. But even here our time was limited to only one month, when it had previously been reserved for someone else. We then moved into a room in the Dillard Best Western itself, and stayed there until a few weeks before we moved into our newly completed home. Henrie and I spent the last three days sleeping in the bunk beds in the school, staying right on top of the job with the builders to the last detail.

Finally, on June 21, 1987, the house was finished to the point where we could start moving in. This in itself was quite an operation, but it was a most happy occasion. Actually, not everything was quite finished. The carpet people had goofed on the right kind of carpeting on the whole of the second floor, but the padding was down. We moved in anyway, and I slept quite well in my nice big new bedroom, even though the right carpeting took another three weeks in coming.

Kim and Walt and the kids rushed over to see our new house the first weekend after we moved in. Since on such weekends Walt first had to finish his day at the clinic and they all had to get ready after he came home, it was seldom before 7 or 8 PM before they could get away from Martinsville, Virginia on such Friday nights, and they would usually get here at about 1:30 in the morning. And that was when they arrived that last week in June. Henrie was asleep and I let them all in, quietly cautioning them that Henrie was asleep and we would all go through the house together in the morning. But Kim would have none of this, and Henrie was soon awakened and we went through every room in the house. It was another hour and a half before we all got bedded down. But it was a time of celebration and jubilation. We were all happy and very much relieved that now we really had our big new dream house and room for everybody.

Chapter Twenty-six

The Johnsons, Don and Bobbi

How did I ever get tangled up with the Johnsons, I keep asking myself. Now that I look back on the situation, the answer is relatively simple. I was dealing with an expert con-man and I didn't realize it until I was well into the game. I have already related some of the details in meeting with him, his discussions with Carl in preparing for the "Probable Cause" hearing and other matters, in the previous chapters. It all started with a phone call early in 1986. Out of nowhere, Don called me from Houston, Texas, and said he was a friend of Gale Bailey's. Gale, as you will recall, had the honor of being the first man to donate $1000 to the church and have a tree planted along Leadership Lane in his honor, as we began to sponsor that program. Not only did he do that, but he had made several smaller donations previously after reading my first three books, and he had come down to visit me personally. He was a tall, slim, blonde, good-looking young chap, about 30, who had formerly been an Identity Christian, and he was now ever so grateful that I had set him straight on this Jewish swindle. He had a successful electrical repair business of his own and was doing quite well. He was unmarried.

Now I got this call from Don Johnson, as I have already related, saying he is a close friend of Gale Bailey's and he too had read my three books and greatly admired what I was doing. He, too, wanted to become a member of the church and do what he could to help. He said that he was a paralegal, and anything that he could do to help in the church's legal problems, he would be glad to contribute, no charge. Also he wanted to start a C.O.T.C. group out there in Texas.

Well, all this sounded very good and I was most happy to hear from him. Any friend of Gale Bailey's was a friend of mine and the church. After some back and forth correspondence, on June 19 he even sent a check for $535.54 to the church to obtain a whole supply of our books, pamphlets, our paper, and his membership. All this was most encouraging.

Just a few days before, as you will recall, Carl had just had his shoot-out with the Trustys, and we could indeed use all the legal help we could get. I have already related the events that followed, about him flying down here twice and his collaborating with Carl. We will pick up the story from there.

Don was 51 years old, he had been married twice before. Both marriages had ended in divorce. He had a son who was in his late twenties, and he had two daughters from his previous marriages. His son was in the penitentiary for a 50 year term on some gun charges, the details of which are not clear to me. Bobbi, too, had been married before. She had a 30 year old son and a 24 year old daughter. Both her ex-husband and her son were on drugs, she told me, but nevertheless her son was effectively and efficiently capable of being a driver for UPS. Let me say at this point, I was never certain as to whether Don and Bobbi were ever married to each other, or whether they just lived together after all their previous marriage failures. Nor after I learned as to how manipulative Don was, I was never convinced that his real name was Don Johnson, which, as we all know, is also the name of a well known TV star, and I suspect that he adopted it as an alias because it sounded like a good name to him. At the time that we are now discussing, Don, Bobbi and the 24 year old daughter (to whom Don jokingly referred to as 24, going on 12) all lived in a ranch house on two acres that Gale Bailey had rented, and from which he ran his electrical business. Somehow Don and Bobbi had inveigled themselves into his business and into his rented house.

Sometime during the end of July Don made some suggestions that he and Bobbi would consider coming to our church and moving in permanently, help with Carl's legal defense, and best of all, he would set up a paralegal course at the church to teach our members the basics of how to defend themselves from the JOG assaults and iniquities from which all of us White racists were now suffering. He had already taken a similar course as he had in mind from Jack Gordon, only he would revamp it in a way that it meshed harmoniously with our religious creed, Creativity, so that it would be one consistent and dynamic creed and program. He said he had all his ideas together in his head, and he wanted to put the whole course on video tape, all of which he would do at our church. It would not cost us anything. He would run it as his own self-supporting business, except of course, we would be furnishing the space, and also, of course, our movement would be greatly strengthened thereby. In the meantime, he would also be giving the church free legal services whenever it needed such, and at the same time he would be rendering legal services to the public at large, and building up a clientele of his own. The only exception to this would be Carl's upcoming case, for which he would not charge, since, of course it was a church problem. It all sounded great to me and I said we should get together and discuss it in more detail. He agreed, and invited me to come over to their "ranch" just north of Houston and meet his wife Bobbi, and his daughter. Gale, of course, would be there too.

I accepted his offer and left the church in the morning of Wednesday, August 6, 1986, after stopping at the church and giving Carl last minute instructions. Driving a total of 463 miles, I checked in at the Best Western in Mobile, Alabama. I left the motel at 7:40 AM the next morning (Thursday) and after having breakfast at the Ramada Inn, I drove west on I-10. After driving 463 miles and taking several subsidiary roads, I finally reached Spring, Texas, at 5:35 PM, which is about 20 miles north of Houston, and close to their place. Here I checked in at the Cypress Court Quality Inn, and immediately after arriving, called Don. He and Bobbi dropped in at my room at 7:40 PM and Don and I had a drink to mark the occasion. Then we drove to the Red Lobster Restaurant and had dinner. We were soon joined by Jeff and Darlene Sanderson. Jeff was Gale's foreman in the electrical business.

Next morning Don stopped by at my room and the two of us went to have breakfast at Champ's Restaurant about a mile away. After going back to the motel, I followed Don to their two acre complex in Miracle Lakes. I met with Gale, also Bobbi's daughter, and Richard, another electrician. After viewing the premises, Don and I talked in his office for about two hours regarding arrangements to move to our H.Q. in North Carolina. During this time Don also managed to sell me a HK 91 German semi-automatic rifle for $750. Jeff Sanders was also interested in coming to the church, and when he came back at noon I took him out to lunch and we talked for another few hours. Then I drove him back to Gale Bailey's center and I went back to my motel. I called

Carl at about 5 PM to check if everything was under control and report our dealings thus far.

At 6:30 Don and Bobbi stopped at my room and we drove to the Steak and Ale Restaurant to have dinner. I had prime rib. We then drove over to Jeff and Arlene Sanderson's home and visited for about an hour. Don highly recommended Jeff as being a very capable administrator and we should have him join us at the church. I was back at my motel at about 10:45.

Next morning, Saturday, I checked out of the Quality Inn and headed for home, my new HK 92 semi-automatic in the back of my car. I stopped in at the Holiday Inn at Evergreen, Alabama, for the night, after driving 557 miles. Next morning I took off for home, arriving that evening on Sunday, August 10. Evidently our negotiations had been successful, and the Johnsons were going to join us in our enterprise in North Carolina. So far everything seemed to be going just fine. The Johnsons expected to leave shortly, at about the end of August. Then there was one new stipulation. Don called me and asked if I would pay for the transportation charges? Well, yes, I reluctantly agreed, but not anything over $2000.

Their furniture and “belongings” arrived in one huge van on September 3, but for some reasons the Johnsons would not be coming just yet, in fact, it would be quite a while. Bobbi's mother's husband (he was not her father) had just died, so she had to go spend some time with her mother. Don had a lot of loose ends to tie up, go see his son in the penitentiary, etc. So here we were, Carl and I and the truck driver, stuck with a huge carload of stuff to unload that included everything from huge concrete birdbaths to a useless dinosaur type of printing machine that weighed a ton, but no Johnsons. Added to that was the truck driver's bill, which amounted to $3845.80, and he would not take a check. He insisted on either cash or a Cashier's check. But no Johnsons. Not only were they conspicuous by their absence, but they did not even have the courtesy to call us or let us know where they could be reached. Like the sucker I always am, I paid the bill, and Carl and the truck driver lugged all their tons of stuff and paraphernalia up the outside stairs and stacked it all over the second floor of the church living room. In the meantime, Carl moved himself and all his belongings into the school. And we waited.

Finally we got some word and lame excuses that they would be arriving sometime in the middle of October. On Sunday, October 18, more than a month and a half after their stuff had been unloaded, they finally did drive up in their car. How about the additional shipping charges? Well, they didn't have the money right now, but he would be getting busy on Carl's case and the Legal Course in short order. Of course, he never did get around to paying for the difference.

Chapter Twenty-seven

The Trial of Rev. Carles Messick

The building of our new home was a major event in our lives, and a story in itself. I did not want to break into the middle of that story and go into the details of Carl's trial, which occurred at the beginning of our building project. I consider this trial to be one of the more dramatic events of our domicile in North Carolina, and warranted a story in itself.

After his unfavorable "Probable Cause" hearing on July 16, 1986, Carl's trial was scheduled on the Court Calendar. He was to appear in the Superior Court of Macon County in Franklin on December 15, despite all the motions and strategy he and Don Johnson had made and planned. The prosecutor was that nasty idiot by the name of Jerry Townson, the same JOG stooge who had prosecuted Carl in the hearing on July 16. The Presiding Judge was C. Walter Allen, another member of the Masonic conspiracy, and the trial was to be held in Superior Court, as I have already stated.

The prosecution led off with the ludicrous story of how the Trustys just innocently happened to be out there in front of our church with their lights out at 3:30 in the morning of June 14. I have already related in an earlier chapter of how Carl had heard loud voices outside on the church grounds, threatening to shoot out our yard light, burn down the building, and shoot the bald-headed dude when he came running out. I have also told of our calling the Sheriff's Department and informing them about the threats, and how they took their sweet time getting there, stonewalling until after the damage was done, and this, I am sure was planned and deliberate.

Mrs. Trusty got on the stand and in a sing-song and matter-of-fact tone of voice rattled off an explanation that would have been incredible to even a six year old child. However, she had been well coached and her story was well rehearsed. She and her husband claimed that they had come our way to see their dear "close" friends, the Rolley Lents, who, at one time had lived in the house across the road from us, but had moved nine months earlier. The Trustys claimed they were just going to have a friendly drink with the Lents and ask them about co-signing on a loan for a truck with them. Would you believe? They hardly knew each other and the Trustys didn't even know they had moved months ago. And just break in on them at 3:30 in the morning!

In the first place, the Lents were an older couple in their seventies and did not drink, nor were they inclined to any such frivolities at 3:30 in the morning, or any other time. In the second place, they barely knew of the Trustys, who were a generation younger and had had next to nothing in common with them. The fact that the Trustys didn't even know that they had moved months ago, made it pretty obvious that they had little, if anything, in common. Surely, for the Trustys to claim they were "close" friends who could drop in unannounced at 3:30 in the morning would stretch any reasonable person's credibility beyond the breaking point. But the rigged court took it all in as if there wasn't a shadow of doubt about her idiotic story.

The Lents had been neighbors of ours for years before they moved to another place west of Franklin. I went over to see them at their present residence and asked them if they were willing to sign an affidavit to the effect that none of the Trustys' claims of close friendship had any validity and that such a visit at such an ungodly hour would have been extremely ludicrous. They said they would be glad to, and had the Trustys appeared at their door at that hour they would probably have been repelled with a shotgun in hand.

Mrs. Lent was particularly outraged that the Trustys would drag them into such an outrageous lie, and they gladly signed an affidavit to that effect, and we had it notarized. I entered it as evidence into the case on Carl's behalf, with the firm belief that it would be a powerful repudiation of the Trusty's idiotic story.

However, nothing of the kind happened. Although plenty of witnesses appeared on Carl's behalf, including my wife and myself, the prosecutor would shout **objection!** to every meaningful piece of evidence presented, and the judge would immediately sustain the objection. The Lents' affidavit was dismissed out-of-hand as a meaningless piece of paper because the Lents were not there in person to verify it (although they had signed it previously in front of a Notary Public). Not only did the judge deem it as meaningless, he declared it as inadmissible, and when in my testimony I so much as made mention of it, the prosecutor would immediately scream objection, and the judge would sustain.

Although Don Johnson was not a licensed attorney, he had been chosen by Carl as his legal counsel, as he is entitled to do in accordance with the Constitution. But among this clique of Masonic hyenas, the Constitution mattered not a damn. The judge and the prosecutor were in charge, and whatever they said was the law and prevailed without any meaningful opposition from anybody. In this respect I blame Don Johnson, who could have, and should have, insisted on his client's Constitutional rights. Don Johnson was not allowed to advise Carl, not even speak to him, or even sit near him. And so it went. This conspiratorial clique was out to get Carl because he was hostile to the Jewish establishment, and the law be damned. In two days it was all over and Carl was found guilty and convicted on all counts. He was sentenced to a total of seven years — three years for discharge of a firearm into an occupied vehicle, and two years on each of two counts of assault with a deadly weapon, the terms to run not concurrently, but consecutively, for a total of seven years.

Carl was immediately locked up in the Macon County jail. He is convinced that they tried to trap him into an attempt to escape, since during the middle one night they left the jail door unlocked and ajar, with no one else visible except a lone woman deputy on duty. He believes they tried to tempt him to make a break for it, at which time the other non-visible deputies would quickly have emerged and have had an excuse to shoot him.

However, he did not fall for the ruse, and he stayed in the Macon County jail for a week, then he was transferred to the Swain County jail for another week, then to the Shelby, North Carolina penitentiary for a number of months, then to the Newton, North Carolina jail. Henrie and I visited him at both the Shelby and the Newton prisons. After serving 20 months he was finally released.

Chapter Twenty-eight

In Phoenix over the Holidays, 1986-87

During the last two weeks of November and a few weeks before Carl's trial, the notoriety of the trial had aroused the attention of a number of our enemies in Macon County and outside. One of these was the Internal Revenue Service. Don Johnson informed me when we were back that a cruiser containing four officials had come looking for me, namely the local I.R.S. agent from Franklin, the District I.R.S. Director out of Asheville, Macon County Sheriff George Moses, and another deputy. Don told them my wife and I were travelling the country and he had no idea as to our whereabouts. For the time being they left.

It was no secret to the I.R.S. that I refused to pay any further income tax. I had blatantly and defiantly written them a letter to that effect in the middle of 1981, stated that the personal income tax was unconstitutional, and a number of legal briefs as to why. Furthermore, I demanded a refund on what monies I had already paid in. I refused to file any further **Forms 1040**, and I have never done so since. Besides the other constitutional arguments, I made it plain that the Federal Reserve was an illegal gang of Jewish counterfeiters, and that our Jew controlled government was taxing us White people and using our own money to exterminate and destroy the White Race, and I would be damned if I would contribute any further to the destruction of my own people. Every April 15, instead of sending in a 1040 I would repeat my demand for a refund of the money I had already paid in, and my reasons for it. Actually, this is a long story of legal maneuvering and correspondence back and forth, a battle that is still ongoing, but I don't want to go into it here. I wrote a booklet on the fraudulent Jewish Federal Reserve conspiracy as far back as 1976, and the whole story is detailed as Chapter 40 in *The White Man's Bible*, and can be read in full.

The point is that I did not wish to make my presence too obvious during the period of Carl's trial, although I attended much of the trial, and even appeared on the witness stand on Carl's behalf. During this same period I talked to the judge, to the prosecutor and even Sheriff in Carl's defense. It was, in fact, the Carl Messick shooting incident that sparked their renewed persecution of me by the IRS, but I was determined to stick to my guns, let the chips fall where they may.

After Carl was convicted and incarcerated, there was nothing more that I could do. If there was, Don Johnson, being a paralegal, could take care of it and do it better. Anyway, this chapter was not intended about my long-standing and still ongoing battle with the IRS, but about our trip to Phoenix, Arizona. As early as last July, we had planned to spend about a month in Phoenix during the winter, and now that our house building program was underway, we were going to do just that, come what way. Besides, we had made no other arrangements to stay elsewhere when our lease ran out on John Dillard's cabin. So on December 17, when the verdict was in, we were ready to leave for Arizona, but we wanted to go to Martinsville, Virginia first, and see our grandchildren and Kim and Walt. It had been customary for us to spend our Christmases together, and now that we were going to spend this one in Arizona, we wanted to exchange gifts, and give them our season's greetings before we left.

After checking with Billy Sanders, the contractor, we were all packed and left the house at 2 PM on our way to Kim and Walt's. We stopped at the Red Lobster in Winston Salem for dinner and arrived at the Moore's house at 8:30 PM exchanging presents, and leaving other items with them. We finally got to bed at 12 midnight.

Thursday, December 18. Henrie and I left Kim and Walt's house at 8:30 AM and drove to the Dutch Inn (Martinsville) and had a good breakfast. Then we were on our way and soon we were heading west on I-40. We detoured off I-40 at Exit 64 and had a good lunch at the Western Steer Steakhouse. Then pushing on through Knoxville, we finally called it a day at 4:45 PM and checked in at the Thunderbird Inn (Best Western) at Cooksville, Tennessee. I had a good rib-eye steak at the Thunderbird, while Henrie decided she would skip dinner and settle for an apple in the room.

Friday, December 19. Leaving Cooksville in the morning, we continued on down I-40, stopping to have lunch at the New England Seafood House in Jackson, Tennessee, a really good place to eat. We had planned to stop and visit the Casey Jones Museum at Jackson, and/or Mud Island at Memphis, but decided it was getting too late, so drove on. We finally pulled in at the Interstate Inn (Best Western) at Carlisle, Arkansas, about 30 miles east of Little Rock.

I called Don that night. He said I had been sent a Certified Letter from the IRS demanding that we have a meeting to be scheduled for January 6. I told him to answer it and tell them I couldn't possibly make it.

Saturday, December 20. We left Carlisle at 9 AM and drove down I-40 to Texarkana and stopped at the Texas Information Center to get a Texas map. Left I-40 and headed south on US 271. We stopped at a little place called Pittsburg and had lunch. Then on to Tyler, Texas, taking the by-pass to arrive at Corsicana. Here we stopped at the Collin Street Bakery and bought one of their famous Corsicana Fruit Cakes. Drove back east on Main Street where the motels were and checked in at the Best Western. Had dinner at the Catfish King Restaurant across the lot. They serve "farm raised" catfish as their specialty. Drove 381 miles.

Sunday, December 21. Left the Best Western at Corsicana and had a real good breakfast at the Holiday Inn. Drove 60 miles down US 31 to Waco, Texas and checked in at the Texian Motel. Had a good lunch at the Tanglewood Farms Restaurant, then drove a short distance north on I-35 to Belmead to the H.E.B. store to buy some supplies. For dinner we went back to the Tanglewood Restaurant located just south of the Texian Motel.

Monday, December 22. As I mentioned before, I had had an ongoing battle with the IRS for years, but it had been relatively low key until the Carl Messick shooting affair stirred up renewed hostilities. What funds I had at this time I had dispersed in five different Florida banks, with the questionable reasoning that if these IRS pirates seized one account it might give me enough time to withdraw the others forthwith. The IRS thieves call this making a "levy," but what it really amounts to is an illegal seizure without due process, also known as stealing, piracy, thieving and several other choice definitions. In any case, I did not feel too secure with the funds being where they were, being well aware that the banks, the Federal Reserve, and the Jewish pirates were all banded together in the same conspiracy, namely, how to rob the American people blind. I discussed this subject with Don Johnson one day, as to where he thought might be the least risky place to keep what funds you might still have. I was well aware by this time that Don was an accomplished con-man, and that he probably knew all the tricks.

Well, he had an answer for this one also. He informed me that he had learned "through the grapevine" that there was a small unincorporated bank in the little town of Chilton, Texas, that had been privately owned since 1914, and did not easily or willingly collaborate with the IRS on demand, as did the other banks in the system, and that there were only five such private banks left who still operated under the grandfather clause. Not that the IRS could not get at your money in their bank, but the IRS would be forced to go to court first, and a depositor would have plenty of notice to withdraw his money before the court case was ever settled. Furthermore, he said, they invested all their depositors' money in government bonds, and whereas at the same time you had all the conveniences of a checking account. They also paid interest on your deposit, their operating profit coming from the difference in the rate they paid the depositor and what the government bonds paid. So you also had the insurance that unlike a lot of other banks that were going broke on risky loans, this one was backed 100% by government bonds. So he said, and I thought how clever of this con-man to know all these unconventional gimmicks.

One of the reasons we were making this detour was to go to Chilton, and talk to the manager of the Chilton Private Bank himself, and see if it all squared with what Don had told me.

Henrie and I left the Texian Motel in Waco and drove the 21 miles to Chilton, arriving at the bank at 9:10 AM. There we met with a dapper and very articulate young fellow by the name of James T. Davis, about 30. He was not the owner, or even part owner, but the hired manager. He confirmed everything Don had told me, except that whereas the De Graffenreid family, who had owned the bank since 1914, and whose main interests were in the cotton business, had in recent years sold the bank to a certain businessman by the name of John Landon, who was now the real owner of the bank. Landon would come in two or three times a week and check all activities. According to Davis, Landon was an astute business man of means, and the bank's business had increased tenfold since he had taken over. We talked to Davis for about an hour, and took with us a checkbook and deposit slips.

After leaving Chilton, a dumpy little town of about 300 to 500 people, we went back to I-35 and drove on to Austin, Texas. We then took the Hill Country Trail (US 290) to Fredericksburg, where we stopped and had lunch at the Golden Corral Restaurant. We drove on west and joined I-10 and continued on to Ft. Stockton. Arriving at 6:10, we checked in at the Sunday House Motor Inn (B.W.) to find we had the finest room we had had on the whole trip, large room, king-sized beds. We had dinner at a nearby restaurant, Spanish steak, soup and salad bar. Drove a total of 460 miles.

Tuesday, December 23. After checking out of the Sunday House, we drove across the street and had a good breakfast at the Holiday Inn. Left at 8:45 AM and drove west on I-10. Made a time change a few miles west of Van Horn, Texas (gained an hour) and on to El Paso. Had lunch at the Red Lobster (McRae Exit) and on to Willcox, Arizona, where we checked in at the Plaza Inn (Best Western). Had driven a total of 474 miles for the day.

Called Don Johnson. Everything O.K. Filing a Habeas Corpus, expects to get Carl out, he says. Called Billy Sanders. Been working on the house every day except Monday. Footers in, septic tank in, water lines in. Gave me his new home address. Talked to Kim and Walt. Kim busy delivering presents.

Wednesday, December 24. Left Willcox early, after having a free "continental" breakfast. Drove to Tucson and had a good breakfast at Denny's (St. Mary's Exit). Drove on north on I-10 and arrived at our Maryland Lakes apartment at 10:45 AM, after driving 196 miles. The weather was bright and sunny, but cool. After unloading a ton of goods, we drove to Fry's Supermarket to load up on $70 worth of groceries, then had a good lunch of turkey sandwiches and other goodies. Henrie made the beds, etc. We were both pretty well tired out after a long day and went to bed at 7 PM.

Thursday, December 25, Christmas Day. Got up late in our new apartment. Henrie had stocked up on groceries yesterday and fixed a good home-cooked Christmas dinner, a welcome change after eating in all the restaurants while being on the road. We did not have a TV set as yet, so could not watch the programs and other events, which we missed. In the afternoon we went to some of the different shopping centers to look for furniture, TV sets, and a host of other essentials.

Friday, December 26. Tried to find the maintenance man to fix the lights in the drop ceiling in the kitchen, but everything was closed. Received a letter from Rev. Rick Harp. Said he would be here in Phoenix to visit with me in about a week. Answered him and said I preferred January 5th, and drew a diagram showing him where to find us. Wrote a letter to Claude Curtis, the postmaster at Otto, authorizing Don Johnson to pick up certified mail. Sent a check to Billy Sanders, paying the contract balance on the house in full (in advance of it being even half finished). Talked to the telephone company about a phone. Costs $50 for installation, $27.50 to put on vacation rate, and $4.75 to keep it on standby, or $27.50 to have it reconnected. Decided it was not worth connecting it for the duration of this visit. Henrie and I went looking for a TV set. Looked at several places, including two places in Maryvale Shopping Center on Indian School Road and 51st Ave.

Saturday, December 27. Mailed three letters to three different banks, instructing them to transfer all the funds to our accounts to the Chilton Private Bank. Called Don Johnson. No judge is available to post Habeas Corpus, he says. He had not yet written the IRS, as I had told him to do, but said he would.

After lunch, Henrie and I drove to the new Safeway store and loaded up on $65 worth of groceries. Then to Appliance-TV City at Cactus and 43 Ave., and bought a 25 inch Sharp TV set, price $369. Next we went to the K-Mark at Northern and 27 Ave. and bought a TV table, a set of dishes and two sets of new flatware.

Sunday, December 28. Picked up the Sunday paper Arizona Republic from across the street. In the morning I assembled the TV stand I bought yesterday and read the Sunday paper. In the afternoon Henrie and I went to Levitz (Indian School and 27th) and picked out a set of bedroom furniture.

Finished reading Going Like Sixty by Richard Armour. 133 pages about enjoying life in the senior years.

Monday, December 29. Called James T. Davis and informed him that I had transferred the funds from three different Florida banks to the Chilton Private Bank. Contacted Hahnenberg, the project manager for Maryland Lakes, to fix the ceiling lights in the kitchen. He and another young fellow carried the TV set up the stairs, and also took the necessary measurements to replace the panels in the kitchen. Called Alan Tanner of Republic Cable to hook up to our new TV set. This he did the same day, between 11 AM and 12:30 PM. Hookup charge $5, plus $10.95 per month.

Henrie and I went to the Red Lobster at 53rd and Indian School for lunch. Then we went to Target Department Store and bought a desk light and other items. Next, to Levitz Furniture Store, where Henrie picked out another bedroom set in place of the one she picked yesterday. Stopped at the Map Store and picked up a nice 15" globe for my study in North Carolina. In the evening we watched our new TV set for the first time.

Tuesday, December 30. At 10 AM Henrie and I took off on a tour to Sedona, Arizona (110 miles) and had lunch at the Orchard Inn and Grill in the dining room known as L'Auberge de Sedona. Browsed through the shops up and down the main street. Beautiful day. Drove back by way of Jerome, an historic old mining town. Stopped in at the museum and witnessed an interesting movie and account of early mining in Jerome.

On the way back we drove through Prescott Valley (US 89), then took HW 69 back to I-17 and arrived back at the apartment at 7 PM.

Wednesday, December 31. Called James T. Davis, manager of the Chilton Private Bank. Confirmed two of the accounts from Florida had been received, but the third had not. Watched the Fiesta Parade in Phoenix from 11:30 AM to 1:30 PM. Drove to Fry's Supermarket and loaded up with groceries. At 8 PM we watched the King Orange Parade in Miami (1 hour), then watched Dynasty and Hotel.

Thursday, January 2, 1987. Watched the Cotton Bowl Parade, Dallas, Texas, from 8:00 to 9:30 AM. Watched the Tournament of Roses Parade, Pasadena, California, from 9:30 to 11:30 AM. Drove over to Smitty's at the West Plaza Shopping Center and bought a pair of pyjamas, a long sleeved shirt, and a red and navy dressing robe.

Watched the game between the Arizona State University Sun Devils and the Michigan Wolverines. The Sun Devils won 22 to 15, much to the delight of the Arizonians.

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Although I have detailed notes in my notebook on the rest of our stay in Phoenix, I am going to try to summarize and condense the last part of our visit for the sake of brevity.

Friday, January 2. Levitz delivered five pieces of Henrie's bedroom furniture. At 6 PM watched the football game between the Miami Hurricanes and Penn State. Penn won 14-10.

Saturday, January 3. Henrie and I went to Reliable Furniture and picked up an ottoman, a small table and a lamp for Henrie.

Sunday, January 4. Drove to Christown Shopping Center and bought an oak dining table and four chairs.

Monday, January 5. Rev.. Rick Harp from California dropped in at about 5:30 PM. Helped me carry Henrie's hutch up the stairs and into her bedroom. He and I went to have dinner at Denny's. We talked until about 9 PM, then he went to find himself a room at a "6" Motel on Bell Road.

Tuesday, January 6. Rick back at the apartment at 9:30 AM. Had forgotten about the time change and was about an hour late. Anyway, we had breakfast together and he stayed until about 3 PM. He had brought along his comprehensive album of pictures and clippings of his younger days when he was a member of George L. Rockwell's Nazi Party, and also of his involvement in other racial movements. I showed him my prize Christmas present from Henrie — a genuine replica of Gen. George Custer's army revolver, as reproduced by the Franklin Mint.

Thursday, January 8. About 10:30 AM Henrie and I left for the Mormon Temple at Mesa, about 27 miles from our apartment. We were given an intensive indoctrination program at their Visitors' Center and viewed four different Audio-visual programs in an many different theaters, (they had six.) I was given a copy of the Book of Mormon. The Center was built six years earlier and was the latest in sophisticated indoctrination techniques. After that we went across the street to the Mormon Genealogy Library. It contained an enormous amount of data, had many people in there, all very busy. Later in the afternoon Henrie and I had a big lunch at the Red Lobster.

Saturday, January 10. At about 10:30 AM, by pre-arrangement, Alan Tanner stopped by and picked up the TV cable control unit. We got packed, had our last lunch at the apartment, and left Glendale at 1:10 PM for the trip back home, which would now be one of the rented cabins from John Dillard.

At 3 PM we were in Tucson and stopped in at Denny's for refreshments. Drove a total of 281 miles, then pulled in at the Best Western American Motel at Lordsburg, New Mexico, at 6:30. Had a light dinner of left over veggies in the room and went to bed early.

Sunday, January 22. Rose early and had breakfast in the motel dining room. Very Western, run by Mexicans. Left at 8 AM and headed east on I-10. Had lunch at the Holiday Inn at 2 PM (new time) at Van Horn. (It had a lot of nice paintings on display at that time, but it is now no longer a Holiday Inn.) Drove on to Big Spring, Texas on I-20, arriving there at 6:20 PM after driving 504 miles. Had a steak dinner at Ron Griffin's Restaurant nearby. Big, busy place, more Mexicans.

Monday, January 12. Had breakfast at Ron Griffin's Restaurant. Called James T. Davis at the Chilton Bank and asked him to also open an account in the name of the C.O.T.C. and send application papers. Left Big Spring at 10:15 AM and drove west on I-20, stopping at Grande Prairie, Texas, to have lunch at Denny's. Had chicken fillets and shrimp, hot apple pie with caramel sauce and icecream. At 6:20 we pulled in at the Contessa Inn (Best Western) at Longview Texas after driving 418 miles. After that big lunch, we skipped dinner and went to bed early.

Tuesday, January 13. Got up early and left the motel without breakfast at 7 AM. At 11 AM we stopped for lunch at the prestigious Red Snapper Restaurant at the Pecanland Mall on the east side of Monroe, Louisiana. In mid afternoon we stopped again, this time at Shoney's, for pie and coffee. Pulled in at the Bessemer Inn at 6:45 PM at Bessemer, Alabama. Drove a total of 514 miles.

Wednesday, January 14, 1987. Had breakfast at the lounge restaurant and left the motel at 8:30 AM. Drove west on I-20, using the perimeter road I-495 to by-pass Birmingham. The highway surface was excellent from here on out all the way into Atlanta, in contrast to the rough surface throughout Mississippi, Louisiana, and Alabama. Had lunch at the Red Lobster in the Pleasant Hill mall north of Atlanta.

Got back to Dillard after driving 285 miles and stopped in at the Best Western Motel to inquire about our chalet rental. The girl at the desk said chalet #20 was ready to move into and gave me the key. We then picked up the mail, picked up some groceries at the market, and drove to the cabin. We found everything in good shape. I drove over to our house now under construction to see what progress had been made. We spent the rest of the evening sorting and opening a large box full of mail.

Chapter Twenty-nine

1987: An Assessment of the Past and Future

After returning from Arizona, I sat down and tried to make an appraisal of how far our movement had come, and what its outlook might be for the coming year and beyond. The Carl Messick shooting incident and the coming of the Johnsons had thrown a monkey wrench into our operations and changed the picture considerably. Working with Carl might have been difficult at times, but he was genuinely interested in promoting the progress of the Creativity movement and guarding the best interests of the church. His judgment might sometimes have been faulty, and often was, but his heart was with it all the way. Up until June, 1986, we had put out and distributed 36 issues of *Racial Loyalty*, and we had never missed a month, except for the one month during which I had been fasting. We were growing each month and our contributors were backing us up more generously as time went on.

With the coming of the Johnsons, things changed. I had expected great things from Don Johnson, since he had projected such far-reaching plans, as I have stated before. But ever since I received that $3845.80 transfer bill from the trucker and the Johnsons weren't heard from for a month and a half, I began to suspect that I was up against a first rate con-man. But still, I thought I would give him the benefit of the doubt and see how well he would, or would not, deliver on all his bombastic promises and predictions. His performance at the trial had been less than heroic, and Carl was in jail. What with Bobbi now being on full salary, her contributions in answering the mail and putting out the paper were mediocre and uninspired at best. With Carl, we had put out our last continuous issue in June, but now we did not manage to put out another issue of *Racial Loyalty* until November, 1986, the next issue was delayed until February, 1987, and the next issue was put out in June of that same year. It was to be the last issue we were to put out with Bobbi at the computer. It would be a full year before another issue would be printed, but not by Bobbi. Many things were to happen in between.

Bobbi was an extremely efficient typist, and, in fact, a very capable manager. She did typeset two sets of books during her presence here, namely *The Klassen Letters*, Vol. One and Two. In the meantime, I got the feeling that neither Don nor Bobbi were really interested in promoting the church, but promoting the Johnsons, and doing what would benefit them, and, if possible, take over the church property from me. Bobbi seemed to have that unhappy, sinister, inscrutable air about her, and you never knew what she was thinking. Suddenly, without any consultation, they harbored a dog, then a cat. Then there appeared a large doghouse in back of the church, and a cat house on the stairway leading to the library. Next the large doghouse was moved up to the top of the stairs and on the landing beside the door to the second floor. All this despite the fact that I had made it plain to them from the beginning that no animals were allowed on the church property. Although I had loaned them my personal VW Rabbit, which I kept stored in the warehouse behind the church, they soon took over and drove it at will as if they owned it. I finally had to make it plain that it was not their property to drive and took the keys away.

In the meantime, how was Don doing in putting his law course together? Not very well. Every time I would ask him as to how much longer it would take him to have it ready, his answer would be, in about a month. He had it all put together in his head, he said. And so it went, month after month. It never got out of his head, and not a single video tape was ever made. Besides, I soon got the feeling that there was rank animosity between Don and Bobbi, although they never showed it publicly. At one time Don went to Texas for a month, reasons unknown, and Gale Bailey, who had been living at the school all this time, went with him. In the meantime, Bobbi changed her telephone number at the church, and although she told me what the number was, she told me not to divulge it to anyone else. One day I got a call from Texas asking me what Bobbi's new number was, and, naively thinking that "anyone else" did not include her husband. (What I did not know was it was because of her husband she had changed it.) I gave him her new number since I did not know they were not on speaking terms. Such was the situation into the summer of 1987. We were not progressing in our membership, we were regressing. All this was leading up to an even more drastic event soon coming up that same year.

But let us first digress to two other affairs that were also unravelling at this time.

Chapter Thirty

The Art Company Agreement

It seems ever since I started the Church of the Creator I repeatedly managed to become the target of some scam, and sometimes more than one con-man was working on me at the same time. Whether this just happened by coincidence, or whether JOG was pointing them my way, I never did figure out, but it certainly seemed like I had become a prime target.

Back in about 1980, three years before we moved to North Carolina, I was introduced to a fellow by the name of Tad Galin by my friend Chet Sasadu, who owned a drugstore in Pompano Beach, just south of Lighthouse Point. Chet was a friendly chap and we had known each other for years. We were having a cup of coffee at the lunch counter in his store when he told me that over there was this fellow Tad, a friend of his, who was interested in my church and would like to meet me. Fine, join us in a cup of coffee.

Tad was a small, but sharp little fellow in his middle thirties. He had come from Poland, where his family had been part of some aristocracy, he said. His English was good, although he still spoke with quite an accent, and he was a rather personable fellow. He was in the Amway business, he said, and although he was still having a rough time of it, he was making rapid progress. He told me of all the outstanding successes that had emerged from the Amway system, and some day he was going to be on easy street. He would like to come over to my house sometime and explain the whole Amway set-up, and he would like to have me join. He also had some big plans as to how this could at the same time benefit the growth of my Church, with which he said he was already somewhat familiar. He seemed like an interesting fellow, and he claimed to agree with me 100% about the Jews. It was the Jews and the Communists that had robbed the land and holdings of his once aristocratic family. I said, sure, come on over sometime, and we'll talk about it in greater detail.

He lost no time doing just that, and went into great detail about how many people he now knew who were independently wealthy after they had entered the Amway game plan. At present he was merchandising out of his bedroom and strapped for capital, but he was going to be one of the successful ones. These visits continued for some months, and each time when he came over he would be showing me how much progress he had made. At the same time he had read more of my books, and he would let me know how enthusiastic he was becoming in helping to promote Creativity. He kept emphasizing that if he just had a few thousand in working capital, he could have a good stock of merchandise ready on hand to deliver immediately and he could be moving much faster. So far, it was his wife, June, who had a well paying job as a supervisor in a private Pompano Beach hospital that was really carrying the family load, and at the same time helping him promote his Amway business. I was convinced that this little Polish fellow had a lot on the ball, and I sort of felt sorry for him. He seemed to be trying so hard. At his persistence, finally, on June 2, 1981, I loaned him an initial $3000. He continued to keep visiting and showing me how his business was growing, but actually he could go much faster if he had more inventory and if I loaned him another $7000. After all, his wife was making $2000 a month, and she would co-sign on the note. Foolishly, on September 23, I loaned him another $7000. Actually, his business was increasing considerably.

Then a third party entered into the picture. A young friend of Tad's, by the name of William P. Therrien, was selling cheap paintings, door to door, and he was making himself a tidy $100 a day in profit, with very little investment on his part. This gave Tad a big idea. They could form a company and set up Art Centers all across the country and make millions. They needed me in to bankroll the deal, but my contribution would be only minimal as far as time and work was concerned. By forming a three way corporation we could promote Amway, we could promote the art venture (which would be the backbone of our financial impetus) and best of all, we could use each of these art centers as meeting places for the promotion of the Church of the Creator. How much would it take? Another $9000 would get our first center stocked, remodeled and refurbished right here in Ft. Lauderdale. Tad had already rented a place at 50 E. Prospect Road, Ft. Lauderdale, and had himself and a few carpenters furiously sawing and hammering at it to put it into shape. He had also bought a white van with which to haul the paintings. He was going at it like a house on fire.

There was no doubt about it, the little fellow had a lot of energy.

On January 12th, 1982, we drew up a working contract. The principals were Tad Galin, William P. Therrien, the Church of the Creator, and myself as President. The company was known as The Art Co. I loaned them the $9000, but this time it was out of the funds that I had donated to the Church of the Creator, since we were expecting the church to benefit from this action. The note was guaranteed to me and signed personally by Tad Galin, his wife June, and by William Therrien. We were off and running and things looked good. We even held two COTC meetings in the new place. The first one was on Sunday, January 10, 1982, with me presiding and lecturing for two sessions of about two hours each. There were 18 people present, and we signed up three new members. One of the prominent people at that meeting was Dr. Herbert Poinsett, from Hollywood, who at present (1992) has a TV talk show in the Tampa area, and had been active in both the racial and Atheist promotions on his own for some time previously. A second meeting was held at the Art Center about a month later, on Sunday, February 7, at which I was not present, since I was in North Carolina at the time, working on the many projects I then had going. But I thought that was fine, I would soon be moving to North Carolina anyway, and they should learn to run their meetings without me.

Then came a shocker. Suddenly, Tad said they were broke. His Amway business was falling apart because he had spent all his time on the Art Co., but he was assiduously building it up again, not to worry, he said. Where William Therrien was, I had no idea, and Tad was very vague about it. He was "on the road."

By this time we were into the late spring of 1982, and I was deeply preoccupied with getting the COTC Center in North Carolina built. (Foundation Day was March 10, 1982.) Henrie and I were planning to move up to North Carolina as soon as we could get our house sold. When could I get my loans repaid? Soon, Tad kept reassuring me. Then another disaster struck. June had privately given one of her female "friends" at the hospital a copy of the White Man's

Bible, secretly, in a brown envelope, being assured that she sympathized with our teachings. Next thing June knew she was fired and lost her $2000 a month job, no reason given.

Time went on, and all I ever got from Tad were numerous reassurances that he would repay me "soon." His wife, June did get another job, but it did not pay as well as the one she had had. I was trying to give the poor fellow a chance to recover and make good on his promises. (He also owed me the $9000 I had loaned him previously.) Finally, three years and 50 promises later, my patience was at an end. We were now into 1986, and living in North Carolina, and I had received not a dime, nothing but promises. What could I do? I decided to take my losses and turn the deal over to a collection agency. Where could I find one I could trust in Broward County? I called my old friend, Jim Hundley, who owned the warehouse and rental complex in Pompano Beach, where, during my last domicile in Florida, I had stored my thousands of copies of *Nature's Eternal Religion* and *The White Man's Bible*, and also kept my business records and files. I had known Jim for at least 15 years. I decided to call him and ask him — did he know of any honest collection agency in Broward County? Sure, his daughter-in-law, Geri Lamb, owned one, called Professional Credit Control, Inc., and she would be glad to handle my case.

So I called her and she sent me the necessary papers to sign and she would take it from there. She was not an attorney herself, but the agency retained one who did all the legal work for them. The agency's commission for making a collection was somewhat stiff — 50% if they collected, and out of that they paid all the attorneys' and other legal fees. If they did not collect, I owed nothing. Good enough. Better to try to salvage something out of the deal than nothing. I knew the Galins owned a house and must have at least some equity in it. Besides, June had a fairly good paying job, and also they must have a considerable inventory of Amway merchandise.

The collection agency's attorney's name was Alton A. Linn, Jr., whose office was located in Pompano Beach. He duly filed suit on behalf of myself, as one case, and another on behalf of the Church, as a second case, in the Circuit Court in Ft. Lauderdale.

Our case was scheduled for January 27, 1987.

At this time our new house was still being built and we were living in John Dillard's cabin No. 20 in Georgia. On

January 25, after checking at the church (Don Johnson had just returned from Texas) I picked up the "Art" file from the cabinet in the church and Henrie and I left for Florida at 10:20 AM. It was raining hard when we left and when we stopped for lunch at the Red Lobster in Atlanta it was still raining. We arrived in Lakeland, Florida and pulled in at the Holiday Inn at 5:50 PM. We had dinner at the Holiday Inn dining room.

Mary Wimmer, who still lived in Lighthouse Point at that time, had invited us to stay with her when we came down. (Her husband, Bill, had died just a few months previously.) We arrived there in the evening and she had a good dinner prepared for us. Next morning we had breakfast at her table, and she went her way to take care of a multitude of chores she had waiting for her, and we prepared for our meeting at the Courthouse.

After having lunch at Denny's in Lighthouse Point, we drove to the Broward County Courthouse. We found much construction going on at the expanding Courthouse and the closest parking place we could find was about a quarter of a mile away. We went to Room 920, the chambers of Judge Linda A. Vitale. Our attorney, Alton A. Linn, Jr., soon arrived. It was the first time we had met him, and we discussed a few details of the case, although the facts were already well known to all of us. Tad and June Galin were already there, accompanied by a supporter who really had nothing to do with the case. Soon Judge Vitale arrived and the case began. Actually, it was an open and shut case. They had borrowed $19,000 and signed 90 day notes to repay. Five years had gone by and they had not repaid a cent. Tad had already sent in a long, tedious written defence that his connection with the church had ruined his business, and it was all my fault. As the trial commenced he kept whining away and repeating the same tune endlessly. Every so often the Judge would intervene and ask, but you did borrow the money and sign the notes we have before us here? He would say, yes, but..., and then start whining all over again. I was getting hot under the collar, and wanted to interject that he came to me and it was his idea to join and he borrowed and spent the money. However, my attorney poke me in the ribs, and told me to remain silent, which I did. Finally the whining session ended, and the Judge said, you borrowed the money, you didn't repay it, and pronounced judgment against them.

So we had won our case, had a judgment filed against them and went back to North Carolina.

What happened next? Nothing. I never heard a response from the attorney, nor from the collection agency, for what seemed an overly long time. When I inquired at both places by telephone, they were hard to reach. When I finally did make contact, the answers were vague, strange and ambiguous. One of them said the Galins had filed for bankruptcy, but whether before or after the court decision, I never could find out. In any case, neither took the slightest action to pursue collection, and after a while I gave up. I suspect that Tad bought them off at a discount, and they, the attorney and the collection agency, kept what money they could get for themselves. At least, I never received a cent and I did not want to waste any further time pursuing a lost cause 750 miles away when I had more important things to do.

Is there an honest collection agency in Broward County? Not that I know of.

Chapter Thirty-one

The Natchez Pilgrimage Tour Plus

Before the Civil War, the State of Mississippi was one of the wealthiest, if not the wealthiest, in the nation, and the city of Natchez was said to have more millionaires in its environs than any other city, including New York. As we all know, the Jews changed all that, and today Mississippi is one of the poorest and most backward in the union. Be that as it may, the city of Natchez has a proud tradition and many of its old mansions are still standing as show places and exhibits of the Old South. Every year during the entire month of March the city holds a Pilgrimage Tour that reflects the glory of times gone by, although the downtown section is as shabby as any other slum inhabited by niggers. Nevertheless, its pilgrimage celebration each year is a rare jewel, and my wife and I have visited it more than once. We have noticed that in the last ten years or so, several new suburban sections have sprung up around the environs of the city that did not exist when we first visited it.

In March of 1987, while our new house was being built, we decided to take the time out to visit it again. Henrie and I planned to leave on March 27. Having consulted with Billy Sanders, the contractor, about choices of tile, woods, and other details, we got up early to get to the tile store. We chose the type and color of tile for all of the 3- 1/2 bathrooms, and also for the foyer at the entrance door. We also stopped at Macon Supply and picked out the type numbers for plumbing fixtures (mostly brushed bronze). We took notes on the choices of all these items and rushed back to the building site, but Sanders was not there. We left them all in a file folder and nailed it to a studding. We were sure he would see it.

We were still living in John Dillard's cabin #20 at this time. After picking up the mail at the post office, we had lunch at cabin #20 and packed to leave. We stopped and paid our rental bill up to the 27th, and talked to John

Dillard about giving us some concession during our absence. On this count we won a partial concession.

We stopped at Clayton Motors and left them a $100 deposit check on a deal we had made with them on a new 1987 Pontiac 6000 LE station wagon.

Left Clayton at about 12:45 PM and headed south to Atlanta, then east on I-20 all the way to Tuscaloosa, Alabama, and checked in at the Stage Coach Inn for the night. We had driven 314 miles and arrived at 6 PM (CST). Henrie had an apple in the room, while I went to the lounge and had a sandwich and all the shrimp I could eat.

Friday, March 27, 1987. We got off to an early start and drove west through Jackson, Mississippi, then turned off on the Natchez Trace Parkway, south toward Natchez. It was a beautiful day and a beautiful drive. Henrie was especially impressed with all the dogwood in bloom, also many other blooming trees and climbers, including quince (purple), some unidentified yellow climbers, and many excellent species of wisteria. Also saw a wild turkey up close, walking on the road. Many buzzards were in evidence, both in the trees and in the air.

We diverted to an off-road that led to Port Gibson, then drove down another side road for eight miles, leading to the ruins of the grand old Windsor Plantation mansion, built in 1859-61, and destroyed in a fire in 1890. The huge and beautiful Corinthian columns (I believe we counted 14) left standing are some of the most outstanding of all the southern ante-bellum mansions.

We arrived in Natchez at about 3 PM and checked in at the Scottish Inn. Henrie and I had dinner at Chug's Restaurant a few blocks away. I had broiled catfish and she had crab Augustin.

Saturday, March 28. Henrie skipped breakfast. I drove across the road (US 61) and had breakfast in the Best Western dining room. A large Baptist group was there too, they were just leaving. Towards noon we drove up to the Natchez Pilgrimage Tour Center and bought tickets for the Green Tour — four of the ante-bellum homes for that afternoon, and also tickets for the Confederate Pageant that evening. At the same time we made reservations to have dinner at the Carriage House for 7 PM. We had lunch at the Post House, next to the Pilgrimage Center, where we had Crayfish Et'ouffe. I forget what it was, but Henrie thought it was excellent.

After lunch, we visited the four homes for which we had tickets, (a) the Parsonage, (b) the Rosalie, (c) the Richmond, and (d) the Dunleith. Large crowds were everywhere. The weather was sunny, getting somewhat on the hot side. At 7:20, Henrie and I had dinner at the Carriage House on the grounds of Stanton Hall. From there we hurried over to the City Auditorium to see the main event — the Confederate Pageant. When we got back to the car we found we had a dead battery, but a kindly Southerner came to our rescue with a jumper and we soon had the car going.

Sunday, March 29. After checking out of the Scottish Inn, we had breakfast at the Best Western across the street, and at 8:50 AM we headed out for Texas. Crossed over the Mississippi into Louisiana on US 84, then on to I-20 and had lunch at Denny's in Shreveport. On to Tyler, through Corsicana, then US 31 all the way to Waco, Texas. Checked in at the Lexington Motel, which was called The Texian when we stayed there last December. The weather had turned unusually cold, and we saw some snow on the way. Drove 410 miles.

Monday, March 30, at Waco, Texas. Had breakfast at the Tanglewood Farms Restaurant, a block from the motel. Called the Chilton Bank. Talked to Janice, set up an appointment with James Davis, the manager, for 10 AM. Talked to him for about an hour, the subject being as to how to keep the IRS from laying their hands on any assets I may have. Discussed setting up "off-shore trusts," interest on which would not need to be reported to the IRS. Davis gave me the name and phone number of an attorney who specialized in such: a Richard Moore, in Clearwater, Florida. He also informed me that John Landon, owner of the bank at present was in Hong Kong, exploring ways of converting US dollars into Swiss Francs, in accounts that would pay interest. He said I was the first to make such a request. Found out Landon was only 39. Met Janice.

Drove north on I-35E. Stopped at a new Holiday Inn that was about to open and received a "complimentary lunch."

Drove north and east from Dallas on I-30 and checked in at the Continental Motor Inn (Best Western) at Arkadelphia, Arkansas, arriving at 6:30 PM. Had a big buffet dinner at an accompanying restaurant. Drove 401 miles.

Tuesday, March 31. Breakfast at motel restaurant. Checked out at 8:50 and drove down I-30, arriving at Memphis at noon. We wanted to re-visit Mud Island, an interesting museum of the Civil War days, yet also an amusement park and play ground of a sorts. It had been built at considerable expense on what used to be nothing more than the name implies, a mud island in the Mississippi River, lying about a quarter of a mile of the east shore and a little south of the main bridge. We had both visited it before, but not together.

Leaving our car parked in the parking lot built especially for Mud Island visitors, but located on the mainland, we bought tickets for the Mud Island tour and took the monorail over to the island. There we had lunch, just sandwiches, at Meagher's Restaurant. The place also had two other restaurants, which are really first class, but they were both closed, since the tourist season was not yet in full swing. The River Terrace Restaurant was scheduled to open on April 11.

Henrie and I then went through the Museum for the next hour and a half. We noticed that the staff was practically all black, and that the whole place had deteriorated considerably since the last time we visited it.

Left at 3 PM and drove south and east on US 78 all the way to Hamilton, Alabama, population 4500. We checked in at the Holiday Inn, where I had dinner at their dining room, while Henrie fasted on an apple in the room. Drove 352 miles.

Wednesday, April 1, 1987. Henrie and I had breakfast in the Holiday Inn dining room, then checked out and left at 9 AM, travelling south on US 73. Fairly good road, half of it four laned. After stopping for lunch at Anniston, Alabama (Shoney's), we drive on to Atlanta and joined I-85. Drove north on US 441, then took a side trip to see Bill Stratton at the Currahee Printing Co., Toccoa. They were doing the printing job on *RAHOWA! This Planet is All Ours* for us at that time. However, they still did not have a machine to do the book binding at that time, and had to have an outside company do the binding. (They do have a binding machine now.)

Drove on to Clayton, where we had dinner at Burrell's Junction, then picked up some groceries at Winn-Dixie. Drove on to the school to turn on the heat. Looked at the construction job at the house to see if any progress had been made in our absence. Not much, the breakfast nook had been closed in. Henrie picked up her car at the church. We talked briefly to the Johnsons, then drove to our cabin #20. Drove a total of 378 miles.

Chapter Thirty-two

The Chilton Private Bank Disaster

This next major episode in the history of the Church of the Creator is most painful for me to report. It is not the first time I have been bilked and booby-trapped, nor is it the last. I have already told of my intensive search for a relatively safe haven for what resources I owned personally, and those in the name of the church, and how to prevent the long and crooked arm of the IRS from grabbing them at any time without warning. I have also related of how I was advised by Don Johnson that a private bank in Texas that was not under the jurisdiction of the Feds, nor Texas State authorities, was probably my best bet, since they had been in business since 1914, and did not collaborate with JOG. Furthermore, all their assets were in government bonds or Treasury Bills, supposedly the safest of all funds, and if any IRS agents came around and wanted to snoop into anyone's particular account, the bank's management would give the investor plenty of warning to withdraw their account. I have also described my two visits to the bank itself to talk to the management to do my best to check these claims. As a result of all these recommendations I moved a major portion of the liquid assets, my own, and those of the Church, from five major banks in Florida into the Chilton Private Bank. These were not minor accounts, mine totalling $262,649.68, and those of the church totalling $231,572.60, altogether amounting to almost half a million dollars.

About a month before we moved into our newly built home, sometime during the earlier part of May, I sent another major deposit to the Chilton Bank, a check in the amount of about $35,000, which I had received from my last major sale of real estate in Collier County, Florida. The check and the deposit slips were returned to me by The Republic Bank of Waco, through whom for some reason the Chilton Private Bank ran all their deposits. There was no explanation in the envelope as to why the deposit was being returned. Alarmed, I immediately tried to call the Chilton Bank, but their telephone, the recorded voice said, had been disconnected. I then called the Republic Bank for an explanation, and was informed that the Chilton Private Bank was insolvent and that the Texas Banking Commission had taken it over. Now I was really in a state of desperation, and I went outside to break the news to Don. He seemed neither surprised nor alarmed. He made some stupid remark that it would undoubtedly be straightened out shortly. I tried to get further information from the Republic Bank, but all they could tell me that I would soon be getting an official letter from the Texas Banking Commission. Within a week, I did indeed get two letters, one on my behalf, and the other addressed to the church. The letters confirmed all my worst fears. The bank was bankrupt and in liquidation.

What with two accounts involving large sums of money, both ours and that of the church, Henrie and I wanted to find out as quickly as possible as to what had happened, and what, if anything, could be done. Since no information was forthcoming from the Chilton bank, and since the Texas Banking Commission offered nothing but the formal announcement in the form letters, we decided it was imperative that we take a trip to Texas and glean what information we could from various sources. Where should we start? We would go to the scene of the crime itself, to Texas, and play it by ear when we got there.

Chilton is located about 28 miles south of Waco, Texas, in Hall County, whose county seat is Marlin, an insignificant rural area, an area that contains much of nothing. We decided the county records of the Chilton Bank case would be the place to start.

Henrie and I left our new home on Saturday, August 8, 1987, and our first lap of 502 miles took us all the way to the town of Marlin itself, where we checked in at the Metro Inn (Best Western), arriving there at 7 PM. The next morning we drove to the Sheriff's office to get the lay of the land. There, in a small ante room, was a fancy dude nigger guard, who told me that the Sheriff had been gone for a week, and in any case the Sheriff's Department had no part in the Chilton Bank Case.

Next we went to the County Courthouse, where we consulted the Court Clerk. She said they had no part in the case either, but pointed to the District Court on the third floor. We went up to the third floor and there the District

Court Clerk had the Texas Banking Commission Case on file, in a folder ready for me to peruse. I asked if I could get a copy of it, and the clerk said, yes, at $1 per page. I said, go ahead, get me the whole file, 20 pages and $20 worth. I tried to get further information from the clerk, but he feigned ignorance of everything. He suggested the local newspaper might have more information, since they had followed the case closely.

I went to talk to the editor of the Marlin Democrat. He was very cooperative and offered a file with a batch of clippings about the Chilton case, most of which were taken from the Waco Tribune Herald. I sat down at a desk he offered and started scanning the articles. I picked out four articles and asked if they could make copies of them, which they did.

I then went back to the motel and checked out. Henrie and I then had lunch at the Plantation Inn Restaurant and left for Waco, Texas, about 28 miles distant. We arrived there at about 2:30 and finally found the offices of the Federal Bankruptcy Court on the third floor of the main Post Office Building at Austin Blvd. and 5th St. We searched through the index of cases and finally found the Chilton Bank Case — Bankruptcy No. 8760550, filed June 22, 1987. The female clerks (three of them) then quickly located the file and allowed us to make copies on their copying machine, a total of 72 pages at 25 cents a page, $18. It took us about 40 minutes. We then left Waco and headed for Austin, about 100 miles distant. We arrived at 5:45 PM and chose to stay at the Quality Inn, South. I had a nice Chef's Salad for dinner, topping it all off with apple pie a la mode. Henrie chose to only have an apple and some juice in the room.

The attorney challenging the Texas Banking Commission in their actions against the Chilton Bank was Joe Alfred Izen, whose office was located in Houston. I studied Izen's brief the rest of the evening.

* * * * *

By now, from the various files I had gathered in the Marlin District Court records, the Marlin Democrat and Waco Herald Tribune stories, the Federal Bankruptcy Court records in Waco, quite a different story emerged from what I had been told by Don Johnson and by James T. Davis in the Chilton Bank. Most of what they had told me was true and applied to the management of the bank during the 70 or so years of ownership by the De Graffenreid family, who ran the bank honestly and used it mostly as an adjunct and convenience to their main business, which was cotton. But in recent years it had changed ownership twice and was taken over by con-men whose intent it was to capitalize on the 70 year old reputation of the De Graffenreid family and fleece unsuspecting investors. John F. Landon took over control of the Chilton Private Bank as recently as 1986. Enter into this picture an ex-convict, 44 year old John Peter Galanis, whose record involves too many swindles to list here. It seems he had an amazing talent for raising money on a huge scale.

To quote one example, in the Transpac Oil Co. case alone, $172 million in fraudulent partnership losses were passed on to investors by a scam managed by Galanis. His wife owned a $156,000 Rolls-Royce Corniche. Their seven acre Greenwich estate, complete with a private lake and a heated indoor swimming pool, was valued at $3,500,000. But this was only part of the holdings and a fraction of the fraudulent scams in which he was involved. Suffice it to say, he was a "friend" of John Landon, and his and his wife's "overdrafts" at the Chilton Bank ran as high as $1,492,000 in 1986. But there were dozens of other fraudulent accounts overdrawn and unsecured loans made during these short years during Landon's ownership which made the insolvency of the bank inevitable. This is the part of the story that I was not told by either Don Johnson nor James T. Davis. The question is: how did they get away with it, and why was the story peddled about how the bank was so unusually secure because all its investments were supposedly in government bonds and U.S. Treasury Bills?

* * * * *

This is what I wanted to find out next. When Henrie and I arrived in Austin on Tuesday, August 11, 1987, we sought out the Texas Banking Commission, which was located at 2601 N. Lamar Blvd. We arrived at the State Finance Building at 11 AM. We were amazed at the plush accommodations and spacious layout of the building. We took the elevator to the third floor where the Banking Commission resided and walked across a spacious amount of carpeted flooring to the reception desk where sat a fat little nigger gal. I asked to see Carlos J. Contreras III, who was the assistant general counsel. Kenneth W. Littlefield, who was the commissioner, was out of town. After asking us a number of pointless questions, the fat little nigger gal said Contreras was tied up in a meeting, and could not possibly see us. After insisting we would wait out Contreras, and while I was on the phone trying to make an appointment with the Regional Director, Jimmy Parker (in another building about four miles removed), lo and behold, both Carlos Contreras and his secretary came out and said they could see us now.

At 11:20 we walked into his office and began our meeting. Henrie secretly turned on the little Sony tape recorder in her purse, which I had coached her the previous evening as to how to work it.

The following conversation ensued. I am only going to review part of the highlights.

(a) John Landon. I asked about his whereabouts, was he free, or was he in prison, and what assets he might have outside the bank? Contreras replied that Landon had been indicted and arrested, but at present was out on bail. He resided in Manhattan, NY, and they did have contact with him through his lawyer.

Landon did have a number of assets, but they were hard to establish. There was a condo in Utah worth $400,000. There was a third lien on a residence (not Landon's) in Palo Alto, California valued at $1,000,000. There was a string of other items. Contreras claimed they (the Banking Commission) had their finger on all of them.

(b) Overdrafts. I asked how was it possible to allow dozens of overdrafts, running into as much as $250,000, or even $800,000, and not bounce those checks. Contreras said it was obviously sloppy banking practice, but Landon had evidently chosen to allow it. In some cases where the overdrafts remained unpaid, they were converted into loans.

Were any of these loans secured, and could they be recovered, I asked. The loans were not secured and he did not know whether they could be recovered.

(c) Cash. I reminded Contreras that I had talked to him on the phone in May and that he had told me there was $700,000 cash found on hand at the bank, but now that the report had been put out, it showed only $413,000. Why the difference? He said there was no actual cash found at the bank, but there were deposits at other institutions, such as Merrill Lynch, the largest, and the Republic Bank at Waco, and others. He never did explain the difference, but said they had found new deposits since the report, and the figure now was probably larger than $413,000.

(d) Treasury Bills. Contreras said no T-Bills were found in possession by the bank. When I asked whether De Graffenreid, the previous owner, had backed up his deposits with T-Bills, he said he didn't know, it was before his time. Evidently Contreras hadn't been there for more than a year.

(e) James T. Davis. He had been indicted on a minor charge of not reporting a deposit of over $10,000 to the IRS and had used subterfuge by splitting it into two accounts. He was free and loose, living somewhere around Chilton. When I asked what possible gain there might be in it for Davis to get involved in such a mess when he obviously knew of all the crooked shenanigans that were going on, he said he didn't know. Contreras said they did not pursue criminal charges, that was under the jurisdiction of the U.S. Attorney's Office, probably out of San Antonio.

(f) International Risk Assurance. A few weeks ago, I had been contacted by Mr. Reinhold Sommerstedt of Santa Ana, California, who wanted the bank put into the Bankruptcy Court, and after being declared bankrupt, it was their intention to purchase it and credit all depositors the full value of their accounts. But evidently the Banking Commission opposed this sensible move. I asked Contreras, why? I also asked him whose interests the International Risk Assurance were most interested in protecting, and Contreras said, why, the depositor's, of course. I said I understood the International Risk Assurance was willing to make up a deficiency of $5 or $6 million, and cover the depositors 100%, but the Banking Commission would not allow it, nor let them purchase it. Why not?

His answer was that when John Landon announced the bank closed on May 15, the bank no longer existed, and it was then against the law to sell it. I argued that such was at best a flimsy technicality, and if the Banking Commission really wanted to come to the rescue of the depositors, they easily could arrange such a take-over. He insisted it was against the law, and anyway, they had never received such offer, either verbally or in writing. It sounded outright stupid to me, although I did not say so. If they were at all interested in solving the problem, the offer from the I.R.A. could easily have been followed up, and either confirmed or denied.

All along, I got the impression that Contreras and the Banking Commission were stonewalling, and really were defending Landon's actions, in fact, deliberately wanted the depositors to lose their investments, and were in cahoots with Landon, Galanis and Co. At the conclusion of the conversation, I told him I had three possible theories about the whole affair.

1. That perhaps Landon was just an incompetent bumbler and had messed up.
2. That Landon and Galanis were out and out crooks and had planned to fleece the depositors from the beginning.
3. The third possibility, and the one I considered as the most probable, was that they were all in this together, that it was a C.I.A. type of sting operation, designed to entrap and make destitute a certain group of citizenry they viewed as tax-protesters. When I volunteered the latter possibility, Contreras' swarthy face blanched, and even Henrie noticed it, she said later. He denied the latter possibility vehemently, as any good JOG agent of course would.

* * * * *

Henrie and I finally stopped for lunch at a restaurant called Pat's Barbecue in a small town called Giddings, Texas. We each had a good B.Q. sandwich and a peach cobbler topped off with icecream. When we reached Houston, we checked in at the Comfort Inn, Galleria/Westchase.

Wednesday, August 12. I called Joe Izen's office at 8:45 AM to try and make an appointment with him, but only reached his answering service. I left my name and said I would call back later. In the meantime, Henrie and I went over to Denny's and had breakfast. I called again at 9:30, then again at 11:56 and again at 2:12 PM. Each time the secretary said he would be in soon, but did not know when. Finally at 3:30 she called and said he was in. We finally found his place, a dingy dark grey residence at the N.E. corner of Ferris and Spruce. I was not impressed with either the man or the place.

The first thing I tried to determine was the basis on which we could do business if I joined this group against the Banking Commission. After a considerable amount of stalling, he said I could join the group at $3000 up front, or at $150 an hour, as the case proceeded.

I told him I pretty well knew the story of what had happened, and there was no need to retell me the story. I told him of all the files I had already gathered, including a copy of his Bankruptcy Case. After scanning all my files, he said I did not have his latest Brief (five pages, Aug. 10-87). He ran those off for me. The question I wanted to have an answer to was this: Just what did he and his group intend to do about it all?

His answer was that they intended to have the Courts force the bank into a bankruptcy position and they, the depositor group, would select their own trustee, rather than have the Texas B.C. "close" the bank and "liquidate" the assets. This way the sequestered assets could be more thoroughly pursued with the depositors in charge, he argued. Furthermore, the bank could be repurchased by a private group that could make good most, or even all, of the depositors' equity. When I presented Izen with the three theories I had given Contreras of why Landon & Co. had done what they had done, he said he did not know, but leaned towards the sting theory. There was much more conversation, but after we left (at 5:25) and mulled things over, I wondered if this fellow was not just as likely to ransack the remaining assets as was the State of Texas, but would also in most likelihood drag the finalization of the case on indefinitely.

Henrie and I got up early the next morning (6 AM), and checked out of the motel. We had breakfast at Denny's and drove east on I-10 through the middle of Houston and on to Lake Charles, Louisiana. Here we stopped for lunch at the Catfish Connection restaurant and had a seafood gourmet repast. The food was hot (with spices) and so was the weather, but so far no rain. We stopped for the night at the Hampton Inn, Pascagoula, Mississippi for the night and had steak dinners. I had sirloin. Henrie had filet mignon.

The next morning at about 6 AM I woke up to the sound of a thunderclap and much lightning. A full fledged downpour was in progress, and continued for several hours. Our car was parked some distance away from our upstairs room, and our raincoats and umbrella were in it. So I walked to the front office, all under the shelter of the overhang, and asked the pretty blonde clerk if anyone could temporarily lend me an umbrella. The nice girl said I could use hers. Under cover of the umbrella I dashed to the car and drove it under the shelter of the larger vestibule in front of the motel. After a complimentary breakfast, we took off on I-10, then north on I-65 towards Montgomery, Alabama.

We arrived there at about 2:45 and drove south on East Blvd. to explore the ASF, the Alabama Shakespeare

Festival. We bought two tickets for that night's play, *Othello*. (Regular $16, AARP discount, $14.) We then checked in at the Hampton Inn, but had dinner at the nearby Ramada Inn.

At 7:40 we drove over to the ASF to see a professional version of *Othello*. We had good seats, four rows from the front. However, as the play progressed, Henrie began to feel sick, weak, and shaky. We therefore left at intermission time and went back to the motel without seeing the second half.

Saturday, August 15, 1987. By morning Henrie felt fine again. We had the regular complimentary breakfast at the Hampton Inn, then checked out and left. We stopped again at Auburn, Alabama, and had a second breakfast at Denny's. We drove east on I-85, through Atlanta, and on towards home.

On the drive back, I kept mulling over the whole Chilton Private Bank fiasco. I couldn't help but wonder what role my prime Church resident, Don Johnson, might have in the whole scam. Of all the thousands of banks in the United States, why had he steered me to a tiny, insignificant bank that no one else had ever heard of, located in the dumpy backwoods of Texas and given it such a glowing report just at a time when the rotten structure was about ready to collapse? I knew that Don was a con-man, that he knew all the tricks, but I didn't think that he would use them to the detriment of the church, which he said he had come to help build up. Now I began to wonder if he wasn't an important part of the enemy scam. How did he happen to know about the bank at all, and how did it happen that he knew all about the bank's history back as far as 1914, but failed to mention that it had been taken over by a gang of crooks in the last few years? After all, that didn't happen over night. It had been publicized in the Texas papers, and the Banking Commission had known for years of the crooked shenanigans that had been going on. If Don knew so much about the bank as to recommend it to me, he could hardly have been unaware of what had been going on during the last few years. He had just come from Texas, and he recommended it within weeks after he arrived at the church. Obviously, he was well informed on its recent history and its imminent collapse. His glowing report about all their assets being secured by Treasury Notes and government bonds was exactly the same lying story as James T. Davis had been telling me, when he knew damn well that the whole set-up was a swindle. That could hardly be a coincidence.

To wind up the story, the Texas Banking Commission did make some effort to recover what assets were readily available, but they could have done much more had they wanted to. After about a year we did receive a check for what they had recovered at that time, divided proportionally among the depositors according to their investment. Six months later we received another check. In all, we recovered approximately 28 cents on the dollar. The rest we could kiss goodbye forever.

I couldn't help but come to the only conclusion that made any sense: Don Johnson had moved into the church for no other reason than to help JOG wreck our movement, and had he ever done a number on us!

We stopped at the Winn-Dixie store in Clayton to load up on groceries, then stopped at the Dillard Post Office to pick up a big cardboard box full of mail, arriving home at 4 PM. Home never looked better. After we each had a highball, Henrie fixed a good dinner of chicken soup, chicken casserole with water chestnuts, and peach turn-overs with icecream.

Chapter Thirty-three

Death on the Second Floor of the Church

Since the Johnsons played such an important, although destructive, part in our program during their domicile at the church, it behooves us to take a closer look at their background, part of which I have already related in previous chapters. As I stated before, Don Johnson made his entree into my confidence by stating that he was a close friend of Gale Bailey, who was the first to make a $1000 donation to the Church and in whose memory we planted the first tree on Leadership Lane.

Don and Bobbi, the latter his alleged wife, were both in the prime of their life, in their early fifties. Whether they were really married to each other, or just lived together, I was never quite sure. Nor was I ever quite sure whether Don Johnson was his real name, or an alias he adopted from the TV actor of the same name. Both Don and Bobbi had been married before, she at least once, and he at least twice. Both had grandchildren.

She had a son, age 30, and a daughter, age 24. Her son, she said, was on drugs, but competently capable of holding down a driving job with UPS. Her ex-husband was also on drugs. Her 24 year old daughter, according to Don, had the maturity of a twelve-year old. I met her while I visited them in Texas, and she was a rather attractive looking woman. In fact, for a woman of 50, so was Bobbi. Not only was Bobbi quite attractive, but also very competent and intelligent, and hard as nails.

Don had a son and two daughters. The son was in a penitentiary in Texas, serving a 50 year sentence for some crime connected with illegal gun possession, a charge that Don said he was not guilty of, and that he had been framed. Every few weeks Don would go back to Texas and visit him in the penitentiary. According to Don, his trial had been completely bungled by the attorney Don had defending him, and it was this what prompted him (Don) to study law and become a paralegal. Now he had come to our Church, not only to protect it from illegal machinations, but to set up a paralegal course that he would not only put on video tape, but also teach at the church to our members, for a fee, of course. The Church need not pay him anything, only allow him the use of our premises to construct his video course, and also attract and teach students in our sanctuary. He had already taken such a course from Jack Gordon and been practicing law as a paralegal. Furthermore, with Carl Messick being in trouble about the car shooting incident, he claimed he would valiantly defend him at no expense to us. It all sounded very inviting to me, and after the personal visit I made to Texas, I was thoroughly sold on his offer. We came to an agreement, as described earlier. I have also related how their carload of possessions arrived on September 3, 1986, without the Johnsons, but with a shipping bill of $3845.80, which I had to pay. They would be along later, they said, when we finally heard from them.

One of the reasons for the delay was that Bobbi's mother's husband (but not her father) had just died. He had been 68 years old and in good health, when he had a sudden heart attack and died. In consequence of what happened later, let us take special notice of this fact. The Johnsons themselves did not arrive at the Church until October 18, 1986, more than six weeks after all their baggage arrived. Don lost no time asking a salary for Bobbi to help in typesetting the paper and general correspondence, and as soon as Carl was out of the way and safely behind bars, asking for the full $1000 a month I had been paying Carl as Hasta Primus.

The Johnsons also lost no time making themselves at home and rearranging the furniture and set-up in the building. They soon had a cat and a huge hound on the premises, despite the fact that I had distinctly told them we did not want any animals on the church grounds. Instead of using one of the four offices in the back part of the ground floor as Carl and others had done, Don moved his desk (he had brought his own along with everything else) into the main sanctuary, or meeting room of the church, along with all his filing cabinets and other paraphernalia. The main purpose of him coming to the church, as well as defending Carl's case (which I have already described and ended after the first two months) was to set up his legal course, put it on video tape, and set up a regular curriculum of classes in law. After Henrie and I got back from Phoenix on January 19, 1987, I asked him how he was progressing in his venture, and was he about ready to start taping some of the material. The answer was, no, but he had it all in his mind. When did he think he would be able to start filming? On, in about a month, he ventured. A month went by, and nothing happened. Two months went by, six months went by, and always the same answer — in about a month. He just sat there at his desk with a stupid cap on his head (it had inscribed on it what looked like Hebrew letters, but if turned at a 90 degree angle was really a filthy epithet in English).

Meanwhile, Bobbi was typing various materials. While being at our apartment in Arizona I had written a major portion of my autobiography *Against the Evil Tide* on yellow sheets. Bobbi typed all this out in good form so I could put the whole manuscript together in good order in a three ring loose-leaf book. She also typed those materials I wrote after getting back. Also, at this time I had her typeset all the materials contained in *The Klassen Letters*, both Volumes One and Two.

Meanwhile, Don just sat at his desk like a zombie, never coming out with a typed curricula, nor filming a single chapter of his prestigious law course.

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In the middle of the night of November 3, at 12:30 AM to be exact, I thought I heard my phone ringing. I was half asleep, and the phone was in my study upstairs, a room and a hallway removed from my bedroom. My hearing isn't any too good in the first place, and it was sheer chance that I heard it at all. When I picked up the receiver, I heard Bobbi screeching at the top of her voice "For Christ's sake! Somebody get an ambulance! Don has stopped breathing!" She was screaming hysterically, and I didn't waste any further time asking her why she hadn't already called for an ambulance herself, instead of wasting a lot of time trying to reach me. I said I would call an ambulance right away, and that Henrie and I would be over as soon as we could. I looked up a number for an ambulance service in Franklin in the yellow pages, explained the situation, and told them to hurry over to the Church of the Creator, 13 miles away. They said they knew where it was and would try to get there as soon as they could.

Henrie and I got dressed as quickly as we could, jumped into the car and rushed over to the church. We found Bobbi in hysterics, and Don was lying on the bed with only his briefs on. His eyes were half closed and I noticed that his lips were beginning to turn blue. Henrie immediately tried to give him mouth to mouth resuscitation. She had taken a course at the Pompano Beach Fire Station in first aid about 20 years earlier. I tried to thump his chest with my fist as I had seen doctors do in movies. Bobbi just screamed — when is that damn ambulance coming? Finally, in about half an hour after I had called, the ambulance came with three paramedics. They tried working on him briefly, then gave up and carried him down the outside stairs into the ambulance and took off like a streak of lightning. Henrie, Bobbi and I jumped into my car and followed them at about 80 miles an hour. Personally, by this time I felt it was all over, but, of course, we all would do what we could.

At the hospital they had Don in the emergency room for another half hour or so, and finally one of the doctors came out to break the news to Bobbi that they had done all they could, but Don was gone.

After several minutes of weeping on Bobbi's part, we decided all we could do that night (it was about 3 AM) was to take Bobbi back home. Henrie stayed with her at the apartment and sat up with her for the rest of the night. Bobbi started making a number of phone calls.

We took her to the Bryant Funeral Home in Franklin next morning, where Don's body had been taken, to make arrangements. She decided that his body was to be cremated. However, the body was first readied for viewing, and placed in a coffin. Henrie and I went to the viewing at the proper time, and while there met Bobbi's mother and also her sister. When the hospital authorities informed her that under the circumstances they were required to make an autopsy, Bobbi objected long and loudly. However, the autopsy was carried out, nevertheless. The body was then cremated at a crematory in Asheville.

Don's sisters also came to the church a few days later and talked to Bobbi, but what went on at those meetings I do not know. They were not friendly to Bobbi, according to Gale Bailey. Gale, too, came down about two weeks later to help Bobbi straighten out Don's files and affairs.

According to Gale, some of Don's family suspected that Bobbi might have had something to do with his demise.

There was considerable circumstantial evidence to that effect. Although Don and Bobbi did not display their animosity in public, there evidently was a bitter rift between them. About two months earlier Don had gone to Texas and stayed with a friend for about a month, presumably "on business." Gale was also there with him. During this time Bobbi changed her telephone number, and when I insisted that I should know where I would be able to reach her, she gave me that number, insisting, however, that I not give it out to anyone else. At that time I did not realize there was any animosity between them, and when one day Gale called and asked me what Bobbi's new number was, I innocently gave it to him. When Bobbi found this out she was furious.

The other strange circumstance about this affair was that only a year earlier, Bobbi's mother's husband had died under very similar circumstances. He was 68, in seemingly good health, but had died of a sudden heart attack. Now Don, age 52, had also been in seemingly good health, and he too had died of a sudden heart attack. Coincidence, or did they share some secret formula?

Anyway, Henrie and I were extremely sympathetic to her and tried to help her in every way we could. We had her over for Thanksgiving dinner.

* * * * *

For years I had been searching for the "great promoter," (see Racial Loyalty No. 10) without much success, and now with Carl gone, I didn't even have a Hasta Primus to help me put the paper together and have it distributed. As a result, our movement was floundering. The last issue of Racial Loyalty we put out before the Johnsons arrived was the issue of June, 1986. During the time that the Johnsons were here until Bobbi was given her walking papers, a period of 18 months, we put out only three issues. They were Nos. 37, 38 and 39, and the key articles respectively were "The Holy Trinity," "I Talked with God," and "Mind Pollution — Cleaning out the Augean Stables."

Our mail was dropping off, and after Bobbi had typed the manuscripts I mentioned earlier, there was little for her to do. Also she was becoming more independent and was seldom in the office, taking off a few weeks to attend her daughter's wedding, or whatever. After she came back from the wedding, I told her that I was going to put her on half time, she need only come into the office a half day three days a week, three hours in the morning, 9 to 12. Her pay would be cut in half also. Since she was seldom in the office anyway, I told her I expected her to be at work promptly during those hours designated. She was pretty chagrined at the change and what with the continuing nuisance her dog created, our relationship evolved from one of tolerance to hostility. Certainly, her actions indicated she had not the slightest interest in promoting the welfare of the church, but only what she could get out of it. Finally I was fed up with the whole situation, and I gave her 30 days notice to leave the premises by May 1, 1988. From there on out it was total war, and she decided to go me one better and quit 15 days ahead of the deadline. One confession that she made that indirectly implicated Don in the Chilton fiasco was her assertion that she was not responsible for anything that Don had done, an admission that I interpreted that she was in on the Chilton Bank affair all along.

She hired a big U-Haul, with a two-wheel trailer hitched to the rear of the U-Haul on which to load her car. She also hired a couple from Franklin to help load their huge collection of baggage. She took off on April 16, 1987, concrete birdbath, dog, car and all. And so ended the Johnson affair on a sour note, one that seemed to have promised so much before they ever arrived from Texas.

Chapter Thirty-Four

Phoenix, AZ and Fallbrook, CA

Dec. 17, 1987 to Jan. 19, 1988

As was our usual custom since we acquired the apartment in Phoenix, Henrie and I planned to spend about a month away from North Carolina and take advantage of the warmth and sunshine of sunny Arizona. We usually timed this during some parts of the months of December and January. This year, 1987, we left the house at 11:30 on Thursday, December 17. We stopped in Atlanta and had lunch at the Red Lobster in the Gwinnet Shopping Center, then took I-20 off the Beltway and drove to Meridian, Mississippi checking in at the Hampton Inn, having driven a total of 408 miles.

Our next day's stop was at Marshall, Texas, where we stayed at the Best Western Motel. From there I called George Arlen in Lewisville, Texas, a suburb of Dallas. George had been handling our legal hassle with the IRS for years. In the meantime he had spent some ten months in the penitentiary because of some technicality in getting a divorce from his wife and now had remarried and moved from Ft. Lauderdale to Dallas, Texas. Henrie and I had stopped paying taxes and sending in our 1040's since 1981, and I was having some new problems with this gang of Jewish pirates that I wanted to discuss with George. As per arrangement, George Arlen picked me up at our motel at 7:30 and we had dinner at the Golden Corral in Lewisville. Our discussion lasted about three and a half hours. Since the process is too involved, this is not the place to go into the details of the case. Let me summarize by saying that Arlen was of no help, and I have had the help of several other paralegals since then to try to fend off these Jewish gangsters.

After stopping in El Paso the next night, we took a detour route for a change and drove from Lordsburg, New Mexico to Globe, Arizona, then to Mesa and got on the Superstition Speedway, I-10. We arrived at our apartment at 5 PM on Monday, December 21. After turning on the electricity and finding everything in good order, we unloaded our belongings, then went to Fry's Supermarket and loaded up with $55 worth of groceries. After we each had a highball, Henrie fixed soup and a sandwich and we called it a day. We had driven exactly 2000 miles since we left our home in North Carolina.

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A secondary objective of this trip was to try to get together with Tom Metzger and his son John. For years I had been trying to persuade him to join forces with the Church of the Creator. We had the creed, the program and a multitude of books setting forth in concise and consistent detail just what that creed and program was. Tom and his group lacked all these essentials, except that Tom was a vigorous and flamboyant promoter and was 20 years younger than I was. He passionately endeavored to get on every TV talk show and program he possibly could, and in large part was successful in doing so. I felt he needed us, and we needed him. In fact, shortly after appearing on his Race and Reason show in December of 1984, I extended the hand of friendship and wrote him the following letter, which speaks for itself.

January 25, 1985

Mr. Tom Metzger
P.O. Box 65
Fallbrook, CA 92028

Dear Tom:

I have been meaning to write you ever since I returned from my trip to So. California and thank you for your hospitality and the taping of the show. So allow me to now say — many thanks.

After meeting you I am convinced of your sincerity and dedication to the cause that I believe you and I both hold in common — and that is the survival, expansion and advancement of the White Race — a goal that we of The Church of the Creator spell out repeatedly.

But time is rapidly running out on us and whether we will achieve this in our lifetime depends on how fast we, the White Race, can get our act together. Let me add that if we don't do it in our lifetime (and I believe we have at best only another 5 or 10 years to do so) it will not be done in our children's' lifetime either. In another decade or less all hell will break loose and a worldwide racial war will ensue, the objective of which will be to completely destroy the White Race, and mongrelize what dilapidated remnants survive. There will be no comeback, no second chance. The other alternative is to smash the monster that is bent on destroying us.

I have been preaching repeatedly that the only way the White Race can beat the monster and survive is by sheer power — to build a powerhouse larger and stronger than the Jewish powerhouse and smash the hell out of it. Secondly, I have been preaching that the only way that can be done is the same way as the miserable parasitic Jews have built theirs — by polarization and dispersion — around a dynamic powerful racial religion. See again "Dispersion and Polarization" in Racial Loyalty No. 14.

In Creativity we have it all — the whole ball of wax — to build that powerhouse. Also the White Race has the manpower, wealth, resources, intelligence and numbers to do the job. The biggest roadblock in my opinion is the hubris of the tens of thousands of little groups in wanting to be so goddamned independent and individualistic that they would rather see the White Race go down the drain than admit that their own little satraps might not be equal to the task.

My objective in writing you this letter is to convince you — to implore you — to join with us in the Creativity movement and form a Church of the Creator in your area. That would be a big step in the direction of polarization, and since you are a leader, a man with considerable following, this would shake up the whole White Racial movement to take a second look and bring them to their senses — to the realization that we have to polarize into one huge powerful battering ram. Fragmented and divided we are sitting ducks. The last 50 years of history has proved that overwhelmingly. In contrast, in Germany Hitler proved the power of the polarization approach, the Catholic Church proved it over the centuries, and the Jews have amply demonstrated it for thousands of years.

For those who argue that we must be dispersed or the Jews might smash us in one fell swoop — the beauty of Creativity is that we can do both: polarize around one loyalty — one creed — one program, and at the same time be dispersed into thousands of different church groups — just as the Jews have done for millenniums.

What I am saying, Tom, is this. What is to stop you from forming a Church of the Creator group in Fallbrook, or So. California anywhere, and still be your own boss? You can put out your own newspaper, or you can put out ours, or you can put out both, if you like. You can run candidates for political offices or whatever activities you see fit and constructive. You can be ordained as a minister of our church, or we could even create a higher title (equivalent to a bishop, cardinal, etc., in the Catholic Church, except we would come up with some Latin name for it) all of which would provide prestige and some legal protection. You would be affiliated with us, (but we do not grant franchises as such, since the IRS regards this as a black mark against a "non-profit" organization).

All of this would create a significant beginning toward crystallizing and polarizing the whole White Racial movement toward really building a meaningful, lasting power structure. It would also buy us all a lot more security as a movement. For instance, if we (here in North Carolina) were wiped off the map (which could happen) there would be thousands of other church groups who could and would carry on, pick up the leadership and in fact through our martyrdom be fanned into cold blazing fury of determination and retribution.

Anyway, this is the only way to go. History has proven that a formless fragmentation of little groups going in hundreds of different directions are no match for a united, polarized army that has a specific goal, purpose and creed.

I could go on, but I believe you have read enough of my literature, including "The Pole Star" issue No. 20 to know what I am talking about.

Why don't you sit down, lock yourself in your office as you did about the Christianity issue, and think this thing through. You could be a key figure in amalgamating and galvanizing the White racial movement, and I invite you to join with us in achieving this overwhelmingly crucial goal.

May the CREATIVE FORCE stay with you!

For a Whiter and Brighter World,
Creatively yours,

B. Klassen, P.M.

* * * * *

After Carl's incarceration, I had been vainly looking for a capable replacement for the now vacant position of Hasta Primus, with little success. For years, I had hoped that Tom Metzger would join with the Church of the Creator and had urged and implored him to do so. His son John had applied to become one of our Ministers near the beginning of our move to North Carolina, (July 7, 1984, to be exact) when he was only sixteen years old. We were happy to grant him a Ministerial Certificate, and he has been one of our Reverends ever since. Personally, I had hoped this would help to improve our relationship with his father, Tom, and his group, which was named WAR, since our objectives seemed to run parallel, although our philosophy and creed seemed to have some serious differences. Whereas our creed and program from its very beginning was clearly spelled out in our basic books, (at that time we had only three books out, *Nature's Eternal Religion, The White Man's Bible,* and *Salubrious Living*) and remained constant, clear and fixed, Tom's seemed to veer with every change of the wind.

Let us review a few of his changes at that time, and also those prior and subsequent.

When he named his movement WAR, it at first stood for White American Resistance. When it was pointed out to him that the word "American" was too weak and too general and could include niggers and Jews, he substituted the word "Aryan" for "American," which, although excluding the mud races, was still a meaningless word, as I have expounded in considerable detail in a three page chapter entitled *A Choice of Terms — Aryan, White Race, or White Volk?* It can be found in *The Klassen Letters, Vol. One*, starting on Page 10. The article demonstrates fairly clearly that a coal-black Hindu has more claim to being an "Aryan" than a blonde Englishman or German, and the word Aryan is nothing more than a linguistic description, not at all racial.

However, this is a minor point, and there were several more important contradictions and confusions. When he was a member of the Klan, he was pro-Christian and fervently defended Christianity. Then he left the Klan and, after a while, openly proclaimed he was anti-Christian. Then he joined with Gary Gallo in advocating that we slice the United States into geographic sections, each race, (the Indians, the niggers, the Mexicans, etc.,) live in their respective allotments as per their percentage of population, and the White Race settle for some Northwest or Southeast corner of the United States. When I criticized this policy as being sheer lunacy and asked the question: who would decide on who would get what and who would move the people into their South African style of Apartheid, there was no answer. To further underline the idiocy of this kind of proposal, I wrote the book, *RAHOWA! This Planet is All Ours*. After that, he again reversed himself, and came out loud and strong, "Yes, we want it all!"

Be that as it may, Tom by 1988 was strongly anti-Jew and anti-Christian, and his policy as far as could be determined, had come around to where he proclaimed pretty much the same creed and program as does the Church of the Creator, and we were on fairly congenial terms. By now I was 70 years old, my energy was flagging, and I was looking for a leader to take over and carry on our movement.

I had talked to both Tom and John about this issue in the fall of 1987, with the proposal that I was willing to step down and let John take over the leadership of the Church of the Creator, living here in our World Headquarters. We seemed to be coming to an agreement and a meeting of the minds. I suggested that over the holidays my wife and I would again be visiting in our apartment in Phoenix, and I would drive down from there to Fallbrook, and we could discuss it further. I had never met John personally, and this was one of the things that was uppermost in my mind that I do so before we went any further.

The next day, after arriving at our apartment, I called the Metzgers and talked to both Tom and John. I told them I had arrived in Phoenix and we made arrangements to meet at their home in Fallbrook, California shortly after the first of January. I wanted to make sure that John would be there, since it was important that I meet with him and be able to make my own assessment of his suitability. Everything went fine, and I agreed that I would be there in Fallbrook in the afternoon of January 3.

In the meantime, Henrie and I did the usual things in Phoenix. We spent Christmas at the apartment and Henrie cooked a good home-cooked dinner, better than any you could find in a restaurant. We did some travelling to several interesting places in Phoenix and also outside, such as Sedona, Cottonwood, Prescott, the Grand Canyon, and other places. We again spent New Year's Day at the apartment, watching the Rose Parade in Pasadena, and some of the others that are on television on New Year's day.

On Sunday, January 3, 1988, I took off for Fallbrook. I left the apartment at 7:40 AM, went down south to Buckeye Road, then I-10 West. At noon I stopped in Indio to have lunch at Denny's Restaurant. The place was crowded, noisy and the predominance of Mexicans was an ominous reminder that I was now in California. At Beaumont I turned off on US 60, to I-215, which became I-15 at Rancho California. Here I stopped again at another Denny's to enjoy my dessert of apple pie with caramel sauce and icecream. The other place had been too noisy and crowded to enjoy.

After a drive of 360 miles, I arrived in Fallbrook at 2:30 PM (MST), somewhat earlier than I had expected and called Tom from a shopping center. He arrived in his rusty red old Cadillac about ten minutes later, wearing his toupee. The first thing I asked was — where's John? He was in San Francisco, and he would explain later. I was disappointed and angry. This was the second time he had double-crossed me.

We drove in our two separate cars to his residence. This consisted of a decrepit old house on a street that looked more like an alley than a street. I understand there were seven Mexican houses on the same street.

His main office was a garage converted into a working place. It was stacked with a large assortment of books, including some of mine, on shelves that consisted of plain boards with concrete blocks used as spacers. There were papers (WAR, etc.,) strewn all over the place.

When I asked him why John wasn't there when I had specifically come to talk with him, he said John had gone to San Francisco to talk to some skinheads. I got the impression that the absence was intentional, and Tom's, rather than John's idea. While I was there, John called, and I talked to him briefly on the telephone, leaving the situation as such that we would arrange to get together in North Carolina in a few weeks. Tom and I spent the rest of the afternoon discussing people and events, mostly as they concerned our respective movements. The implication was that he and John were still very much in favor of John coming to North Carolina, and us working in unison. Finally at about 7:30, he and I went to have dinner at The Packing House. He had a bourbon, and I had a glass of wine. We both had a turkey dinner, and I picked up the tab.

When we came back, we went upstairs, where there was a sort of living room, an alcove which had a large copier, and a cot. The living room had a TV set with a large projector that displayed the picture on a separate screen. It could also play video tapes. He treated me to a demonstration of a speech he had made at an Aryan Nations meeting. It was all about how the rich Whites, not the Jews, were the real culprits that caused the mess we are in, and it was a matter of getting the White workers to rebel against them and get rid of them. I couldn't help making the comment "You sound like a communist!" We talked until 11:30, at which time I retired on the cot.

Monday, January 4, 1988. I spent a miserable night on the cot. The blankets were an assortment of knitted wool throws. The room was cold and I had forgotten to bring my pyjamas, so I slept with my underwear and my socks on, plus my red and blue dressing robe. Still I was cold and miserable, and probably didn't get more than an hour of sleep all night.

I understood the kids would be using the same upstairs bathroom and dining table, but would be gone by 8 AM. At about 10 minutes of 8, with nobody around, I went to the bathroom and shaved. When I left about 15 minutes later, I found Tom was waiting in his p.j. bottoms to use the bathroom next. Although he only had the bottoms on, he wore a cap on his head to mask his bald pate.

Anyway, by 8:30 we were both ready to have breakfast. We drove to the Village Shop, then back to his house. I gave him a complete set of my books (except NER, which he had received earlier) and a complete set of my booklets.

We said goodbye and I left at about 9:25 AM, deciding that on the way back to Phoenix I would take a different route, see different scenery. I went south on I-15 to San Diego, then took I-8 east. I was amazed at the miles and miles of interesting rocky terrain that consisted of nothing but huge round boulders, many of them the size of a house. The tremendous cost and effort it must have taken the road builders to put a smooth four lane interstate highway through and over such difficult terrain occurred to me several times as I sped along. Stopping at El Centro to have lunch, I then went on to Gila Bend, north on US 85 to I-10, on into Phoenix. I arrived home at 6:30 PM after driving 404 miles. It was good to be home again and see Henrie. After both of us had a highball, we had a good dinner of porkchops with applesauce, and a dessert of blueberry turnovers with icecream.

Conclusions. Tom M. had a lot of problems of his own. The rental on his meeting place was in jeopardy, and he still had a court case hanging over his head about some old KKK meeting he was at several years ago. The IRS was still on his back (as it was on mine). The street he now lived on had seven Mexican families, all hostile, and his was the only White family. He had a tremendous ego, but his financial resources are small, and I doubt that we will ever get together, or that John will ever endeavor to take over the leadership of the COTC. Although Tom is fervently dedicated to the cause of the White Race, he is no intellectual of any merit. He has written no books, and his creed and program change from day to day. At the time I saw him his pitch was against the "rich Whites," not the Jews who were the problem. His line is nothing more than the old bitch and gripe, deplore and lament variety, one that has been unsuccessfully exhausted over the last 50 years. To his credit, Tom is aggressive, energetic and a fairly good speaker, and above all, he has a penchant for getting publicity and working every TV talk show and/or program he possibly can. We need more people like that, but we also need to get Tom on the right track and have him stick to it.

* * * * *

Back at the apartment, Henrie and I enjoyed visiting as many sights in and around Phoenix for the time we had left. However, we did less running around than we had done on our previous visits. For one thing, we had pretty well completed the furnishing of our apartment, and therefore did not have to pursue that endeavor much further. I had started writing my autobiography about two months earlier, and I now pursued that course with a great deal of vigor, writing it all down on yellow sheets. When we got back to North Carolina, I had reams and reams of material for Bobbi to type on the computer in my study and put the material in good shape. However, that was by no means the end of it, and it took another year and a half to complete it.

On Wednesday, January 13, we cleaned up the apartment, had Allen Tanner pick up the TV cable unit, turned off the electricity and left for Tucson at 12:45 PM. When we got there about two hours later, we had lunch at Denny's, then drove out on St. Mary's Road to the International Wildlife Museum. It was a most interesting display of wildlife from all over the world, beautifully mounted, many set in well-designed dioramas. The building itself is a masterpiece of art. The museum is about five miles west of Tucson.

The museum closed at 5:30 PM and we hardly had time to see all the exhibits. We drove a few more miles west to see the sunset from Gates Pass Road, a beautiful spectacle, and found many other people already there to do the same. After that we called it a day, and checked in at the Executive Inn on the Speedway exit.

Thursday, January 14. After checking out of the motel, we drove on west over Gates Pass to what was once built as a movie set (in 1939) for Arizona and was now called Old Tucson. When it fell into a state of ruin and abandon, it was bought by Robert Shelton, and rebuilt as an all-around setting for movies and TV shows, and soon became a major tourist attraction in itself. We had a big lunch of B-Q spare-ribs at the Red Dog Restaurant, also saw two shoot-outs, a medicine show, and several other exhibits.

We left at 3 PM and drove east on I-10, then south on US 80 to Tombstone, AZ, where we checked in at the Look Out Motel, and had dinner at Nellie Cashman's Restaurant. Nellie was an Irish gal who had a rather interesting history to leave behind.

Next morning, after having breakfast at The Wagon Wheel Restaurant, we took a tour of the old 1880's Birdcage Theater, then another tour of Tucson's famous Boot Hill. While in Tucson I bought a beautiful set of mounted longhorns, 80 inches from tip to tip, ($70) at Linsey's Trading Post. We left Tucson at about 3 PM, drove on to the old mining town of Bisbee, saw the Lavender Pit mine, then drove on to Douglas, AZ, another 23 miles. From there we joined I-10 and drove to Las Cruces, New Mexico, where we checked in at the Mesilla Valley Inn for the night.

We left the next morning and drove west on I-10, pretty much following the routes we had used before. We finally arrived at our home in North Carolina on **Tuesday, January 19**, after being away for 33 days and driving a total of 2106 miles on the trip back, and a total of 4106 miles for the whole trip.

Chapter Thirty-five

Lucinda and Will Williams

Bobbi Johnson left with her car, the U-Haul, and all her kit and kaboodle on April 16, 1988. (I will never forget the day!) As if by coincidence, and perhaps it was, no sooner had she left than one Sunday afternoon a young couple (in their late thirties) showed up at the house and said they had been hearing about our movement and were very much interested in learning more, perhaps joining. Their names were Lucinda Coleman and Will White Williams. They were from Raleigh, North Carolina and Will said he had been active in different White racial movements for several years. In fact, he had been quite active in Glenn Miller's group until that movement was broken up by JOG.

The young man and young woman were not married, but said they had been going together, and living together, for six years, off and on, although the going sometimes had been rather rough. Cindy, as Lucinda was called, had been married before, had an 11 year old daughter named Heather, but had been divorced for some time. Heather at this time was living with her father. Will was a Vietnam veteran and had never been married. He had read only one of my books, *Building a Whiter and Brighter World*, someone had incidentally given to him. However, that was enough, he said, to really get him going and that he had finally found the movement he was looking for. All the other racial movements he knew of either embraced, or tolerated, Jewish Christianity, and he had decided a long time ago that he wanted no part of that Jewish garbage. They said they had stopped by our church a few weeks ago when Bobbi was there but had not gotten much cooperation nor information. Well, I said, they had come to the right place this time.

Evidently, the experiences of the Vietnam War, in which Will had been in Army Intelligence, had left a deep impression on him, such that after all these years he had not recovered from its psychological scars. There were times when he talked about it he would be on the verge of crying, and it had affected his whole outlook on the world, on the U.S. government, and on his moral attitudes in general. I have previously been telling about all the con-men that had come my way, and of which I had been a victim at times. However, there was no ambiguity about this matter with Will. He openly admitted he was a con-man, and in fact bragged that you can't con a con-man. Furthermore, he claimed every man (or woman) had some secret skeletons in their closet, and he openly admitted that he was going to find out what mine were. Will had been in the architectural and building game for a number of years after he got out of the army, but had finally given up the hassle and gone broke. He had also had some bitter encounters with the IRS, and what made him even more bitter, they had sent a dumb nigger to audit his returns. After that he had more or less thrown in the towel and taken up painting (portraits, etc.,) not only as a hobby but as a means of making a living. And so he and Cindy lived a sort of disorderly and troubled life, together some of the time, separately the rest of the time, when they landed at the Church of the Creator in the spring of 1988.

I told him of the experiences I had just gone through with the Johnsons, that we had only put out three issues of *Racial Loyalty* in more than a year, when before we had issued the paper regularly every month. One of the basics that I was looking for was a good typist to typeset the articles. In the past I had written most of the articles and done the paste-up work in putting the paper together myself. From here on out, however, I wanted a competent man to do that job. However, I also needed plenty of help in answering the volumes of mail, mailing out the book orders, and mailing out the stacks of *Racial Loyalty* to our subscribers each month, not to mention mowing the lawns, provide security for our premises, and a thousand other items that needed work and attention. I was looking for a good, dedicated man who could do all these things, and in the past such a man had carried the title of Hasta Primus, which in Latin meant Spearhead. I told him that in the past such Hastas had received a fee of $1000 a month, and we did not make any withholding deductions, nor did we send in any financial reports.

When I showed them the two-bedroom apartment upstairs, they were delighted. It was certainly far superior to the little shack without electricity out in the woods around Raleigh somewhere that they had contemplated moving into. There was one problem — Will was no typist, and typesetting was the most essential skill needed to put out the paper. But no problem. Cindy could type, and he was capable of doing the paste-up and putting the paper together. If they took on the job, I would be getting a bargain, they said — two for the price of one. I then also reminded them of the case of Keith Williams three years ago, who wanted to move in with his girl friend, and I made it clear that the job was available only to a couple who was married. No problem there, they were soon getting married anyway. There was one more stipulation I made clear at the outset — no pets, no dogs or cats on the premises. They would think it over and let me know shortly.

They did let me know shortly and they moved in on May 15, 1988, and we soon got things moving. By the end of May, we had the June edition of *Racial Loyalty* ready to go out. I had already written the key article "I Never Invented the Wheel," but I had it published under Will Williams' byline with the announcement that he was now the new Hasta Primus. From there on out, we regularly published an edition of *Racial Loyalty* every month, for the next 16 editions, even after the Williams left.

Cindy was a rather woe-begone and tearful personality, whereas Will not only was a con-man but he also had a mean and stubborn streak in him. He came from a wealthy family, his father and brothers were in the insurance business and in the millionaire class, but Will was not one of them. He admitted he was the "black sheep" of the family, and because of his stubbornness, because of his racist views, because of his disdain for Christianity, his father disowned him and they hadn't spoken to each other for some years. It wasn't long before I began to notice obvious friction between Will and Cindy, but nevertheless, they were soon going to get married and they set the date. Since Will was a great admirer of Adolf Hitler, to whom many in the movement refer to as "88 for "Heil Hitler," (H is the 8th letter in the alphabet), Will decided the wedding date would be at 8 minutes after 8 o'clock on the 8th day of the 8th month (August 8). He wanted me to perform the ceremony, and I was glad to oblige. It was a quite well attended affair, with many of their friends from Raleigh, as well as many other members of the church being in attendance. Even Will's mother was there. (Unlike his father, she was on good terms with him.) Heather, Cindy's eleven year old daughter was there also. She was a sweet, bright and good looking girl.

The article in the September issue of *Racial Loyalty* about the wedding, written by Will himself, was entitled "The Bride was Lovely in White." Refreshments were served in the Sanctuary, and everyone seemed to have smiles on their faces and having a good time, except I never saw Lucinda smile. I signed their Wedding Certificate and I was going to make a copy of it for our records, as we did with all the other weddings we performed at the church. However, I never did get to make a copy of it, and I never saw it again, although I asked for it several times. Nor was it ever recorded in the Records of Macon County, as Wedding Certificates should be.

Even before the wedding, in fact within a week after they arrived there, I noticed a little white kitten in the basement of the church. Next I noticed four little white kittens in the basement, despite the fact that I had definitely set down the "no pets" ruling. I asked "Where did all these goddamn cats come from?" Oh, Cindy said, they're mine. Aren't they cute?

One day I came into the library, and lying on the counter was a cute photo of Heather holding a little puppy. Knowing how tricky Will could be, I immediately realized that this was his sneaky way of letting me know that they now also had a puppy, and, as we all know, puppies grow into dogs. The puppy did indeed grow into a dog, a huge hound, in fact. All too often he lay across the front door and became a veritable nuisance. Soon there were two dogs, a male and a female. But more about that later. There were other problems of a more serious nature.

Soon after they were married I got a phone call at the house from Cindy. She was sobbing into the telephone and she wanted me to come over right away and protect her from Will. They were apparently having one hell of a fight and Will was beating up on her. Now if there is anything that I dislike more than getting involved in a domestic fight, I don't know what it is, but since she was crying and asking for help I rushed over as quickly as I could.

When I got there, she was still crying, and Will was still in a vicious mood as Cindy recited all the cruelties he had inflicted upon her. He tried to pass it off as just another one of their domestic spats, and resented the fact that I should even appear on the scene and get involved. This got my dander up, and as Cindy showed some of the bruises she had sustained, I laid down the law to both of them. I told Cindy that I never wanted her to call me again to intervene should they have another fight. What did she want me to do about protecting her? Beat up on Will? He was bigger and stronger and thirty years younger than I was, so that was no solution. Next time, if there was a next time, and she was in danger, she should call the police, and leave me out of it. And furthermore, if there ever was another row like this, they were both through, and contract or no contract, I would have them removed from the premises immediately.

Things simmered down after that, at least on the surface. I noticed that Will moved out of the upstairs bedroom and set up a cot in the small southeast corner office on the ground floor, and the situation remained that way for the duration. However, we were making a lot of progress in the movement in 1988. For one thing, starting with Issue No. 40, (June, 1988) we put out an issue and never missed a single month for the next 16 issues. This I consider a major accomplishment, and it extended well beyond Will and Cindy's tenure. Will considered himself an artist and added a few touches here and there to improve interest. But the biggest boon that came to us without any solicitation on our part was the volume of excellent and hard-hitting cartoons drawn and sent to us by an artist and cartoonist named Ron Quinn, from Tucson, Arizona. He sent us hundreds of well-thought out cartoons that would fit in with our articles, or stand by themselves, that always hit the nail on the head. Many thanks, Ron. He was still sending them even long after I resigned.

During this period of continuity, our circulation increased, our donations increased, and we were beginning to get some of our members from Milwaukee, Detroit, Baltimore and even Toronto, Canada, to come visit us for a week or so. We would invariably put them up in the bunk beds in the school. They would, of course, have to supply their own blankets and bedding, but it was a morale uplifting experience to get to visit with and know our racial supporters first hand. Some of these were eager and willing to quit whatever it was they were doing and come work with us at the center at almost any remuneration that would keep them alive.

One of these was a 20 year old fellow by the name of Allen W. Reynolds from the Atlanta area, East Point to be exact. He started helping Will with the correspondence, addressing labels in mailing out the paper, and Will was so impressed with his cooperation and willingness to work that he soon persuaded me to put him on our payroll at a mere $250 a month, starting the last week of April, 1989, then soon raised it to $300 a month. He seemed very much engrossed in our religious mission, and was eager to get the classes going for the School for Gifted Boys. I was also eager to get it going and had been trying to enlist candidates for the last several years, but we could never get enough boys together to make it worth while. A.W., as we called him, said he would make it his special project to get a class together. I said, fine, you take charge. This would entail putting together a teaching curriculum for two weeks, getting groceries and holding classes and keeping the school clean and in good shape. A.W. said he would take care of the whole thing. He himself was living at the school.

Well, he did draw up a fancy and detailed program for every day of the week, but by July 15, 1989, when the classes were to start, we only had three candidates, despite the fact that we had advertised widely in *Racial Loyalty*. None of the three paid for their required fee of $300 for the two week stay. There were, however, other members who did contribute donations to make up for these boys. We decided to go ahead with the program anyway and I went ahead and bought the groceries to get the program started. The three candidates were Mark Wilson, 20; Arno Michaelis, 18; both from Milwaukee, and Matt Hayhow, 22.

With A.W. Reynolds in charge of the teaching and instructing, the first week was a total flop. None of the three boys had the slightest respect for him nor did they care to listen to him, or take orders from him. Will Williams gave no support to the program, since he deemed it was A.W.'s idea and he and A.W. were by now bitter enemies. We should remember that it was initially Will who brought A.W. into the organization in the first place and had the highest of praise for his abilities and dedication. But as Cindy sadly warned me on their wedding day, Will's best friends invariably turn into his worst enemies, and the case of A.W. was no exception. However, with the help of Paul Wheeler, an older member from Andrews, North Carolina, they did have quite a lot of activity and fun going camping, doing some target practice with the guns they had brought along, doing some rappelling with ropes in some cave located in South Carolina, and some other outdoor activities.

However, that was not the kind of activity I had in mind when I planned the school for leadership training, interesting and beneficial as they might be for Forest Rangers or other occupations. They were here to be indoctrinated in Creativity and learn how to lead, teach and recruit other members of the White Race to join with us in spreading the ideology and the zeal of our religious teachings. So the second week I took over and we had regular classes in the main dining room of the school in which we selected certain key chapters in our Basic Books for study and discussion and assigned chapters for reading and preparation for the next day. These classes were well prepared and we covered a lot of ground. Instead of being the instructor to whom nobody paid any attention, Allen Reynolds now became the fourth pupil, and everybody paid strict attention.

Meanwhile, the situation between the two marrieds had not improved any. In fact, it had gotten intolerably worse. Although I never again received a phone call for help from Cindy after the lecture and warning I had given the two of them, and Will still slept on his separate cot downstairs to the very end, which by July of 1989 was drawing near. The fights had been continuing, although they did not drag me into them. In one fight, Will had kicked Cindy around with his hob-nailed army boots, and when she tried to protect her behind with her hand, he kicked her so hard he broke one of the metacarpus bones in her right hand. They had to go to a doctor and have the bone set and the whole hand and arm up to her elbow set in a cast. Since Cindy was our one and only typesetter, this put us in a dilemma as far as getting the paper out. However, with my wife Henrie helping type some of the time, and Will using his hunt-and-peck technique part of the time, and Cindy typing with one hand only the rest of the time, we did manage to get the paper out each month without fail, although her arm was in a cast for six weeks.

By the end of July, 1989, Cindy left, where to I know not. Will stayed on a little longer to get his affairs cleaned up (he still had his old Airstream trailer in the back of the church) and he promised to stay on until we had the present edition of Racial Loyalty put together. But he welshed on that promise and did next to nothing during August 1 and August 19, when he too left. I paid him $400 for that time period, although he contributed very little. I withheld half of that amount until such time as he had removed all his belongings from the premises. This he finally did about six weeks later and I paid him his last $200 and that was the end of both Will and Cindy and all their quasi-marital problems as far as the Church was concerned.

That still left us with Allen Reynolds, but he, too, was no typist.

Chapter Thirty-six

The White American

Rev. Victor Wolf

In October of 1986 we received a letter entitled *A Report from California*, signed "A White American," but no other name or identification attached. Enclosed with it was a nice $200 donation. The letter ended with the emphatic exhortation "White People Awake! Join the Creativity Movement! It is our only Salvation!" It was a phrase we were to hear from him many a time again. I was both pleased and also puzzled by the letter. Why didn't he sign his name if he was so enthused about the movement? We published the "Report" on page 7 of the November, 1986 Issue No. 37.

This was at the time we were having the troubles with Carl Messick's shooting case, and also problems with Bobbi and Don Johnson, and we did not publish Issue No. 38 of *Racial Loyalty* until February of 1987. In the meantime, we received another Report from California from The White American. This time the report took up all of page 5 (Issue No. 38) and it came in four separate envelopes, each containing a money order in the amount of $250, for a total of one thousand dollars. Each of the four copies of the report was identical, and the only reason I can think of why he sent it in four different envelopes was to make sure at least one of them would reach us.

We were still having problems getting our paper out and the next issue, No. 39 was not published until June of 1987. By this time we had received another report from The White American from California, which was duly published in the June issue and took up two pages. Again, it was sent in four separate letters, containing a total of $1000. By this time my curiosity was really aroused as to who this generous benefactor might be who would not reveal his identity. Was he old or was he young? Was he perhaps a multi-millionaire who did not wish to have his name publicized?

For the next year we did not publish a single issue of *Racial Loyalty*, although we did publish short Newsletters keeping our members informed, and we did publish and distribute three new books to add to our collection during this time, namely, *RAHOWA! This Planet is All Ours (1987), The Klassen Letters, Vol. One (1987),* and *Vol. Two (1989)*. The hiatus (during the Johnsons' stay) was very disappointing to The White American (and many others) and although we kept up our correspondence, and The White American did keep sending in donations of from $200 to $1000 from time to time, the situation was not encouraging. It was not until May of 1989, when we enlisted the help of Will Williams and Lucinda that we were again in a position to put out *Racial Loyalty* on a regular basis. It was with the June, 1989 edition (No. 40), that we got the ball rolling again, much to the delight and relief of The White American and a host of other members. By July of 1989, The White American submitted a comprehensive article with a number of solid suggestions of how we could substantially "enhance" our paper and our program to be more dynamic and effective. We considered it so important we devoted most of the August paper (Issue No. 53) to the suggestions he submitted and expanded that issue into 16 pages.

In the next issue, No. 54, he again wrote the key article entitled *The Great Promoter — Leadership and Communion,* which had many excellent suggestions, and occupied 3-1/2 pages of the September issue. Both of these issues, Nos 53 and 54 are well worth re-reading at this time, if you still have these copies. It was also in this issue that he introduced a new feature article the right hand side of the front page in future editions of *Racial Loyalty*, and that is, to give a graphic picture and short account of murders perpetrated by [slur] on members of the White Race, especially on young White women. It was to become an effective and regular feature in our paper.

It was at this time, in early August, 1989, that The White American decided to reveal himself and decided to come visit us here at Headquarters. This he did during the first week of August, 1989. He also sent me a 16 page Resume of his life history, which is very interesting indeed.

He was born in Lithuania in 1955, which made him 34 years old at the time. His Lithuanian name is so complicated that not only can I not spell it, I can't even pronounce it. For the sake of brevity and the convenience of our organization he adopted the pseudonym of **Victor Wolf**, and as you know, we have been hearing a lot from, and about him, ever since. When he was 15 years old, he and his father, having suffered unmercifully at the hands of the tyrannical Communist regime in Lithuania, decided to flee the country, and against tremendous odds, were successful in doing so. After much time and overcoming many obstacles, they finally managed to work their way to California. Victor, being considerably more intelligent than the average, quickly learned the English language, pursued college, and earned a C.P.A. degree in accounting. I dare say that his command of the English language is now better than that of the average American, although he still has a very slight accent.

Furthermore, I learned he is no millionaire, but only a working accountant, and a very capable one at that. After reading the books of Creativity, he has dedicated and devoted his life to that of our own goals, namely the survival, expansion and advancement of the White Race. He stands six foot, two, and is an outstanding and highly intelligent member of our organization, at an age when he is at the prime of life, and still has much more to contribute to our success.

In the next issue he again wrote a very important article for the benefit of our movement, called *The Basis of our Organization*, and shows that through the organization of Primary Groups, Secondary Groups, Units, Sections, and finally, Legions, we can build an organizational structure that the Jews cannot penetrate, nor can they ever stop the victory of our movement. Because of its primary importance we reproduce the article in its totality at the end of this chapter.

Since Will Williams had no typing abilities and had already made arrangements to leave, we were in dire need of a Hasta Primus who could type and put the paper together. When I presented our problem to Victor Wolf, he volunteered he would consider taking on the job, although he was tied into a profitable accounting partnership at present, and he would have to make some difficult decisions and arrangements in order to make the transfer. Besides, he had just recently purchased a $7000 Apple Macintosh computer of his own, which he would need here at headquarters in order to do the typesetting. After further discussion, he volunteered that after he had made arrangements for a leave of absence from his group back in

California, he would work here for one year, for no remuneration, provided we bought and paid him for the computer he had just bought. This sounded like a more than fair proposition to me, and we came to an agreement on that basis. Furthermore, our old compugraphic was by now completely outdated and belonged to the dinosaur age.

As per agreement, I purchased the Apple Macintosh and laser printer for $7000 on September 15, 1989, and Reverend Victor (by now we had ordained him as a Minister of our Church) came back with his car and personal belongings as soon as he had all the details worked out back home. He did the typing for the September and October Issues (Nos. 54 and 55) of 1989, and I put the paper together. The first issue of Racial Loyalty that he put together himself was No. 56, the December, 1989 issue.

After a few months, by February of 1990, Rev. Victor found the changeover from a hectic urban life in the cities of California to the loneliness and isolation of the rural mountains of North Carolina more than he could stand, and he was having problems with the rebelliousness of Allen Reynolds, who was still with us. Painful as it was for all of us, he decided to quit and go back to California. Besides, his interest in the partnership back home was in jeopardy. He needed to have a change, so back he went, much to our loss. Since I had already paid for the Apple Macintosh computer, of course, we kept it, and it stayed with the church. When he got back to California, he bought another Macintosh, practically the same model, new.

After being back in California for about a month, and after much soul searching, he decided that what he had been doing at the church was of much greater importance than making bucks in the accounting business. He decided he would come back, but we would have to buy his new computer in the bargain. He would need the money, if he was to make the return, and even so it would be a considerable sacrifice on his part. We needed him and I agreed. We could use two computers anyway, since we were not only putting out the paper, but Victor had also started typesetting the text of my autobiography *Against the Evil Tide* on the other computer.

By the first of April, 1990, he was back, his new computer with him. We mutually signed a one year contract in which we agreed to pay him a fee of $1000 a month as well as buy his new computer at the full price of $8000. Not only did we do that, but I insisted that he now also carry the title of Editor, which he did, although reluctantly. So we were back in business again. We had missed the March, 1990 issue, but we got the April issue put together and out to our readers before the month was over. We had only missed one month in the hiatus. Starting with the April issue we put out one issue after another every month for the next twelve months.

There were some other notable contributions for which we should give the Rev. Victor credit. He considered that all our issues were of historical importance and none should be lost to posterity. It was his idea that they should be put together and bound in full portfolio size, by groups, starting with Issue No. 1. This was a rather expensive venture, and we considered putting the first twenty issues together in our first Portfolio One. I went to our book printers (Currahee Printing Co. in Toccoa, Ga.) and got a price quotation from them. The cost would be $16,000 for one thousand copies, rather an exorbitant amount. Finally, Rev. Victor was so enthusiastic about his idea that he volunteered to contribute $6000 of his own money to the project. I caved in and we went ahead with it, and the result was we did have it published, and we now had a complete record of the first twenty issues exactly the way they were printed, in one bound volume for all posterity. Most of these have been sold by now and are in the hands of our readers and members. However, since then, I have had the first 79 issues put on microfilm, and a number of copies made. So now we have at least the first 79 copies of *Racial Loyalty* permanently available for posterity, and any of our members can order a copy of the microfilm from Headquarters in Florida.

The other item that Rev. Victor conceived and felt was imperative that we should place in the hands of every one of our members was *The Little White Book.* I put him in charge of the project of putting it together, and although it did not contain much new material as such, (we were in strict agreement that the original creed and program should never be tampered with) he put together in brief and concentrated form the essence of our beliefs and our creed in a concise little booklet that every member could carry with him in his vest or coat pocket at all times and refer to it daily. On the first inside page is a pen and ink drawing of our first martyr killed in the line of duty. His name is **Brian Kozel.** He was only 19, and belonged to the Milwaukee group. He was shot dead by a dirty little greaser of a Mexican while Rev. Kozel was distributing our literature.

He died a hero's death and we have honored him by having a whole chapter dedicated to him later in this book.

Rev. Victor Wolf, Hasta Primus and Editor, did an excellent job of putting the booklet together, and we had thousands of them printed. They too, were an immediate success and are now in the hands of thousands of our White Racial Comrades.

We will now leave the story of The White American at this point (but come back to him at a later date) and give credit to another one of our notable members who has contributed greatly to the movement in a different form, namely, artist Ron Quinn. However, before we leave this chapter, here is the full text of the article in Racial Loyalty No. 55 on organizational procedure we mentioned earlier we would print at the end of the chapter.

* * * * *

The Basis of Organization

First Stage: Ideology

Thanks to the tremendous intellectual efforts of Pontifex Maximus, the first stage in establishing our religious movement has been successfully completed: **the Ideology of our religion has been formulated and recorded in the three basic books, five supplementary books (good news: three more supplementary books by Pontifex Maximus are to be published shortly!) and numerous issues of Racial Loyalty.** In order to fully appreciate the significance and magnitude of this achievement, we must remember that no other religion or ideology during the entire 6000 years of civilization came even close to Creativity as far as the survival, expansion and advancement of the White Race is concerned.

Second Stage: Organization

However, even the best religion or ideology will remain ineffective without proper organization of its supporters and activists. Therefore, now upon completion of our

Religious Creed and Ideology, we must enter the second stage in establishing our religious movement: **we must create an effective Organization to achieve the goals of our Ideology.**

New Type of Leadership

While leadership in the first stage of our development by its very nature belonged to philosophers/ideologues, the **second stage in establishing our religious movement calls for a new type of leadership — Activists/Organizers.** Also, while during the first stage of our development the main burden was carried at the headquarters almost single-handedly by Pontifex Maximus, the second stage shifts the burden and focus of our activities to legions of grassroot activists/organizers not only all over the U.S., but also in every White country of this Planet Earth.

Grassroot Expansion and Self-Renewal

At this point in history, the most important task and challenge facing our movement is the overwhelming need for **rapid, aggressive, massive expansion of our activities and organization at the grassroot level among the frustrated masses of White people.** The time has passed when our subscribers, supporters and members in the field could be passive beneficiaries of activities centered at the headquarters; in fact, the time has come to reverse the trend and make sure that the main activities of our movement are coming from the field to the headquarters, not the other way around. Also, we have to make sure that our movement becomes a **self-sustaining, self-supporting, self-renewing mass movement, able to withstand any and all attacks by our racial enemies**, including the possibility of destruction of our headquarters by the enemy forces.

What is to be Done?

In the following questions and answers we will outline the Organizational Framework for achieving our vital, overwhelming goals of Grassroot Expansion and Self-Renewal.

1. **Where do we start?**

   Each Creator should start by becoming thoroughly familiar with The White Man's Bible, subscribing to the Racial Loyalty newspaper and supporting the COTC Headquarters with regular financial donations.

2. **What is the second step?**

   Each Creator should introduce our ideas, leaflets, newspapers and books to as many of his relatives, friends and acquaintances as possible.

3. **What is the third step?**

   Each Creator should find at least one other sympathetic White person and organize a COTC Primary Group.

4. **What is a COTC Primary Group?**

   COTC Primary Group is the basic organizational cell of the Church of the Creator. It consists of a minimum of two persons, optimum five persons, maximum ten persons.

5. **Why is five the suggested best (optimum) number of people within a COTC Primary Group?**

   The whole purpose of a Primary Group is to be a closely-knit team, based upon familiarity, trust and frequent interaction. Studies show that groups with more than five members tend to have less familiarity, trust and interaction. Also, a smaller group is much harder to penetrate for the enemy agents, which is a circumstance of great importance in case the Jewish Occupational Government tries to suppress our First Amendment rights and forces us to go underground.

6. **Who can organize a COTC PG?**

   Every Creator has a right and a duty to organize a COTC Primary Group (or increase an existing COTC PG) by converting at least one White person to the White Racial Religion — Creativity.

7. **Who selects a COTC PG leader?**

Members of each COTC Primary Group select a leader among themselves.

8. What is the suggested way to resolve conflicts within a Primary Group?

Each member of a PG can leave it and form a new PG. Like all living cells, COTC Primary Groups have to grow, divide and multiply, yet remain within the same body — the Church of the Creator.

9. How do we organize different COTC Primary Groups?

Minimum two, optimum five, maximum ten COTC Primary Groups (PG) form a COTC Secondary Group (SG), which is directed by a Committee of PG leaders.

10. How do we organize different COTC Secondary Groups?

Minimum two, optimum five, maximum ten COTC Secondary Groups (SG) form a COTC Unit, which is directed by a Committee of SG Leaders.

11. How do we organize different COTC Units?

Minimum two, optimum five, maximum ten COTC Units form a COTC Section, which is directed by a Committee of Unit Leaders.

12. How do we organize different COTC Sections?

Minimum two, optimum five, maximum ten COTC Sections form a COTC Legion, which is directed by a Legion Leader, appointed by the Pontifex Maximus and reporting directly to the COTC Headquarters.

Ideology without action is sterile:

Propagandize! Proselytize! Organize!

13. Are we planning to create special purpose Primary Groups?

Yes, we can foresee a need for special defense COTC Primary Groups, whose members could be called White Guard/White Tigers/White Berets.

Seven Operations:
A Program of Action

In summary, I would like to restate the main goals and challenges facing our Movement.

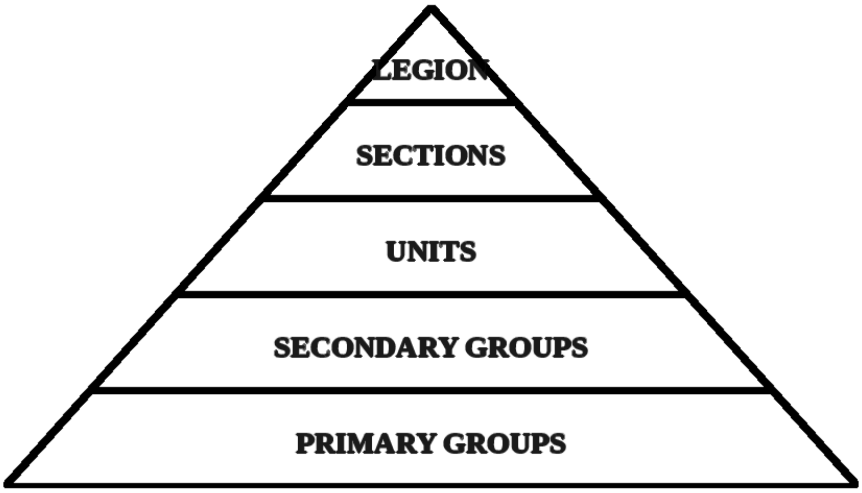
Now that the first (Ideological) stage of our Movement has been successfully completed, our main goal must be rapid, aggressive, massive expansion of the Creativity Movement through the concerted programs of The Seven Operations:

1. **Operation "BiWeekly"** — to increase the frequency (and volume!) of our message by turning *Racial Loyalty* into a biweekly publication. This I consider to be the matter of Top Priority No. 1: its success is a prerequisite for our success in all the other projects, we might even say that our expansion and our press will rise or fall together. To achieve this very important goal, we need more generous financial support from the activists in the field, because our present financial resources at the Headquarters do not permit us to increase our staff. Each Creator must feel a sacred duty to support the Headquarters of the Church of the Creator with regular and generous contributions.

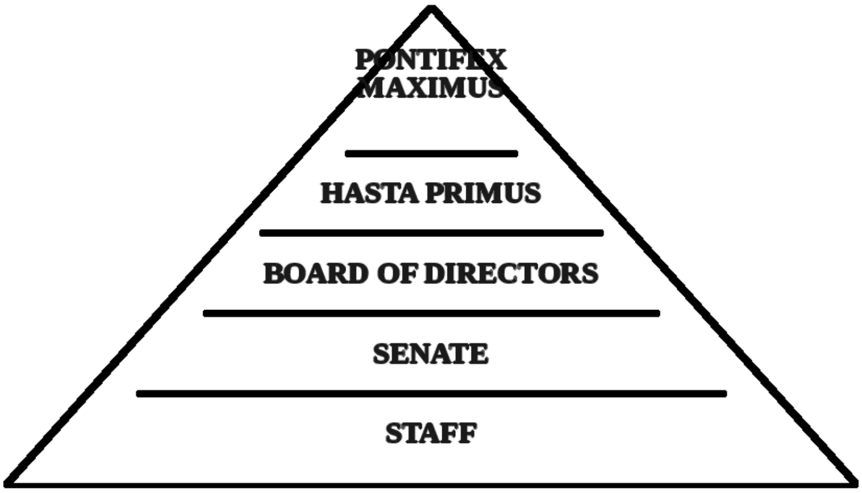
2. **Operation "Primary Group"** — During this new (Organizational) stage of our development, all Creators must become self-starting Activists/Organizers of COTC Primary Groups at the grassroot level all over the U.S. and in all White countries on this Planet Earth. Each Creator must feel a duty to organize/expand a COTC Primary Group which then will be organized in accordance with the Five Step Pyramid Principle into a COTC Secondary Group, then into a COTC Unit, then into a COTC Legion.

3. **Operation "Strong Center"** — to assure organizational continuity of a strong central leadership of the Church of the Creator by organizing the Church Headquarters in accordance with the Five-Step Pyramid Principle as follows: Pontifex Maximus, Hasta Primus, Board of Directors, Senate, Staff. Also, we should institute annual Membership Congresses and Activist Leadership Conferences, as well as expand our Youth Camp and School for Gifted Boys programs at the World Center.

COTC Legion:
The Five-Level Pyramid Organization


LEGION
SECTIONS
UNITS
SECONDARY GROUPS
PRIMARY GROUPS

COTC Headquarters:
The Five-Level Pyramid Organization


PONTIFEX
MAXIMUS
HASTA PRIMUS
BOARD OF DIRECTORS
SENATE
STAFF

4. Operation "Street Action" — organized into the Primary Groups or individually, we must start our Street Action — to frequently and systematically confront the broad masses of White people with our Presence and our Message through various Street Action methods and techniques, such as: leaflets, posters, banners, signs, bumper stickers, T-shirts, business cards, templates for spray-paint jobs on walls and sidewalks, displays on freeway overpasses, as well as marching, demonstrating and, let's not forget, driving around with displays on rented U-haul trucks. Of course, paid ads in various publications, such as Spotlight, should also be an integral part of our intensive expansion campaign. All of these expansion methods and techniques should consistently expound our Central Message:

White People Awake!
Save the White Race!

Subscribe to
the pro-White newspaper:

Racial Loyalty
P.O. Box 400
Otto, NC 28763

In preparation for the Operation **"Street Action"** we must: (a) arm our Logo, Flag and Masthead with our rallying Sound Bite: **White People Awake! Save the White Race!;** (b) adopt the **"White Hat"/"White Cap"/"White Beret"** uniform; and (c) present the concentrated essence of our ideas in an easy-to-carry, pocket-size eclectic compendium — *The Fundamentals of the Creativity Movement.*

5. Operation "Skinhead" — to contact, attract and organize under the victorious flag of the one and only White Racial Religion — Creativity all White youth, especially Skinheads.

Above all we must appeal to the mighty army of our youth! — This advice of Adolf Hitler is still valid today. In order to appeal to our youth, we must take at least the following steps:

(a) create Racial Loyalty's youth section which could be entitled Skinhead — Young White Warrior;

(b) put all known Skinhead and White youth organizations and individuals on our mailing list;

(c) organize youth leadership seminars and youth camps;

(d) organize frequent and systematic Street Actions (leafletting, postering, wall and sidewalk slogan painting, etc.,) on college and high school campuses;

(e) provide moral and material help to jailed Skinheads and other young White activists.

6. Operation "White Ethnic" — to contact and attract into our ranks large numbers of White Ethnics, various culturally distinct European-Americans, by issuing direct appeals to them and organizing White Ethnic Sections of the Creativity Movement.

White Ethnic Sections could concentrate on: (a) spreading our word in their communities, (b) translating our works into their own languages, and (c) helping to spread our ideas in their "old countries" in Europe.

7. Operation "Global" — to organize active branches of the Creativity Movement in ALL White countries, especially in major European countries, South Africa, Canada and Australia.

Obviously, the success of our Operation "White Ethnic" could greatly facilitate (through translations and pre-established contacts) the spread of our ideas across the world and thereby help our Operation "Global."

Our Operation "Global" must devote particular attention to **South Africa**, because in the worldwide **WHITE RACIAL HOLY WAR (RAHOWA)** South Africa is one of the most crucial battlefields. The South African branch of the COTC must immediately adopt our Street Action program and start the rapid, aggressive, massive expansion in South Africa, where our rallying cry — **White People Awake! Save the White Race!** — is more urgent than anywhere else in the world.

Daily Affirmation of Our Principles

Each Creator must realize that his personal dedication and commitment to the Sacred Cause of the One and Only White Racial Religion is the key factor in winning the worldwide Racial Holy War and assuring the survival, expansion and advancement of our precious White Race. For increased dedication and commitment, let's read the sacred books of Creativity on a daily basis: they are the best books ever written in the 6000 years of White civilization.

Chapter Thirty-seven

Rev. Ron Quinn

Cartoonist Par Excellence

Some unexpected and unsolicited help came to us from a gentleman and artist residing in Tucson, Arizona. The number of cartoons he has contributed to us that we have used in *Racial Loyalty* and many of our books is enormous. Not only is the volume of the cartoons he has sent us astounding, but how this man has captured and skillfully portrayed the very heart of our ideas with a great deal of wit, wisdom and power is amazing.

Searching through the back issues of *Racial Loyalty*, the first cartoons we utilized from Rev. Ron Quinn is Issue No. 43, October 1988, while Will Williams was Hasta Primus. In it appeared not only three of Rev. Quinn's cartoons that were in support of specific articles, but we went all out and filled most of the back page with five more of his witty and hardhitting cartoons. We have been doing such ever since. It is amazing how quickly and accurately Rev. Ron captures any idea that is presented to him. If I had a specific idea in mind for an article, all I had to do was call him on the telephone and let him know what I wanted. He would have a clear grasp of it in a matter of minutes, and in a matter of a few days the right cartoons would be arriving in the mail, along with a few dozen other cartoons of his own invention. Really amazing!

Back in May of 1985, more than three years before he had heard of us, or we of him, I started to write a series of twelve articles in *Racial Loyalty* about **Comparative Religions**, followed by twenty-four articles on **The Wildest Stories Ever Told**. The last of this series ended in the July, 1990 issue. All of these stories would have been enhanced considerably if they had been accompanied by one or more cartoons. Unfortunately, it was only during the latter part of the series that we met up with Rev. Ron. However, later I put all thirty-six of these articles together in a book we later published. We called it *A Revolution of Values Through Religion*. Before doing so, I sent Rev. Ron all the back copies of *Racial Loyalty* and asked him to draw up specific cartoons for each article, which we would then use in the book to be published. This he accomplished in short order, and the book was published in 1991, and anyone having obtained a copy can appreciate the much added impact of the hard-hitting cartoons.

In January of 1989 Henrie and I took our annual winter trip to our apartment in Phoenix, Arizona, and during that trip I had the pleasure of meeting with Rev. Ron personally. I had calls from two different radio talk show hosts to appear on their programs. One was from Radio Station KNST in Tucson, and I thought I would take advantage of the drive to Tucson and meet with Ron Quinn. We made arrangements ahead of time and I asked him if he would care to accompany me to the studio of the radio talk show, sort of as my bodyguard. He said he would be delighted.

The show was called the Teresa Blythe talk show, and I was scheduled for 4 PM, Friday, January 27, 1989. I had been on another talk show in Phoenix the day before, which went very well, but evidently now that the Tucson station knew that I was highly controversial and against niggers and Jews, they switched hosts in order to really give me a bad time. So instead of the regular Teresa Blythe, I was to be confronted by a hostile hatchet man by the name of Harry Alexander. But more about that later.

Ron and I had made arrangements to have lunch together at Coco's Restaurant at 1 PM, and he gave me directions as to how to get there. I left the apartment in Phoenix at 11 AM, allowing myself two hours to get to Tucson, 117 miles south. When I got to Tucson I got my instructions hopelessly scrambled and spent the next hour or so running around trying to find Coco's Restaurant. After making another call to Ron's office for more instructions, we finally got together at the restaurant at 2 PM and had lunch. I had seen a picture of Ron before (on his membership application) in which he had a large white goatee, but apparently he now had it shaved off. I found him affable, that he was 55, single, and had a girl friend. He was quite interested in Arizona archaeology and mineralogy and made a number of field trips when the weather was amicable.

After a small lunch and a big desert we left for the KNST studio at about 3:40 PM, somewhat later than we should have. I followed his car and we arrived at the studio at exactly 4 PM, where I met Sandi Gregory, the producer, first of all. She was pleasant and accommodating and introduced me to Harry Alexander, who was to be the substitute host for Teresa Blythe.

My first impression of Harry Alexander was that he was snobbish, hostile, a liberal, and probably a Jew, although of light complexion. When I asked him what his ethnic background was he curtly informed me that it was not pertinent to the issue at hand. It took me no time at all to realize that he had been subbed for Teresa Blythe to undo the good promotion I had done in Phoenix the day before and to attack me, to disparage, malign and vilify me and in every way he could, to cut me down as much as possible. He had a whole gang of stooges lined up in his listening audience to help him do his smear job. Knowing all this, I was going to do as much for him and we went to it. One listener even called in with the thinly veiled threat that he would hate to be in my shoes when I walked out of that studio to the parking lot. So we went at it for an hour, with commercials thrown in every now and then. We had it going hot and heavy, and he asked me to stay a second hour. I said, no thanks, I didn't come here to be insulted by a hostile host, and Ron and I left.

As we walked to the parking lot next to the studio, the management assigned three armed guards with guns and walkie-talkies to escort us back to our cars, and we drove off.

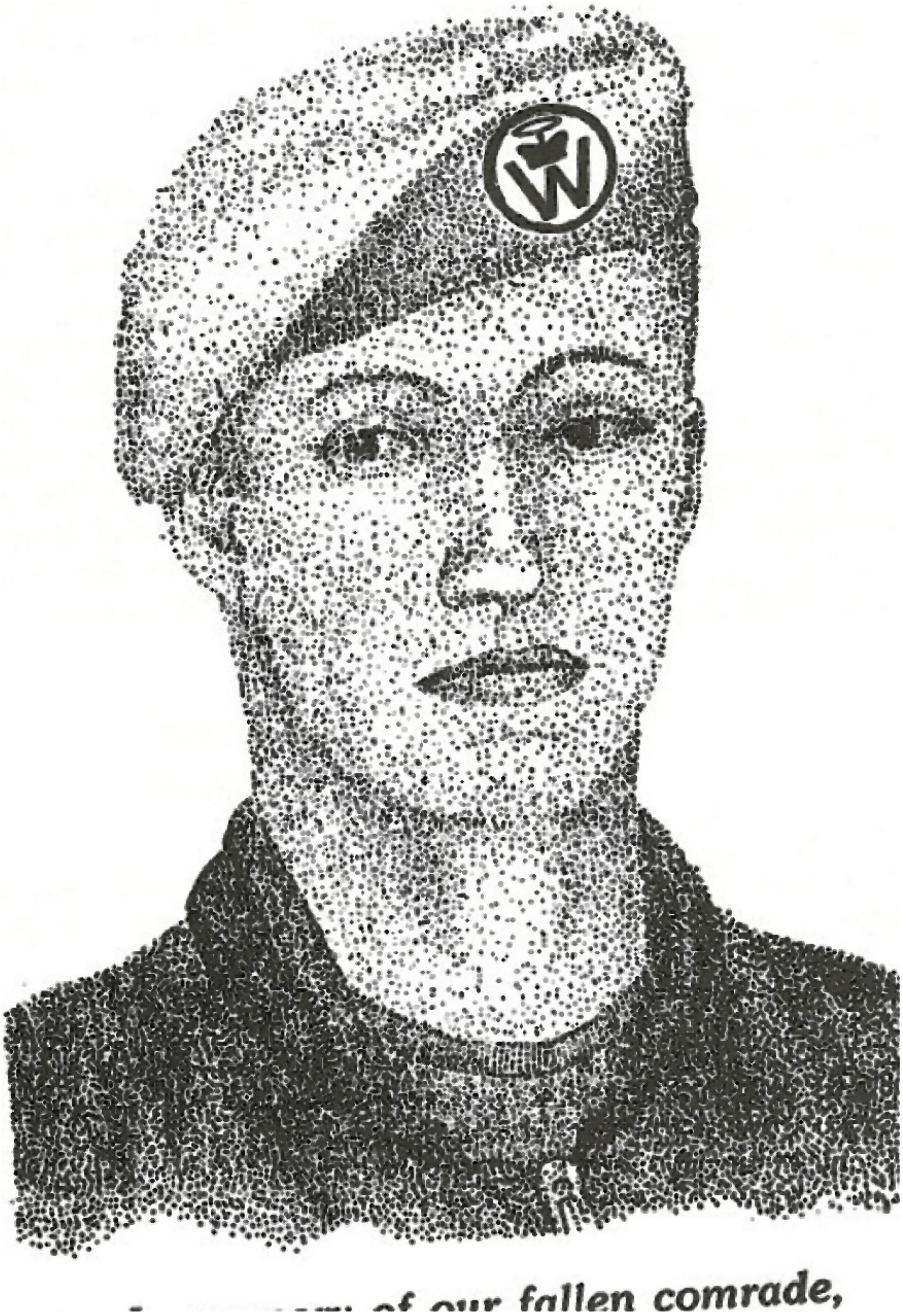
Since I didn't know my way around Tucson, I followed Ron's car until we got to I-10, and we waved good-by to each other, and I was back on my way to Phoenix. It had been an interesting afternoon.

Since that time we have received hundreds of cartoons from Rev. Ron, and his contribution to our propaganda war has been prodigious. Many thanks, Ron. I hope the new management in Florida will make as valuable use of your talents as we have found them to be to us.

Chapter Thirty-eight

Brian Kozel

Our Martyred Hero


of our fallen comrade,

In memory of our fallen comrade,
Brian Kozel (1971-1990)

Brian Kozel, 18, a White Racial Loyalist — Creator — White Beret was killed by a group of Mexican muds on September 15, 1990, in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

According to the newspaper reports and letters from the COTC activists in Milwaukee, Brian and several other White Berets were walking to a friend's house in Milwaukee when a carload of spics drove up to them shouting anti-White obscenities. The spics exited their car and started a fight. Brian and his friends bravely fought them off until the Mexican cowards ran back to their car. Thinking the fight was over, Brian and other White Berets turned and continued walking down the street with the pride of victory. However, the muds, having no honor to accept the obvious defeat, perfidiously pulled their guns and started shooting at the backs of the victorious Whites. Brian was shot in the back, through the heart, and died almost instantly.

The murder of the young pro-White activist was a tremendous loss and a painful tragedy which naturally calls for vengeance. However, the best way to avenge Brian Kozel's death is to make sure that the entire anti-White JOG System, which allows spics to come into this country and terrorize Whites, is totally, completely and irrevocably destroyed through a Racial Holy War under the victorious flag of the one and only, true and revolutionary White Racial Religion — Creativity.

White People Awake!
Save the White Race!

Join the Creativity Movement and hasten the day when all enemies of the White Race — niggers, muds and Jews — will be shipped out of this country.

Chapter Thirty-nine

Trip West, Jan. 4 to Feb. 5, 1989

New Orleans, The Alamo, San Jacinto, Phoenix, Talk Shows and Cousins

On this far-ranging trip that Henrie and I took we covered a lot of territory, more than I care to recapitulate in this chapter. I will therefore try to stick to some of the more important events and people we met with and leave out the rest of the detail.

Henrie and I left the house at 11 AM on Wednesday, January 4, 1989, with our Pontiac station wagon loaded to the gills, including a new Radio Shack computer, a Tandy DWP230 printer, a heavy computer table (the kind you have to assemble yourself) and a special chair (from Sears) to go with it, all of which I had just bought to take along on this trip to our apartment in Arizona. I stopped briefly at the church to pick up four Phoenix addresses from Will.

We headed for Atlanta and stopped off at our favorite Red Lobster Restaurant for lunch. Then taking the Beltway we exited on I-20 and headed west.

New Orleans, Jan. 5 and 6. Ever since I had started the Church of the Creator in 1973, I had been searching not only for the Great Promoter, but also for a multi-millionaire angel who would have the dedication and the guts to finance our movement. I thought, surely, there must be thousands of such people in the land who would be more concerned about saving the White Race and civilization than about hoarding their Jewish Federal Reserve Notes. If I, who was no millionaire, was willing to spend the major portion of my assets for such a great and noble cause, then there surely must be tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands, who had more money than I, who would be willing to do the same. One such prospective angel I had in mind was a 50 year old bachelor in New Orleans by the prestigious name of Prescott Rathborne, a good old Southern name.

I had never met Prescott, but evidently he was intensely interested in our movement, since he had driven up several months ago and visited our church and stayed with Will Williams for a period of four days, discussing plans for our movement. He came from an old Southern family, and was heir to a large fortune that had been accumulated by his grandfather. It was held in trust for the heirs, of which he had an eighth share. Unfortunately, I was away on some trip at the time of his visit, but I would make sure I would get together with him as soon as possible. Surely, he was one of those White Angels I had been looking for.

Before we took this trip, I had contacted Prescott in advance and told him we were coming, and he invited us to stay at his layout, which was in the middle of the city. Driving west on I-10, we arrived in New Orleans at 4 PM, and decided we should stay at a motel instead, where Henrie could get more rest. Looking for a motel on I-10, the territory looked pretty black, bleak and desolate, but finally we saw a Holiday Inn, and, we thought, that such a motel would be well run by White people and relatively safe. So we pulled in, and checked into Room 617 on the sixth floor. I immediately called Prescott at his office and told him of our move, nevertheless thanking him for his offer. Prescott was highly alarmed. He said we were in the middle of a nigger district and if we stayed there we would surely be robbed and mugged before morning.

He was coming over immediately to get us the hell out of there. By this time we, too, were alarmed and since I had my computer and other valuables in the wagon, I went down to the lobby and kept my eye on our car. Sure enough, there already were three or four niggers congregated and loitering next to our car, eyeing its contents. In about 20 minutes Prescott arrived in the lobby, and although we had never met before, we immediately recognized each other and wasted no time in introductions. Somehow he had obtained a deputy police badge, which he carried with him at all times. He walked up to the darkie female clerk at the counter and flashed his badge and said we were moving out immediately, and to rescind and return the Visa slip I had signed. She did so without protest, and we hauled all our baggage back from the sixth floor into our station wagon. Away we went, following Prescott in his black Lincoln Continental to his abode.

The whole town looked like a slum to me, including the area where Prescott lived. His domicile was a helter-skelter place spread over two lots, but to get into the place at all you had to pass through one of two overhead garage doors, both of which faced and were next to the sidewalk and were electrically operated. They were part of a continuous high wall that extended all along the street, and actually the rambling house, which was very old, was built in such a way that the wall was part of it. The house had evidently been built and rebuilt and added on to from time to time, depending on whoever owned it over the last two centuries. There was a small courtyard and a swimming pool in the middle of the buildings. He even cultivated a small garden, and was very much into fruit juices and Salubrious Living. Our car and belongings safely behind the high wall, he showed us to our quarters, which was actually his own bedroom. He offered us some beet juice, which I (alone) took with a shot of bourbon. He then showed us around the house.

While Henrie rested, Prescott and I sat down by his pool in the inner court, he with some fruit juice in his hand and I with a glass of Jack Daniels he had poured. We discussed our various positions. After an hour and a half we decided to go out to dinner. Henrie decided to stay in the room and eat an orange or two. We got into his black Lincoln and as he backed out onto Barracks Street, the bottom of the Lincoln scraped the pavement (deep gutter).

We went downtown to where all the tall skyscrapers were located and had a sumptuous dinner at the Intercontinental Restaurant in the hotel of the same name. Despite my avowed determination not to get into a discussion of our creed and program, he persistently kept drifting towards that subject, and wanted to inject his differences, whatever they were. However, I assiduously avoided any confrontation. I should add that Prescott was a very spoiled, opinionated and stubborn man, who never had to work for a living, and as such assumed that his opinions were unassailable.

He paid the bill and paid the mulatto parking attendant a $10 tip. He said this was to make sure that his car wasn't broken into and the attendant himself didn't steal anything.

When we got back to his house, he again showed us around, and especially pointed out all the important books he had, which included most of mine. The books focused on race, religion, philosophy, history, and a variety of other subjects, including many on healthful living. Finally, at 12 midnight, Henrie and I got into our king sized bed, very tired.

Friday, Jan. 6. Without any breakfast, at about 9 AM Prescott and I got into his black Continental and drove to his downtown office. His office was on the 25th floor of the second tallest building in New Orleans. He turned his car over to a mulatto attendant to have it washed, which he said would take about an hour and a half. Prescott showed me through his offices, which consisted of several interconnecting rooms, as rambling as was his house. They were full of piles of paper, maps on the walls, maps of Louisiana, of New Orleans, of his estates' properties and a massive collection of other information. He also had a whole room devoted to his library, a large collection of books (including mine) bearing on Jews, niggers, race and religion, and all kinds of tracts and booklets. One strange thing about his office was that with all those rooms and all that space, there were no secretaries or other employees around. I wondered why he needed all that expensive office space in the most expensive area in the city.

He explained to me all the properties the Rathborne Estate owned, all of which was built and acquired by his grandfather. He also told me what a bunch of bastards his present family was, especially his brother. Prescott said that he had been left one-eighth of the estate, but he had no control over how it was managed. He was at present litigating to have his eighth separated from the estate, since so far at the age of 50, he had no control over the workings of the business, and he said he was being robbed blind.

However, despite the fact that I assiduously wanted to avoid arguing with him about our creed, he kept pushing me about the issue that we should use the word species instead of race, and we should change our books and literature accordingly. At first I thought it was a silly and insignificant issue, but he kept pushing and pushing, and finally I had enough. We were sitting across the table from each other in one of his offices, and I leaned over and in effect, I said to him, listen, Prescott, the Church of the Creator is not for sale. I don't care how much money you have, or don't have. The creed and program as laid down in our books is inviolable at any price. Whether you offered me ten million dollars, or one hundred million dollars, I wouldn't change one word of it. I don't need your money. The creed and program remains fixed as if it were carved in granite. If you want to help promote it, I welcome your help. If you want to tamper with it, adulterate it, and control it, you are wasting your time. I repeat, the Church creed is not for sale at any price. There was considerable further argument, but not to the point of nastiness. Finally he said “you win,” and that was the end of it.

At 12 noon Prescott's house boy said the car was washed, and Prescott told him to take me back to his house in it, to help us pack, and to show us back to the ramp in order to get back on I-10. Henrie and I were relieved to get going again.

However, that was not the end of our relationship. He has made some donations since, and even been back to visit me at the church.

San Jacinto, Sunday, January 8. From New Orleans we drove west on I-10 to Beaumont, Texas and checked in at the Best Western Beaumont Inn. The next morning (Sunday) we drove west to Battleground Road (Texas 134) trying to get to the San Jacinto Monument. Due to road construction, we found that the ferry needed to cross the canal was out of commission, and we had to backtrack, go west to the East Belt Road and come in from the south.

I took several pictures of the monument (which is 15 feet higher than the George Washington Monument), then Henrie and I went inside the museum and also the novelty store. I bought a large poster picture of Sam Houston ($30) and Henrie bought a Texas Cook Book. I especially wanted the Sam Houston poster so that Ron McVan could reproduce an oil painting of him to hang in our sanctuary at the church. This, in fact, he did do later. We toured the Battlefield grounds where Houston defeated the Mexican army and captured Santa Anna in 1836, and thereby won Texas independence from the Mexicans.

From San Jacinto we headed for the Alamo.

The Alamo and Bracketville. The whole family, including Kim and our dog Tammy had visited the Alamo in the summer of 1965. If you have read my autobiography *Against the Evil Tide*, you will perhaps remember me telling about it, and how hot it was and how Tammy tip-toed as she walked on the hot pavement. Well, now it was 1989, 24 years later, and Kim and Tammy were not with us, but Henrie and I wanted to revisit the Alamo again. Poor Tammy had died 17 years ago, and Kim was now a married woman and raising a family. This time it was not in the heat of July, but on a cold day in January. A lot had happened in the meantime.

We arrived in San Antonio at 4:30 PM, January 7, and checked in at the Comfort Inn, just west of town. Next morning we had breakfast at Hailey's Pig Stand Restaurant, then checked out of the motel at 10 AM and drove to the center of San Antonio to visit the Alamo. Somehow, it did look a lot different than it did 24 years ago, but why I do not know. I had also wanted Ron McVan to paint a picture of William B. Travis, the hero of the Alamo, for our collection at the church, so I bought a postcard picture of him and also a book on Travis that contained his picture. We wanted to go to the I-Max Theatre and also the Tower Restaurant nearby. However, the I-Max didn't open until 12 noon, and the weather was real stormy and beastly cold, so we decided to drive on.

One of the other historic sites I had wanted to visit for some time was **John Wayne's Alamo Village**, the set where the movie was filmed. It is located seven miles out of Bracketville, a little place in the wilds of the southwestern Texas desert, and considerably out of our way. But we headed for it anyway, just to see how the set compared with the original. When we got there we found a fellow dressed as a frontiersman, cooking some coffee over an open fire, his dog beside him. Also the gift store was open, and an Indian holding down an Indian store (what else?) Otherwise, the place was abandoned, no customers, and this was on a Sunday. We saw about everything there was to see, took a few pictures and drove on west on I-10 to Ozona, Texas, and checked in at the Circle Bar Motel at about 7:30 PM. We had a steak dinner at their steak house next to the motel, and called it a day.

Arrival at the Maryland Lakes Apartment

January 10, 1989. After leaving the American Motel at Lordsburg, New Mexico at 9 AM, we headed west on I-10 and stopped at Denny's Restaurant in Tucson for lunch. Then, heading north, we arrived at our Phoenix apartment at 2:30 PM, Tuesday. After checking out the apartment and finding everything in good order, we started unloading a wagon load of goods, except for the computer, and all the pieces that went with it. We then drove to Fry's supermarket and loaded up with $101.70 worth of groceries.

While at the market, I made three phone calls from the pay phone. One was to the telephone company to have a phone installed in our apartment. They promised us they would have it in by the 17th. The second call was to Allen Tanner of Republic Cable Co. to have our TV set connected to their cable system. Allen, with whom I had dealt before, was not there, but his wife took the message. Much to my surprise, Allen was over at 7:30 that very night and in no time at all had us hooked up to their cable system. The third call was to the Arizona Republic newspaper to start delivery of their paper. They promised delivery by Thursday morning, and deliver they did.

After fixing myself a good breakfast (Henrie was sleeping in) I started unloading all the computer equipment. Since the computer table (disassembled and in a carton) was too heavy for me to carry up the stairs, I opened the carton and carried it up piecemeal. I spent all of the forenoon assembling the table and the Sears swivel chair. In the afternoon I unpacked the three units of the computer assemblage. Then I drove over to Radio Shack on Glendale Blvd. to get information and instructions as to how to connect it all. A fellow by the name of Mitch spent some time with me demonstrating on similar equipment. I bought a nine foot extension cord with three outlets and some ground wire. When I got back, I somehow got it all together and working.

By the 19th, we finally got our telephone hooked up. I called Will Williams at Headquarters to check out how everything was going back home. We had a letter from Radio Station KFYI inviting me to appear on the Barry Young talk show. Also, I got the telephone numbers of Larry Pierce, Ken Schwarz and Myron K. Harshman, all of whom live in the Phoenix area. I called each of these, our members, and arranged to have a meeting at my apartment on Sunday, Jan. 29.

Thursday, January 26. The Barry Young Show. I had called back and made arrangements to appear on his radio talk show on KFYI. I got up real early, 4:30 AM, shaved and showered, had breakfast, and left for the studio at 631 No. 1st Ave. After having some problems finding the place, I arrived there at 6:30, half an hour early.

The show started at 7 AM, and went fairly well, and Barry Young proved to be a congenial and cooperative but very sharp host. All of the first hour was spent in conversation between Barry and myself. He probed into just who and what was the "White Race," about our belief or disbelief in God, focused in on a chapter in the White Man's Bible (of which he had a copy in his hands) on Who Needs Niggers?, but he was not particularly hostile. In fact, he seemed delighted that here in Creativity he had a completely different ball game from the regular Klan and other White racist interviews he had been through previously. I injected our Otto, North Carolina address twice during the show.

During the second hour he opened up the telephone lines for listeners to call in. The majority of the calls were hostile, but some were not, and some were outright comical. One young man called in and said that some city in which he and his family had previously domiciled, they had lived in a real nice clean White neighborhood. Then the NAHA's had moved in and today it was a crime ridden slum. What is a NAHA, Barry asked. The caller said, I don't think you really would want to know. Barry said, yes I do. What is a NAHA? Well, the young man replied, that was our term for North American Hairless Apes. Another man called in and said he was a Christian minister and headed a certain denomination with a considerable membership. He berated Barry for even letting such a man as me on his show and called me a white nigger. This really got Barry's dander up. Barry lowered the boom on him and called him the worst of bigots and hypocrites. He said, look, here we are having an intelligent intellectual discussion on a unique new philosophy, and you butt in and tell me whom I can or cannot have on my show. Talk about bigotry! Now that we know who and what you are, get the hell off the line!

I thought the show went very well, and I got most of my points across in the face of a hostile audience and twice mentioned our address where they could reach us in Otto. I received a taped copy of the show, which I don't have anymore, but I believe copies can still be obtained from the Florida Headquarters. When I was ready to leave, Barry said he would like to have me on again any time I was in town. I left him with copies of four of my books. I asked him if there might be any hostile niggers out there waiting for me on the parking lot. We went into the next room where we could view both the front door on the street and also the parking lot on a screen. The coast seemed clear and I walked to my car and left.

Friday, January 27, Tucson. This is the day I had my first meeting with Rev. Ron Quinn and was on the

Teresa Blythe talk show in Tucson. Since I have already described these events in a previous chapter, there is no need to repeat.

Cousins. In the morning, when I came back from the post office, my niece Ruby was on the phone, talking to Henrie. She and her husband Bill (Sawatsky) were in town, on their way back to Saskatchewan. They had just been to Mexico, and had visited, among other sites, the little whistle stop of Rosario, where my family and I lived for a year and a half when I was six and seven years old. (1924-25) Two of my cousins, she said, were also in town, namely Edith Klassen and her husband Lorne Klassen (no blood relationship), and Jack Klassen, also my cousin, and his wife Ann. I got on the phone and we arranged to have all of us get together the coming Monday. By this time it was urgent for me to start leaving for Tucson.

Sunday, January 29, 1989. Meeting with my Phoenix members. Larry Pierce came early at 2:30. He drove a taxi and had a live-in girl friend. Ken Schwarz came next and immediately asked for a glass of water. I wondered if he was on drugs. Myron K. Harshman came last. He was eighty years old and had been with me for at least 15 years. He brought me two books (a) The Arizona Project, about the criminal element in Arizona during 1976, when a reporter was murdered for knowing and telling too much, and (b) The Hitler Century by Leon Degrelle. He said he had a 1973 Kennedy issue of a $5 bill he would bring me. In the meeting with the above three I tried to impress upon them that (a) they should recruit and organize and hold regular meetings, and (b) they should contact the skinheads and get our literature to them. The meeting lasted until 5:30, but nothing much was accomplished.

Monday, January 30. First thing, at 9 AM, Myron Harshman did indeed bring me a Kennedy $5 bill. Then, at 11:15 the relatives arrived at our apartment, all six of them in one car. Ruby, my niece, was my brother Henry's oldest daughter, now 55, and married to Bill Sawatsky, also a Mennonite. He farmed 1500 acres near Herschel. Jack Klassen was my Uncle Abe's oldest son. He was about two years younger than I, and was suffering from heart ailments. His wife Ann was with him. Edith Klassen, Jack's sister, was married to Lorne Klassen, no blood relationship. He farmed 1800 acres. Edith had had a serious operation on her mouth and cheek because of cancer that left her face slightly disfigured. Much had happened since I had last seen them. In fact, I hadn't seen Jack for 40 years, and I had never before met Lorne nor Ann. During that time many of our large and scattered family had died, but Uncle Abe, Jack and Edith's dad, was still going strong at the age of 93.

At 1 PM we all drove over to Denny's Restaurant at 43rd Ave. and Glendale Blvd., and had lunch. We visited at the apartment for another two hours, took several pictures of our group on the deck of our apartment, then said our goodbyes and disbanded.

Leaving. Wednesday, February 1. Disconnected the cable unit and took it back to Republic Cable. Disconnected all appliances and the main switch. With our station wagon loaded, we left the apartment at 12:40 PM. We stopped for lunch at Denny's in Tucson at 2:45 and drove west on I-10, headed for home.

When we reached Abilene, Texas, we stayed at the Colonial Inn. The weather was becoming miserably cold. A sleet and ice storm was underway and growing in intensity, blanketing the roads and the countryside with a layer of ice overnight. When we left at 8:10 on Friday morning, Feb. 3, on I-20, it became increasingly worse, and traffic was reduced to a slow crawl of between 15 and 20 miles an hour. Numerous wrecked trucks littered the roadside, as well as a number of cars. As slowly and carefully as I tried to drive, we ourselves skidded off the road at one point into a grassy ditch and narrowly missed a road sign. We drove gingerly through Ft. Worth and at 12:30 PM we pulled into Denny's Restaurant just inside the borders of Grand Prairie. After a good lunch, we decided we had had it, that it was too dangerous to be on the road and we checked into the La Quinta Motel next to Denny's and called it a day. We had driven 171 miles.

After checking the weather reports, it seemed to be clearing and at 10 AM we tried our luck again, with Henrie being extremely apprehensive. As we carefully drove along, both the road and the weather improved and at Longview, Texas, we stopped at the Red Lobster and had a good lunch.

From there on out we had no more problems and we continued all the way home, arriving at Clayton, Georgia at 5:45 PM on Sunday, February 5. We loaded up with groceries and in another 20 minutes we were back at our home sweet home. We drove 506 miles for the day, and 5079 for the entire trip.

Chapter Forty

DeWest Hooker, Washington, D.C.

As everyone who has read my books knows, that from the very beginning I realized that there were two special individuals that our movement needed and were of monumental importance in its future success. One was the **Great Promoter**, and the second was a dedicated **Financial Angel**, with unlimited financial resources that could bankroll the movement for whatever our needs were. An example of the first would be a personality in the caliber of an Adolf Hitler; and an example of the second could be someone like Henry Ford, or Sam Walton, or Ross Perot, or any one of a dozen other White millionaires or billionaires. With our comprehensive, dynamic and hard-hitting religion now in place and exposing both the sinister Jewish conspiracy and the Jew-spawned Christian fraud, victory for the survival, expansion and advancement of the White Race would be assured for all time. I am certain that hundreds of such White people exist, even today, and it is our duty to find them and enlist them into our cause. I have spent the last twenty years looking for one, or both, so far without success.

Anyway, back in 1988, Will Williams, who was then Hasta Primus at our church headquarters, pointed out to me that George Lincoln Rockwell in the introduction to his book, *This Time the World*, made a statement to the effect that everything that he knew about the Jews he had learned from DeWest Hooker. To quote Rockwell exactly, **"DeWest Hooker, who taught me to know the cunning and evil ways of the enemy."** Will further informed that DeWest Hooker was a very wealthy man, that he was still very much alive, and that at present domiciled in Washington, D.C. We both came to the conclusion that it might well be worth our while to make contact with this man and that I check him out.

No sooner said than done. I obtained his telephone number from information and gave him a call. He recognized my name immediately and said he had high praise for my writings, that I was a famous man. I denied that I was famous, but nevertheless, thank you for the compliment and that I felt highly flattered that he thought so. In any case, I suggested it would be constructive for us to get together and see what could be done. I volunteered that I would be glad to come and visit him while he was in Washington. (He also had a villa in Italy, where his wife and family resided.) He said he would be glad to see me, and would make reservations for me at a certain hotel. This he did, and when he called back at the church number, I was not there, and Will answered the phone. Will understood that DeWest had made reservations at the Normandie Hotel for August 20. I made immediate preparations to make the trip to Washington and left the house at 9:30 on August 20, 1988. After driving 560 miles, I reached Washington at 7:10 PM. Will had evidently misunderstood and given me a bum steer about the name of the hotel. There was no Normandie Hotel. After much time wasted in cruising around and making inquiries, I finally drove to DeWest Hooker's apartment building at 2141 "I" Street and called him by phone from the downstairs lobby desk. He was quite cheerful I had arrived, and said that although he was in his pyjamas, and had a girl friend in his apartment, to come on up anyway. Of course, I declined, but I got the name of the hotel straight. It was the Lombardy Hotel, not Normandy. He invited me to have dinner with him later, at 8:30, and I accepted.

DeWest called at my hotel at 8:30, as agreed, and we walked across the street to the Wollensky Restaurant on Pennsylvania Ave. However, it was so noisy, what with a band playing, we decided it was not a suitable place to carry on an intelligent conversation. We walked over to the Devon Cafe, only a few blocks away. It was high class, quiet, and we had an excellent dinner. I had Lobster Newburg, and he had Filet Mignon. We also had an excellent and informative exchange that lasted until 12:30, when the waiters hinted they were ready to close the place.

DeWest was an interesting and unusually attractive man. Although he was of the same age as I, (we were both 70 at that time) he still had that youthful look and figure, tall and straight. In fact, in his younger years he had been a professional model at one time, had even played bit parts in movies, but mainly he had also engaged in several successful business ventures. He was married (twice) and had six grown children, some of whom lived in his villa in Italy, where his wife resided. Why he was in Washington at this time, I never really did find out, except that he was trying to put together some "business deals." Why anyone would spend all that time in Washington, living in a cramped two-room "efficiency apartment" when they had a family and a villa in Italy, remained a mystery to me.

At 12:30 our conversation broke up and I made arrangements with DeWest to meet with him again the next day. Before leaving, I gave him a copy of a lead article I had just written for the September (1988) issue of *Racial Loyalty*, entitled **Survival, Expansion, and Advancement, Part One**, and asked him if he would take the time to read it before we met again tomorrow. Having had a long day I went straight to my room at the Lombardy. To my disgust, the air conditioning didn't work. I called the desk and the night clerk came up and fiddled around with it for a while, but he couldn't get it to work either. Finally he moved me from the fourth floor to room 1203 on the second floor, a two room suite. I finally got to bed at 1:30 AM.

Sunday, August 21. Had breakfast at the Lombardy Restaurant, part of the hotel set-up. I soon found out the hotel was run by a bunch of Hindus. After reading the *Washington Post*, I called Miss Pauline Mackey to have lunch with her. She was an elderly lady, but quite active in the racial movement. She was a subscriber to *Racial Loyalty*, and had been for some years. I had had correspondence with her before and told her I was going to look her up in Washington before I left North Carolina. I drove to Miss Mackey's place at 2214 Observatory Place in my car, a distance of about five miles from my hotel, and along the way observed a good chunk of a decaying Washington. I arrived at 1 PM, right on schedule, and found a large old house that seemed to be coming apart at the seams. Her living room was strewn with papers of every description, as was every chair, table and sofa, with hardly a place to sit down. She was an elderly, fragile lady, well versed in the racial movement and was very glad to see me. We talked for about two hours, but since some air conditioning people were working on her house, we never did get around to lunch. She had read much of my material and was very supportive, but she said she still needed her "little Jesus." There were some young Nazi boys wandering about the house. I left her a complete set of my books and a number of copies of *Racial Loyalty*. She invited me to stay over at her other house (about ten miles out) should I be coming to Washington again.

After I got back to the hotel, at about 3:30 I tried to call DeWest several times, but I could not reach him. Later I found out he was playing tennis with his girl friend.

At about 6:30 DeWest returned my call, and we made an appointment to have dinner together again at 7:30. However, he got a long distance call from Saudi Arabia and talked on the phone for about 45 minutes, he said. So we finally got together at 8:30 and walked across the street to Wollensky's Restaurant in the basement. This time there was no orchestra, and it was relatively quite.

I was particularly interested in how he got together with George Lincoln Rockwell, and what he told me was rather revealing. It seems that back in the 1950's DeWest was on rather intimate terms with Arnold Forster, a head honcho of the ADL, and who for many years served as general counsel for that sinister and subversive organization. Forster, as I remember, was at that time a very vocal and the most visible and aggressive head of the Jewish ADL, and remained such for many years. According to DeWest, he and Forster were in close communication and on a first name basis, but in an adversary sense. The Jews wanted to whip up more fervent support for the ADL among their own, and in order to do so Forster had an idea. They would print and distribute half a million Nazi flyers in Miami Beach, which would scare the hell out of the rank and file Jews and get them to cough up more shekels for the support of the ADL. But they wanted some goyim to head up this project and do the distributing and dirty work, although they, the Jews, would get the flyers printed and pay all the expenses. Forster approached DeWest Hooker and asked him if he would do the job. DeWest told him no, but he knew a young man out of the Navy that would be glad to take it on and take advantage of the opportunity to spread such Nazi propaganda. His name was Commander George Lincoln Rockwell. DeWest contacted Rockwell, and sure enough, he was ready, willing and eager to do the job just the way the Jews planned it. And sure enough, it achieved the very results the ADL had anticipated. It stirred the Jews up into a frenzy, and the money started rolling into the ADL coffers by the bushel. And that was how the American Nazi Party got its start and continued to function.

All of which brought up the question in my mind: was the American Nazi Party the genuine article, or was it a vehicle created by the Jews, an invention of theirs to keep the rank and file Jew stirred up and active in their cause? Of one thing we can be certain: the activities of the Nazi Party brought in a thousand fold more money to the Jewish cause than it did to the cause of the White Race, and became, and remains to this day, the best propaganda ploy the Jews have in their arsenal to keep alive their Holocaust lie and their eternal war against the White Race.

There were some more strange things I found out about DeWest Hooker. We continued our conversation at the Wollensky Restaurant until midnight until again the waiters informed us that they were ready to close shop. We left to resume our conversation at my hotel, but inadvertently meandered across the street and found ourselves in front of Hooker's apartment, and since we were there, he invited me to come up.

It was a small, cramped two-room "efficiency apartment," and like Miss Mackey's place, it too, was strewn with papers. He finally read the rest of my article on "Survival" I had given him the day before, and I believe he was kind of shocked by it. He thought we should keep it secret and not let the Jew and the niggers see it. I told him we were publishing it in the September (1988) issue of *Racial Loyalty*, and there was no way in the world we could keep it secret, and I couldn't care less if the enemy knew what we intended to do.

He showed me pictures of the homes they had lived in when he was growing up, pictures of his house in Italy, pictures of his first wife, of his second wife, of his six children, and pictures of himself when he was modeling for agencies back in the 40's and 50's. His approach seemed to be that we should be kind to the niggers and the Arabs, and collaborate with them (especially with Louis T. Farrakhan, with whom he was also in close contact) and against the Jews. There were some more shockers. The girl friend that he was sleeping with in his apartment was not only Jewish, but also a member of the ADL. He explained that he was using her, pumping her for information as to what the Jews were up to, but as to who was pumping whom most successfully was not too hard to guess.

I told him frankly that my mission in coming to see him was to find a White Angel to help finance our movement, the first real racial religion the White Race had ever had in its six thousand year history, and I wondered what help he could give us. Well, he said, he was all for us, and he was working on a deal with the Arabs to contract and to ship 25,000 barrels of oil a day to Israel, and if successful he would be getting a commission of a dollar on each barrel. When successful, he would supply our church with ample funding, because he was convinced that we had the right and only answer — it was their racial religion that had brought the Jews to the position where they now had control of the world, and we could not only do the same, but we could do it better.

By this time it was getting to be 1:30 in the morning and his telephone rang. From what I could gather from his part of the conversation, it was his Jewish girl friend wanting to know whether I had left yet, so she could come over and crawl into bed with him and he could pump her for more information. Although I pretended to not have heard anything, I got the message, said goodbye, it was getting late, and shortly thereafter left for my own hotel.

Next morning I had breakfast at the Lombardy Restaurant and checked out of the hotel. On driving home, I had a lot of things to mull over, about DeWest Hooker, about George Lincoln Rockwell, about the Nazi Party, and who controlled whom. I had lunch at the Wonderland Restaurant at the Natural Bridge in Virginia, and after a total drive of 574 miles I arrived home at 7 PM, where Henrie had a good sweet and sour pork dinner waiting.

Chapter Forty-one

The Rudy Stanko

(Stinko, Stunko) Fiasco

I first became aware of Rudy Stanko through an attorney whose name was Roger C. Elletson, and this only after Rudy had already served several years in a number of different penitentiaries. During the early 1980's I began receiving financial literature, books and booklets, from Roger Elletson, a prolific writer and an attorney who was born in Australia. Elletson was a highly intelligent and a well educated individual, whose studies focused on the swindle that was, and is, the (Jewish) international finance.

In 1970 he graduated from the University of Witwatersrand, Johannesburg, South Africa, and in 1972, from Columbia University, New York, with an MBA degree in Finance and International Business. In 1978 he domiciled in Wilson, Wyoming, and founded The Church of the New Order of Christ, and also The Christian Theological Seminary. He first wrote me in 1981, and told me he had read both of my books, *Nature's Eternal Religion*, and *The White Man's Bible*. Whether or not my ideas about trying to solve the Jewish stranglehold by means of a racial religion was the inspiration of his idea for instituting a Seminary that combined Christianity and finance, I have no idea. (His books usually had some inscription on the inside fly cover saying "This Seminary is Dedicated to the Glory of Jesus Christ.") Nor do I have any idea how he might be able to compromise two hostile ideas into a consistent and viable formula. Whereas Judaism is highly parasitic, the Christian creed avidly advocates self-destruction.

When Rudy Stanko was indicted and tried for selling contaminated meat, Roger Elletson, being in the area, was in a position where he could hardly escape the flood of media propaganda that was being disseminated about Rudy Stanko. Being aware of the power wielded by the Jews in both the media and in financial circles, Roger soon became emotionally and partially involved legally in the Rudy

Stanko case. He strongly protested the injustice of the persecution that was being carried on.

Rudy Stanko himself wrote a book called *The Score* in which he described the processes the Jews had used to frame him and put him behind bars for six years. He claimed the main reason the Jews had targeted and framed him was because of his rapidly growing business expansion that was cutting deeply into the market and profits of the Jewish meat cartel. In the book, he also claimed that in only a few years he had built his companies into a $200 million business, despite of, and in the face of all Jewish hostility. Roger Elletson sent me a copy of his book, which I read. I was highly impressed. But by now Rudy was in the penitentiary, serving an extremely severe six year term. I reasoned that if he could build such a thriving business, and at the same time buck the Jews, he must be one hell of a promoter, and might well have all those qualities of **The Great Promoter** we in the Church of the Creator were looking for. Perhaps he was the man capable of leading our religious movement over the hump to overwhelming success. I contacted Roger Elletson as to where and how I could get in touch with Rudy. Roger informed me that Rudy was at present incarcerated in the Federal Penitentiary at Sandstone, Minnesota, and the address was P.O. Box 1000. I first wrote Rudy on January 25, 1989, and also talked with him on the telephone, implying that I would like to come visit him. I soon found out that there was a certain amount of paper work that had to be complied with. I followed all the instructions and finally received permission for the visit.

However, no sooner had I received permission for the visit than he was to be transferred to another prison. This the Bureau of Prisons (B.O.P.) was doing to him repeatedly, and is called "dieseling." During his entire term, he was "dieseled" more than 22 times, to at least 15 different prisons. (Sometimes he would be sent back to a prison he had been to before.) The reason for his being repeatedly dieseled was two fold: (a) he would usually file a Habeas Corpus and/or a law suit against the prison authorities, and (b) he would organize a following among the inmates that was anti-Jewish and anti-establishment (at one time he had a group of 50 in the yard shouting "Sieg Heil!" and giving the Nazi salute.) By dieseling him to another prison, this would disrupt any of his activities as such.

Anyway, by the time I was ready to visit him at Sandstone, he was again being transferred, destination unknown. Finally he was placed in the Oxford, Wisconsin F.C.I. (Federal Correction Institution, a synonym for penitentiary) and I managed to receive permission to visit him there. By this time he already was a certified minister of our church. We had sent him a Ministerial Certificate on March 22, 1989.

I left home on Friday, April 7, 1989, and finally found my way to the Oxford F.C.I., arriving there at 9:30 AM on Sunday, April 9. At this time a blizzard was whipping up a storm. I parked the car in front of the institution and walked in to the front office and inquired about seeing Rudy Stanko. The young man at the desk looked at his roster sheet, and pretended he had never heard of him. "Stanko? We have nobody here by that name." A long argument and hassle ensued. I insisted that I had just received legal permission to visit him. I called for Father Kelly, the prison Chaplain to whom I had talked on the phone. He, too, knew nothing about Rudy's whereabouts. He, too, was lying. Evidently, the prison authorities did not want Rudy and myself to get together, knowing that I was head of the Church of the Creator, and Rudy one of our ministers. I finally found out they had dieseled him off to another institution just the day before. Angry as I was, there was nothing left for me to do but go back home. I had driven a total of 1934 miles for nothing.

* * * * *

I could write a whole book on all the trips and visits I made in order to see Rudy, not to mention all the letters and legal briefs I participated in over the next two and a half years. It all turned out to be wasted time and money on my part, but I will nevertheless try to summarize the whole fiasco as briefly as I can. I finally made contact with Rudy in the Seagoville, Texas F.C.I. on June 3, 1989. We had a most amicable visit, and I clearly stated my mission that we wanted him to become the head of our church when he got out, to be the "Great Promoter" we were looking for. Since by this time he had already read two of our basic books and we had had a volume of correspondence to that effect, this was no surprise to him, and he was ready and eager to take on the challenge, or so it seemed. We soon developed a close relationship and I made repeated visits to whatever penitentiary he was dieseled to in order to keep up his spirits and his enthusiasm. Since he was going to be the future head of the church, I felt I owed him that much. After all, I was getting on into the seventies, and time was of the essence.

* * * * *

To make a long story short, here is a summary of the trips I made in order to visit Rudy, although sometimes I would make a futile run, as in the case of Oxford, Wisconsin.

1. **Oxford, Wisconsin, April 7 to 10, 1989.** Total of 1934 miles. He had been dieseled out the day before.

2. **Seagoville Texas, June 1 to 6, 1989.** In this case I also made a detour and stopped by in Cushing, Oklahoma to see Don Hart and Cynthia Casselman, who were paralegals and at that time were working on Rudy's case. Total of 2195 miles for that trip.

3. **Bradford, Pennsylvania F.C.I. December 14 to 19, 1989.** Rudy had asked me to come up and see him as soon as possible, that he had a special message to give me. This was in the dead of winter, but I made arrangements to get there as soon as I could. His special message was (promises! promises!) that he had gold coins buried and he was going to donate one million dollars to the Church of the Creator, one quarter of a million immediately, and the rest as soon as he was out and was in charge. (In his book, *The Score* he had made the same promise to a certain other religious denomination, neither of which he ever fulfilled.) However, in all fairness to Rudy, he did send the COTC two checks in the amount of $5000 each shortly thereafter, $1500 of which he asked me to contribute to some shyster lawyer (on whom he wasted $50,000) and $500 of which he asked me to use to print some useless stickers. I readily complied with both of these requests. However, I probably spent more time and money of what was left in following him around the country in supportive visits. On this particular trip I was snow-bound and laid over in a little dump called Zelienople, Pennsylvania. Total mileage on this trip was 1690.

4. **Ashland, Kentucky. September 5 to 9, 1990.** Also stopped to see Kim and Walt at Martinsville, Virginia. Total mileage 1008.

5. **Buttner, North Carolina. February 7 and 8, 1991.** Total mileage 630.

6. **August 31, 1991.** I was given information that Rudy was soon to be released and that they were holding

him at the huge Federal Penitentiary at 601 McDonough Blvd., Atlanta, considered a way station before being processed. When I got there, they told me, yes, they were holding him there alright, but I could not see him. There were only certain visiting days, and this was not one of them. This despite the fact that I had contacted the authorities previously and been given permission to visit on that day. Besides, they informed me, he was scheduled to be moved to another penitentiary soon. Another dry run.

7. **Marianna, Florida, November 20 to 22.** We had a long discussion about future plans for the church, and he was enthusiastically looking forward to taking on the most important and challenging mission of his life, he said. He was now quite certain he would be out before Christmas, and after spending some time with his family and serving out the few months of probation, he would be down at the Church, ready to go.

On the way back, I took advantage of this trip to stop in Atlanta and make arrangements to have the first 79 issues of *Racial Loyalty* recorded on microfilm.

8. **Columbus, Georgia.** On December 13, 1991, I received a call from Rudy that he had indeed been released, and he was now on the outside making this call. The prison authorities had given him bus fare to take him back to Scottsbluff, Nebraska, but he said that he was going only as far as Columbus, Georgia, and if I would pick him up there at the bus station, he would stay with me at my house overnight and he would prefer to fly back to Nebraska, rather than endure the long bus ride. I was overjoyed that finally he was out, and I said I would be glad to pick him up.

I left at 10 AM and met him at the Columbus Greyhound bus station at 1:45. After a happy reunion, we drove to Atlanta and had a big seafood lunch at the Red Lobster Restaurant. When we got to my home, I showed him around in the Church and then took him to our house. I introduced him to my wife, Henrie, who was in bed, soon to die of cancer.

After a good night's sleep in one of our downstairs bedrooms Rudy borrowed $500 from me to pay for his flight to Scottsbluff, and I took him to the Asheville Airport, about 85 miles distant. He promised he would be back as soon as his parole was ended, in about three months.

* * * * *

On January 24, the most tragic event of my life occurred when my dear sweet wife of 45 years, died of cancer. I was grief stricken, and now, a year later, I still am. For the few remaining years, life for me will never be the same again.

But I still had the responsibility of the church on my hands, and I could hardly wait until Rudy would be here to take over. The tragic death of my wife deserves a chapter of its own, and in order to keep this history in its proper time sequence I will relate the painful details of this tragedy in a separate chapter about this sad watershed in my life.

I kept in touch with Rudy, and in every issue of *Racial Loyalty* we had kept eulogizing the coming of Rudy Stanko, much as the Christians do about the Second Coming of Christ, as we had been doing for the last two or more years. In the meantime, late in February, I had received a call from a Paul Jackson, from Rapid City, South Dakota, who said that he had read my first book, *Nature's Eternal Religion*, about 18 years ago and it had changed his life completely. He said he was eternally grateful to me that I had rid his mind once and for all of that fraudulent Jewish aberration about Christianity, hell and all the rest of that garbage. He was now married and had a lovely family of three, the second of which being a daughter of 16. He said that since he had read my book he had strictly lived by its principles and brought his family up the same way. His 16 year old daughter, whose name was Mary, had written in to us earlier as a candidate for Cupid's Corner and sent her picture along with the letter. Lou Durrence, who then worked at the church, had struck up a correspondence with Mary, and was smitten by her. Now her father called me and said that although he had never written me before, that since I had had such a powerful influence on his life, he would like to come down and meet me. I said, great, but that Rudy Stanko, who lived not too far from him, was coming down in about a week, and why don't the two of you get together and come down in the same vehicle. I talked to Rudy and made the same suggestion to him. Rudy did indeed go see Paul Jackson, and when he saw Mary, he too was smitten by her, and told me "that is the girl I am going to marry." Just like that.

Rudy and Paul Jackson arrived at about 3:30 in the afternoon of Monday, March 9, 1991, in Rudy's Chevrolet Suburban van. It had a trailer attached to it consisting of an old jalopy with its engine removed and the rest of the vehicle attached to the back of the van by means of a special hitch. Both the van and the trailer were loaded with boxes. They did not contain personal effects, such as clothes, etc., but were stuffed with tons of legal papers, a residue of his legal manipulations during his five and a half years in prison.

The boxes in the van were unloaded into the basement of the church, and the jalopy full of boxes was left sitting in front of the warehouse back of the church.

After all the unloading had been completed, the four of us, including Lou Durrence, went out to dinner at the Dillard Restaurant. Rudy seemed in a belligerent mood and tried to start some kind of an argument about me owning the copyrights to my own books. I never did find out what his point was at the time, but as subsequent events developed, it is clear to me now that he wanted them for himself. Why, is still a mystery. Perhaps to change the contents, and perhaps to sell the copyrights to the Jews themselves.

Lou Durrence and Chris Peronto had moved their belongings out of the upstairs church apartment into the school in preparation for the coming of Rudy. Paul and Rudy slept in the apartment overnight. Rudy had given all indications he was now here to stay and was taking over immediately.

About an hour after breakfast Rudy came over to my house, and we both sat down at the dining room table for what I thought would be a discussion of our future plans. However, nothing of the kind happened. Rudy lost no time in dropping the bombshell that he had contemplated all along. Arrogantly and with a straight face he told me that he was returning to Scottsbluff today, and that he had no intention of taking on the job at the church. I was dumbfounded. I was stunned. This on top of losing my precious wife only six weeks earlier. What about the Church? No problem, Rudy said, we could sell it. After all, it was just another piece of real estate, as far as he was concerned. I thought to myself, you goddamned lying son of a bitch! Now that I knew his real nature, I wouldn't want him for all the tea in China! After all the time and promotion we had spent on cultivating him and eulogizing him to our membership, all the trips I had taken visiting him at eight different locations over the past two and a half years, after the dozens of promises he had made not only to me, but to our whole membership, he now let me know that know that he had never had any intention of devoting his life to the movement. He was going back to his old ways of slaughtering cattle and making money. He had lied to all of us! He was not only a goddamned liar, but a slick con man when he went into the pen and came out unreformed and had learned dozens of new tricks in the process. He had used the church and me as an additional means (he hoped) of getting himself out of the pen sooner.

After dropping the bombshell, he left quickly, leaving all his goddamned legal papers in our basement and in his jalopy. Paul Jackson, a pretty decent fellow, was as dumbfounded as I was, but had no choice but to leave with him. I soon found out why Rudy was in a hurry to leave the premises. He had stolen our mailing list during that hour before he came to see me, and he was in a hurry to leave before I found out. He had tricked Janet Quaife, who was my sometime typist and knew how to operate the computer, that he was now in charge and the first thing he wanted her to do was to run off a copy of our mailing list (about 30 pages.) She, believing that he was here to stay, as did the rest of the staff, naively obliged. When he then came over to my house to tell me he was welshing on his promise, he already had the mailing list safely tucked away in his van. Talk about a treacherous, crooked, lying con-man, this was hard to top.

* * * * *

It is my unequivocal conclusion that Rudy Stanko was a born, congenital con-man long before he ever went to the 15 different penitentiaries in which he revolved. When he came out after five and a half years, he had picked up a number of additional tricks and devices, and remained unreformed. I am convinced that he was able to build up the large meat business before he was convicted because he was more adroit and a sharper con-man than the people he was dealing with, especially the cattlemen and ranchers. Now that I know his real nature, and have read his book, I have many second thoughts about the validity of his many claims of innocence. I don't believe that he was dedicated to Christianity (in his book *The Score* he says it was dedicated to Jesus Christ) nor do I have any faith in his dedication to Creativity and the survival of the White Race, nor do I believe that he ever had any intention of leading our race out of the clutches of the Jews. That the treacherous Jews framed him and wanted him out of the way, of that I have no doubt, but that does not change or absolve Rudy of being a crook himself. After all, there are also a lot of crooked Jews who also ended up in the penitentiary, and are in there today. But I was crushed that a White man, in whom I had so much faith, ended up a welsher and a liar when he had such a wonderful opportunity to become a great benefactor and a hero of the White Race.

Chapter Forty-two

The Tax Battle with Macon County

When we decided to build our Church Headquarters in Macon County, North Carolina, there was some apprehension among a small minority of the natives. Mostly these consisted of the Christian-Jew oriented preachers, by the small number of Jews, and by the news media, which consisted of the *Franklin Press* (mostly) and a few of the Christian oriented radio stations. But the majority of the people were not unfriendly, but mostly curious. Personally, I cannot remember a hostile encounter with any neighbor, or individuals with whom I did business, or anybody with whom I came in contact. What stirred up a hornets nest was the malevolent smear article printed by the *Franklin Press* on May 13, 1982, when they came out with a blaring headline on the front page, proclaiming **"Pro-Hitler, Anti-Christ Leader Headquarters Here."** This was purely instigated by the Jewish ADL, and followed the same line as the *Miami Herald* article had disseminated a year earlier. We were in the middle of the building program when the Franklin article came out, and I have already described it earlier in this book.

One of the first things I did in 1983 was go to the Macon County tax assessor and apply for tax exemption on our Church property, to which we were entitled by the Constitution and the Bill of Rights, the same as any other church. The tax assessor at that time was Jim Shope, a native of the county, who, like most of the ordinary people in Macon County, was a decent fellow and not at all unfriendly. He said, sure, we were entitled to tax exemption and he would take our property off the tax rolls, which he did. By 1984, as we were getting more heat and publicity from various newsmedia, including the *Franklin Press*, I went to him and asked him to put our tax exempt status in writing, so that if things came to a showdown, we would have a written exemption to back us up. This he said he would do. After dragging his feet for awhile he did put it in writing, but curiously instead of having his secretary type it out, he neatly wrote it out in his own hand lettering. We reproduce his note in full on the next page.

After a few years, he was succeeded by a woman tax assessor, but our tax exemption remained intact and was not questioned. However, there remained continuing pressure from the Jewish ADL and the Christian preachers, urging the County Commissioners that law or no law, we should not be allowed to print our anti-Christian and anti-Jewish “hate propaganda" and still receive official tax exemption.

Finally, by 1988, the conspiracy succeeded in installing a new tax assessor by the name of Richard Lightner, who, I am sure was picked and coached by our enemies to go after the Church of the Creator. The opening gambit was a letter we received from him on February 14, 1989. It opens innocuously with the statement “Our office is in the process of reviewing exempt properties to see if they still qualify for tax exemption... It appears that your property does not meet the requirements any longer. After visiting your place several times during the past year, it seems that the place is not being used for any type of activity..." There were more meaningless, nit-picking insinuations in the letter. It ended with the flat statement that their office had no choice but "to take you out of tax exempt status."

This letter aroused my anger for several reasons. For one thing, our church was open and manned seven days a week, and not once had Richard Lightner shown his face inside our outside our building, or talked to us. If he had made all the exploratory visits he claimed, he could at least have talked to us and we could have shown him that during the period he mentioned we had never been more active than during the past years. Furthermore, what damn business of his was it how "active" or "inactive" we were? How well was his own lousy church or synagogue doing? We didn't go snooping around the periphery of their property monitoring the efficiency or diligence of their activities. I wrote him a sharp letter to that effect, and that we would appreciate him keeping his nose out of our business. I reminded him that we had the same constitutional rights to tax exemption as did all the other one hundred or so churches in Macon County, and we would not tolerate any prejudicial selective discrimination or violation of our constitutional rights.

MACON COUNTY TAX OFFICE

5 WEST MAIN
STREET
FRANKLIN, NC
28734
(704) 524-6421

JIM SHOPE
TAX SUPERVISOR
EXT. 274

24 FEBRUARY 1984

MR. BEN KLASSEN
P.O. BOX 400
OTTO, N.C. 28763

DEAR MR. KLASSEN,

IN REPLY TO YOUR CONCERN ABOUT THE MACON COUNTY AD VALOREM TAX EXEMPTION FOR "THE CHURCH OF THE CREATOR, INC."

AS FAR AS THIS OFFICE IS CONCERNED YOU HAVE PROPERLY APPLIED FOR THIS EXEMPTION (AV-10 FORM) AND HAVE BEEN DULY GRANTED SAID EXEMPTION UNDER THE PROVISIONS OF N.C. GENERAL STATUTE 105-278.3 (REAL AND PERSONAL PROPERTY USED FOR RELIGIOUS PURPOSES).

THIS MEANS THE "... BUILDINGS, THE LAND THEY ACTUALLY OCCUPY, AND ADDITIONAL ADJACENT LAND REASONABLY NECESSARY FOR THE CONVENIENT USE OF ANY SUCH BUILDING SHALL BE EXEMPTED FROM TAXATION IF WHOLLY OWNED BY AN AGENCY LISTED IN SUBSECTION (C), BELOW, AND IF..." (SEE ENCLOSURE)

IN SUMMARY, THE CHURCH BUILDING AND THE 1.16 AC. — ONLY — ARE TAX EXEMPT.

SINCERELY,

TAX SUPERVISOR

ENCLOSURE: COPY OF G.S. 105.278.3

Although I realized how futile, expensive, and time consuming legal suits can be, I did not fully grasp the endless embroilment our Jewish judicial system can involve anyone, on any charge, no matter how trivial, nor how time consuming and expensive such involvements can become.

We had the right to appeal the case within 30 days before the full County Commission. We did appeal, had a heated argument, and were turned down. It was, of course, a rigged deal from beginning to end.

The next step was we could appeal to the North Carolina Property Tax Commission, which was located in Raleigh, North Carolina, about 300 miles away. However, the six member board and their attorney met at different locations within the state, and at times of their choice. We filed a request for an Appeal before the Commission. In order to appear before them we had to have a licensed North Carolina lawyer to be present and represent us. That was the law, they said. By now we were in deep water.

I tried to find an attorney in Macon County who would be willing to represent us. None was willing to do so, and suggested that we hire an attorney from outside the county. Evidently, they were afraid the taint would hurt their business, or the ADL was putting the pressure on them.

The next meeting of the North Carolina Property Tax Commission was to be held in Boone, North Carolina, on August 30, 1989. I contacted various attorneys in Boone, and one responded favorably, that is, until the last moment, evidently when he was informed who we were and he must not represent us.

My memory then reverted back to Don Hart, a paralegal who worked with Cindy Casselman on some of Rudy Stanko's cases, and at that time he and Cindy domiciled in Cushing, Oklahoma. He was not a licensed attorney in any state, but he had impressed me as knowing the law perhaps better than most attorneys. As you will recall, I stopped by their place in Cushing on my way back from visiting Rudy in Seagoville, Texas. I reasoned at that time that if Rudy had confidence in him, he must be alright, and in any case, he had impressed me quite favorably.

Don Hart, who himself had served a long term in the penitentiary several years ago, was a sharp cookie, and he was also a sharp con-man. He exuded confidence. Sure, he not only would be glad to represent our Church, but he would also guarantee a successful verdict in our favor or our money would be refunded. However, he would need $5000 cash up front before he could, or would, do anything. What about the requirement of having a licensed North Carolina attorney present to represent us? No problem. He would have one when the time came. Since the meeting in Boone was now only a day or so away, he would make arrangements by telephone with the North Carolina Tax Commissioners to have our case postponed, then represent us at their next meeting. We would not even have to make an appearance at Boone, which was about 200 miles north of us. But first I would have to deliver that $5000 cash up front. How could I do that? Well, did I have a Visa or other credit card? Yes, I did. Well, I could call in to some Visa office (he named the place) and authorize him to pick up the cash. Of course, Visa would charge us an extra $200 for this kind of unusual transaction. We did just that and he rushed to the designated office about 60 miles from his place to pick up the cash.

After he had the cash, he called me at the last moment, at 7 PM the night before the meeting and informed me that the commission demanded my presence at the 9 AM meeting the next morning after all, but everything else would be in order. In the meantime he would fax a statement to the commission explaining our situation.

I was desperate and mad as hell. Here it was seven in the evening, and I was to appear at that damned meeting at nine in the morning, which would mean driving most of the night. I was 71 years old and I was tired. My wife, Henrie, did not want me driving such long distances at night all alone. I hunted up A.W. Reynolds, a young fellow of 20, who was the only help I had at that time. I found him in one of the eateries in Dillard. I told him of the situation, and that we were leaving for Boone, North Carolina that night. We got our suitcases packed and I got my papers together and by 9 PM we were off on the road.

After driving for hours on crooked country roads, we finally pulled into a motel at Boone at 1:30 in the morning, and I immediately tried to call Don Hart to let him know where we were and ask him what our next move should be. All I got was his recorded message. I tried several more times, but got nothing. At least I had left the name of our motel on his machine. Reynolds slept like a log, but I got very little sleep that night. I tried to call Don again in the morning, but no success.

At about quarter of nine the next morning as Reynolds and I were leaving the motel to go to the meeting, the motel clerk said he had a six page fax message for me. It was, of course, from Don.

We met with the six man commission, their attorney, and their secretaries. We were the only case on the docket. I read the statement to them that Don had sent, which said basically the same thing as I was prepared to tell them myself, namely we could find no licensed attorney in Macon County who would represent us, despite the fact that we had no criminal record, were not pursuing any criminal cause, and were only demanding our basic civil rights; that I had found one attorney here in Boone, but he had welshed on us at the last moment and left us in the lurch. We, therefore, asked for a continuance (delay) until we could find an attorney. They consented (what else could they do?) and the whole thing was over in about ten minutes. We had all driven hundreds of miles and wasted the whole day for nothing. There were about ten people representing the commission. Richard Lightner from Macon County was there along with an attorney named John W. Alexander, the County's hired gun. Then there were the two of us. What a waste of time and money!

The next hearing was ordered for September 21, 1989, to be held in Raleigh, North Carolina. Macon County's new hired gun, attorney John T. Alexander had a whole laundry list of items he wanted to subpoena, including our membership list, our articles of incorporation, minutes of our meetings, etc. The list contained 17 items. Also, my wife was subpoenaed to appear, since she had originally been listed as secretary when we filed for incorporation in 1981. She had long since been replaced by someone else as secretary. My wife did appear, but under stress and protest, since she no longer was secretary and did not want to make that long trip. A.W. Reynolds from our church was also there for our side. However, we ignored all other demands, since we knew, and they knew it was all pure harassment.

This time everyone was in place, including Don Hart. He had flown in with a licensed female attorney by the name of Mary T. Klockner, from Cheyenne, Wyoming, with whom he was now apparently living. She was young, beautiful, and had reddish blonde hair. Evidently Don had dumped Cynthia Casselman, or vice versa, with whom he was living when I last saw them in Cushing, Oklahoma. He said Ms. Klockner was an expert in these kind of civil rights cases, and he was bringing her along at his own expense, no extra charge to us. The previous $5,000 covered all. Then he also enlisted a local attorney from Raleigh, North Carolina to meet the requirements of the commission. His name was William D. Harazin. This, however, was at our expense. He initially charged $100 an hour, then later raised it to $125 an hour. We were supposedly allotted three hours, but the meeting lasted all day.

Finally, on December 22, the commission came out with its decision. It was in our favor. The county had erred in its decision to revoke our exemption. We had won a victory. But it was only a partial victory. It pertained only to taxes ending with the year 1989. When Lightner sent us that letter of revocation on February 14, 1989, he was too late. It should have been sent in January, when all taxes are reviewed. But it did not settle the main question as to whether we were, or were not, entitled to tax exemption per se.

If the tax assessor sent us a new revocation January of 1990, we would have to fight the battle all over again. This legal battle had already cost us $8000, and the county probably had already spent over $20,000.

But the Jews and Richard Lightner were persistent. They did not wait for 1990 but appealed to the next higher court, which was the North Carolina Court of Appeals. This was now handled by our newly found licensed attorney, William D. Harazin, of Raleigh, North Carolina, and was completely reviewed by correspondence. No one needed to appear at any meetings. The attorney handled all. Don Hart and Mary Klockner were not even consulted and were completely out of the case. But nevertheless this go-around again cost us a bundle.

The North Carolina Court of Appeals came out with their verdict on April 16, 1991, and it, too, ruled in our favor. That was the end of the 1989 question. But that did not mean the end of our problem with the county. All it meant was that the county was too late to cancel our exemption for the year 1989. The issue as to whether we were entitled to tax exemption as a church per se had not been addressed. The county aggressively pursued the case for the succeeding years and sent us tax bills for 1990 and 1991, which we paid under protest, and put the county commissioners on notice that we would sue them individually in the sum of a million dollars each for violation of our civil rights, and discrimination against our religion and our church.

We were on to their game. Whereas we again filed for exemption to the County Commissioners, they again denied us our rights, and a new hearing was set up at the North Carolina Tax Commission, except this time the County had sent us the denial in proper time, in January. We now knew what their game was, and that they were well aware of the fact that they were violating our civil rights. What they were determined to do was to keep dragging this thing through the courts, the cost of which was paid for by county taxpayers' money, while we had to pay our expenses out of our own pockets defending ourselves. They could and would keep this up and play this game of ring around the roses until they would break us financially, even if they lost every time.

A new hearing was set up at the North Carolina Property Tax Commission in Raleigh, North Carolina. We did not bother to attend. We didn't even send them notice that we would not be there. Let Richard Lightner, the hired gun, John W. Alexander, and the Commissioners use of their time and money to meet. We would not be there and waste our time and money. We would pursue instead the course of suing the County Commissioners each as individuals instead. Rudy Stanko would soon be on the scene, I reckoned, and he would be well fitted to fight such a case. And anyway, I was getting too old and tired to carry on such a prolonged battle.

However, a number of events changed the situation rapidly, and it never did come to a final showdown. I will relate them in the final chapters. But before I do so, I want to quote in full the brief I wrote to the County Commissioners at the time we made the second Application for Exemption and one that I believe best states our disposition.

A Brief

of the Church of the Creator

accompanying application for tax exemption

Introduction

The Macon County Tax Assessor, in trying to revoke our previous status of tax exemption, has prattled sanctimoniously that he is only interested in that every property owner in the County dutifully pay "their fair share" of the taxes. We have no quarrel with such a position. Let us say at the outset that we, as a church, will gladly pay our "fair share" of the taxes if the one hundred or so other churches in Macon County also pay their "fair share" of the taxes. In fact, we are not even against the idea of church properties being taxed the same as any other properties. But we will be damned if we are going to be singled out as the exception while the other churches go scot free. We will pay taxes if the other churches pay taxes, and we will adamantly refuse to do so if they don't. We demand "equal protection" under the law as is guaranteed by the Fourteenth Amendment of the U.S. Constitution, and no pip-squeak bureaucrat is arbitrarily and capriciously going to deny us that right just because the bigot hates the White Race and does not like our religious beliefs. Perhaps we don't like his either, but we wouldn't think of violating his constitutional rights because of it. We agree with Voltaire when he states, *"I may violently disagree with what you say, but I will defend unto death your right to say it."*

Bigotry, Prejudice and Religious Persecution

However, we have good reason to believe that there is more involved here than the maliciousness, the bigotry and the prejudice of one Richard Lightner, now tax assessor. We are convinced that behind the smoke screen of religious bigotry lurks the strong-arm criminal coercion of the Jewish Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, in short the ADL. We have good and sufficient reason to believe that it is they who instigated the demand for revocation, that it is the ADL who is behind Richard Lightner, goading, threatening and orchestrating this sinister and malicious maneuver. It is their purpose to destroy the Church of the Creator by any means whatsoever, be they illegal, criminal or whatever. Why? Because in fighting for the survival of the White Race, we are also exposing their age-old conspiracy to shrink the White Race into oblivion, to mongrelize the White Race and in the process enslave the bastardized mongrels as mindless brown zombies. They have been feverishly working at this sinister program for centuries, and now, as any one who cares to look at the demographics of the world (and the United States) can plainly see, they are succeeding with amazing rapidity. they are bringing this heinous conspiracy to fruition within this decade, or this generation almost.

We are legal and above board

We — the Church of the Creator — will fight this heinous abomination of mongrelizing the White Race into oblivion with every ounce of energy within our bodies, and we will do so unto our last breath. We are legal in every sense of the word and we intend to pursue legal means in carrying on the fight, as set forth in the Creative Credo No. 64 of the White Man's Bible, which is one of the sacred books of our church. Should our legal prerogatives be denied, however, we will then revert to Articles 7 and 8 of the aforementioned Creative Credo No. 64 and invoke the Highest Law of Nature, the Survival of our Species at any cost, by all means.

We are a Religion in every sense of the word

What the Tax Assessor and the ADL are trying to do is to destroy us by first of all trying to categorize us as not being a religion.

Well, we have news for them. We not only are a fully structured legitimate religion, but our religion, being based on the Eternal Laws of Nature, is more sensible, more logical, more purposeful and inspiring than the plethora of spooks-in-the-sky swindles that are polluting the air waves and permeating the minds of superstitious and gullible individuals who believe in spirits, ghosts, spooks, angels, demons, gods and all the other supernatural creatures concocted by the aberrations of a host of con-artists. (For further examination of this area see Exhibit A — "What is a Spirit?")

Trying to define a Religion

Before any one, including Richard Lightner, can decide who or what is a religion and who or what is not, it is first necessary to define the word "religion." This Lightner has never done, and we personally doubt he is capable of doing so. What he is trying to do is arbitrarily and capriciously declare us as a non-religion at the outset, and thereby, ipso facto, declare us ineligible for tax exemption. However, he is on extremely thin ice in this matter and we will not accept the word or decision of a small-time tin-horn bureaucrat whose qualifications to make such a monumental judgment are less than nil.

Here is what in essence Federal Judge James F. Battin has to say about judging the other fellow's religion:

"Neither this Court nor any branch of this Government will consider the merits or fallacies of a religion. Nor will this Court compare the beliefs, dogmas, and practices of a newly organized religion with those of an older, more established religion. Nor will the Court praise or condemn a religion, however excellent or fanatical or preposterous it may seem. Were the Court to do so, it would impinge on the guarantees of the First Amendment." (See Exhibit B for the full text.)

Although the Federal Judge in his consummate wisdom declines to make such a judgment on any religion, our local pip-squeak tax assessor evidently thinks that he is qualified and has such discretion at his disposal, an arrogant and tyrannical assumption indeed.

It is our intent in this discussion to not only establish that we are as well qualified to claim to be a religion as any on the face of this earth, but also to establish the fact that in many respects we are better qualified than most other religions.

What is a religion? Webster's big dictionary (Webster's Third New International Dictionary, 1961) comes up with seven different definitions and you can take your pick. Colliers Encyclopedia claims that scholars have offered some fifty definitions of religion, and even these do not exhaust the subject. We arbitrarily choose Webster's definition No. 7, which says "religion is a cause, principle, system of tenets held with ardor, devotion, conscientiousness, and faith: a value held to be of supreme importance."

This definition describes Creativity, our religion, quite adequately. **The cause, the principle, that we hold with ardor, devotion, conscientiousness and faith is the survival, expansion and advancement of our precious race, the White Race.** The tenets of our faith are set forth in our three basic books, namely **Nature's Eternal Religion, The White Man's Bible,** and **Salubrious Living.** We also have our **Sixteen Commandments, Daily Affirmation and Prayer, and our Golden Rule,** which is: "What is good for the White Race is the highest virtue; what is bad for the White Race is the ultimate sin."

Comparing our Religion to other major religions

Whereas Judge Battin declares, and rightfully so, that no judicial or governmental body has any right to judge the merits of any religion, and to do so is a violation of the First Amendment, we, as a religion, are free to compare, praise, condemn or judge any religion we want to, our own or others. Every religion claims they are the best, the one and only "right" religion, and we can make the same claims. In fact, we have done so in a series of twelve articles entitled "Comparative Religions," which have been published from time to time in our monthly periodical "Racial Loyalty," and are now permanently set forth in some of our religious books, namely "Building a Whiter and Brighter World," and "Rahowa!" In these articles we compare the merits of our own religion, Creativity, with those of some of the older, long-established religions. The logic and common sense inherent in our religion, Creativity, compared to the superstitions and myths of most of the other spooks-in-the-sky religions, I believe, will prevail in the mind of any intelligent reader. **(See Exhibits C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M and N.)**

We also have analyzed the fallacies, myths and spurious claims of the Judaic and Christian religions as set forth in the Old and the New Testament in a series of twenty articles entitled "The Wildest Stories Ever Told." We are enclosing the first three of these articles herewith. **(See Exhibits O, P and Q.)"**

Some Legal Decisions substantiating and supporting our status as a fully constituted religion protected by the First Amendment

> ***The First Amendment of the U.S. Constitution clearly states: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peacefully to assemble and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances."***

In addition to the Constitution, we also direct your attention to the many precedent-setting court decisions:

1. We have already quoted Judge Battin's decision that no judicial or governmental body is entitled to make any judgments on the merits of any religion. This includes Congress, Federal Courts, State Courts, State Laws,

and certainly also any local County Board of Commissioners. It also includes any minor pipsqueak tax assessor who has the gall to set himself up as judge and jury.

2. The decision of Judge Fern Smith. (See **Exhibit R.**) Judge Smith states in effect that whereas Creativity advocates "racial purity" (yes, indeed we do. Who wants a world populated by a horde of mongrelized bastards?), nevertheless, "The White Man's Bible" does not advocate violence, nor pose any meaningful threat to prison security.

3. Even Madelein Murray O'Haire's "Atheist" religion has been declared by the courts as a legitimate religion and tax-exempt.

4. So evidently has the religion of "Witchcraft." (See **Exhibit S.**)

5. We could and can add endlessly to the list, including the highly racist religion of the Black Muslims, the violence-prone and highly racist religion of Judaism, and the "sweat-tent" ceremonies of certain Indian tribes, all of which have been approved and adjudged as legitimate religions, tax-exempt, and protected by the First Amendment. We, as advocates of the survival, expansion and advancement of the White Race, will settle for no less.

6. The previous two tax assessors of Macon County, beginning with Jim Shope, confirmed and approved the tax exemption of our church beginning with the year 1983, and through the years of 1984, 1985, 1986, 1987, 1988 and 1989. It was confirmed by Jim Shope in writing in 1984. (See **Exhibit V.**)

Nothing has substantially changed about our church activities since 1983, except that we have grown and expanded and added a Leadership School for Gifted Boys to our program. Lightner has presented no valid, meaningful, nor intelligent argument as to why the previous two tax assessors were wrong, or why or how our qualifications for tax exemption have diminished since 1983.

No more KGB tactics.

There is one more thing I want to make clear to Richard Lightner and his "hired gun," John Alexander. The completeness or incompleteness of our Articles of Incorporation, our By-laws, or the minutes of our meetings, has absolutely no bearing whatsoever upon our validity as a religion, nor upon our First Amendment rights, nor upon our rights to a tax exemption, along with the one hundred or so other churches in Macon County. Nor are we required to present the names and addresses of our ministers, or our members, or any of the other endless details that Lightner and his "hired gun" are so eager to get their filthy hands on. In fact, if we were not incorporated at all, had no by-laws, no minutes of meetings whatsoever, we would still be qualified as a legitimate religion and as a church.

How many of the other hundred churches have you, Richard Lightner, tried to drag through the expense of a legal wringer in order to engage in a fishing expedition? So don't hound us with this kind of KGB tactics ever again! What you really want with our membership lists is to turn them over to the

ADL, so that they in turn can hound our members, get them fired from their jobs and cause other malevolent mischief.

Conclusion

In conclusion we contend that the persecution of our religion, Creativity, and our church, the Church of the Creator, is nothing more, nor is it anything less than a malevolent, malicious witch-hunt, an Inquisition reminiscent of the Dark Ages. We are convinced that it was instigated by the Jewish ADL, is being orchestrated by them in the background and that Richard Lightner is their lick spittle, their stooge, being coerced to follow their sinister instructions. We further contend that the total Jewish network is the prime power establishment tyrannizing and enslaving the United States and the world. We have ample evidence to substantiate this claim and mean to pursue our course to expose this sinister conspiracy to the White people of the world. (See Exhibit T, "Operation Rip-off," and Exhibit U, "The Federal Reserve Board: the most gigantic Counterfeiting Ring in the World".)

We demand the County reimburse the Church for needless expenses incurred

The North Carolina Tax Commission has ruled that the Tax Assessor and the Macon County Commission were in error in revoking our tax exemption for 1989, that they did not follow legal procedure, and exceeded their authority. In other words, they made one hell of a mistake. It was a mistake, however, that cost us more than $7000 in legal fees and traveling expenses, not to mention the amount of aggravation they caused and the amount of our time they wasted.

We demand that the County reimburse us for the expenses and the damage they have caused. The County can settle out of court, or — if we have to go to court — we will also demand punitive damages for the violation of our civil rights, our religious rights and impingement on our First Amendment rights. This, I assure you, will be in the realm of the upper six figures.

At what cost to the taxpayers of Macon County?

As taxpayers we are entitled to know what this insane and vindictive indulgence in a personal vendetta by a power-mad bureaucrat is costing the taxpayers of Macon County. The County Commission seems very secretive about the cost and is lying about estimates of future costs. We estimate that they have already spent somewhere between $30,000 and $40,000 in legal fees and traveling expenses to collect what would be less than $800 in our church's taxes.

They went far afield, all the way to Morgantown, N.C., more than 100 miles away, to find the best "hired gun" money could buy. Like

"Palladin" in the former Western TV epic "Have gun, will travel," John Alexander from far away Morgantown was hired because he had "experience in these kind of cases." What kind of cases? Evidently he was the roving hired gun type that could effectively assassinate (by means of legal trickery) those kind of people who were "racists," in other words, those who had the pride and the courage to defend the White Race. At least Richard Lightner and the ADL thought that he was the best "hired gun" to do a job. Evidently, he wasn't as straight a shooter as they had hoped, and the North Carolina Tax Commission didn't buy his garbage.

Nevertheless, what with traveling to meetings to Boone, N.C., to Raleigh, N.C., several consultation trips to Franklin, all the way from Morgantown, the "hired gun," John Alexander, is costing the Macon County taxpayers a tidy bundle.

If the Tax Assessor and the County Commissioners — these traitors to the White Race — pursue this matter further, it will cost the County not $3,000 as they deceptively lied about, but somewhere around $100,000. This is more than they could hope to collect from our church in the next hundred years. We taxpayers want an accounting of how much they have already spent on this stupid caper, and why they are flagrantly wasting the taxpayers' money on such idiotic personal grudges.

Over the last 20 years I have personally paid in tens of thousands of dollars in taxes to Macon County. I'll be damned if I am now going to allow these profligate race-traitors to use it against me because I am fighting for the survival of the White Race.

Maybe we should form a county-wide Taxpayers' Committee to investigate the corrupt and vindictive bureaucracy that with malice aforethought irresponsibly, willy-nilly is spending our taxpayers' money on profligate projects to satisfy their own personal grudges and ego. Surely, a power-mad tin-horn little bureaucrat, Richard Lightner, who is evidently a traitor to the White Race, cannot be allowed to spend $100,000 to $150,000 of the taxpayers money to indulge in his own whims and grudges without being brought to account. And any County Commissioners, who support him in his insane persecution of those who love the White Race, must also be made to pay for their sins.

Ben Klassen
Pontifex Maximus
The Church of the Creator
P.O. Box 400
Otto, North Carolina 28763
January 30, 1990

Chapter Forty-three

The Death of My Dear Beloved Wife

As I am writing this, a year has gone by since my beloved wife passed away on January 24, 1992. With her passing, after more than 45 years of love, loyalty and companionship, a major chapter of my life also ended, and my will to live has faded into oblivion. Even a year or two before her death I felt that my purpose in life was nearing an end, and my interests and drive were rapidly slipping away. At 74, old age has caught up with me, and that I have now fulfilled the natural life span that Nature has allotted for me. There is a time to sow, and a time to reap; a time to be born, and a time to die, and death is a natural culmination of each living creature. I have further elucidated on this subject in Chapter 59, *Life, Death and Immortality*, in *The White Man's Bible*, and what I am now saying is not a new attitude or philosophy on my part. We all have to die, and as the immortal Horatius at the Bridge is quoted as saying, "to every man upon this earth, death cometh, soon or late." The only questions in which we sometimes have any choice is the **when** and **how**. I wrote that chapter more than 15 years ago, and even then, when I was in excellent health and spirits, I decided that when the time came I would make my own choice as to **when** and **how**, provided I had the chance. Nevertheless, when a loved one dies, it is a tragedy of major proportions, and there is little that can be done to assuage the grief.

My wife's problems started in the early spring of 1991, when she began having mild pains in her lower abdomen. At first we thought it was nothing more than indigestion, or an upset stomach, but as time went on and they began to get worse, we were beginning to suspect cancer as a possibility. If so, we had better get a diagnosis, and quickly. Living where we did, we had two choices, either we could go to the clinics and the hospital Toccoa, Georgia, 40 miles away, or go to Martinsville, Virginia, where Kim and Walt lived and where there were more and better medical facilities, in case it really became serious. Henrie, my wife, and Kim decided that Martinsville, although it is 280 miles away, was the better choice. For one thing, Walt, being a chiropractor, was already fairly familiar with the medical profession in the area, and secondly, should Henrie have to be hospitalized, Kim would at all times be close by to visit and supervise.

On Friday, April 19, 1991, Henrie and I left for Martinsville and arrived at Kim and Walt's house at 5:20 PM. Kim took me to Walt's Clinic where Walt took four X-ray pictures of my spine and gave me a chiropractic treatment. Why, I don't know.

The next day Kim and I took Henrie to Stuart, about 30 miles away, where she underwent clinical diagnosis by several doctors. These preliminary indications were not too clear but they were rather disturbing. Back from Stuart, that evening we all went to see the musical production of "Hello, Dolly!", at Carlyle School, a private school which all three of our grandchildren were attending. Scott was even one of the players in the production.

Two days later, Monday, April 22, 1991, Kim and I again took Henrie to Stuart, where Dr. Rick Cole examined her colon with a stereoscopic light, and again, the diagnosis was not too promising. She then went to the hospital clinic, had an injection of barium salts and and X-rays taken of her colon. This was done by a Dr. Khan, and the results examined by Dr. Rick Cole again. The diagnosis this time: no tumor, no operation needed! We were all elated!

We decided to stay another day. Kim and Henrie went to a rummage sale and came back with a bundle of clothes. Henrie decided to stay for a few more days anyway, while I decided to go back home and take care of church business. I called Henrie the next night. She wasn't feeling too sharp.

On Wednesday, April 24 I called Henrie again at Kim and Walt's. She said she was not feeling too well, However, when I talked to her again two days later, she said that she planned on coming home on Saturday and that they would meet me at Hickory. Kim then called me back a little later that same day and said the latest reports from the lab tests looked bad, that Henrie should have more tests, and that she would be staying another week.

Talking to Kim on May 1, Henrie's situation did not seem to be improving. Further tests showed she had a large tumor in her lower colon, and an operation seemed imminent. I decided to leave whatever I was doing and go back to Martinsville. When I got there, Henrie was already in the hospital, and after dinner Kim and I went to see her. She informed us that she was scheduled for an operation at 8 o-clock the next morning, May 10, 1991. Nevertheless, she seemed in very good spirits, considering what lay ahead.

I got up at 6 AM and an hour later Kim and I drove to the Martinsville Memorial Hospital. We went to Henrie's room and visited with her for about ten minutes. Then the nurse came in and prepared Henrie to be wheeled into the operating room. Dr. Fox was the operating physician, and the operation started at the scheduled time. While we were waiting for the outcome, Kim and I went to the hospital cafeteria and had breakfast, awaiting the results with much apprehension. Then we went to the O.R. room and waited. After two hours, Dr. Fox came back to inform us that the tumor had also spread to the bladder and there were complications. He was calling in Dr. Andy Gherkin, a specialist in urology to assist. Kim and I talked to him about that phase of the operation.

At 12 noon, after four hours, the operation was finished, and Dr. Fox said Henrie was doing very well. She was then taken to the Intensive Care clinic, still unconscious. Kim and I went to Shoney's to get a bite to eat. When we go back at about 2 PM to see Henrie, she was still pretty groggy from all the sedatives and the whole ordeal. After about an hour, Kim and I left and did some shopping. I bought Henrie a big Mother's Day card, which I planned to give her on Sunday, May 12.

I got up at 7:30 on Sunday, but everyone else in the Moore household was still asleep. As usual under such conditions, I drove over to Shoney's, read the Sunday paper and had breakfast by myself. I stopped by at the hospital at about 10 AM to try to see Henrie, but she was being given a bath at the time so I decided to come back later. When I got back to the house, all the Moores had left for their church.

At about 11 AM I drove to the hospital to see Henrie. After about 15 minutes, Kim and Walt, Maika, (a German student staying with the Moores) and the boys all arrived also. I gave her the big Mother's Day card, which she greatly appreciated.

Maika and the boys cooked up a big BBQ chicken dinner. Then after dinner we all went back to see Henrie again. Kim showed Henrie all the cards the kids at Sunday school had made for her, and all the cards she and Walt and the boys had for her. This greatly helped to raise her spirits.

At about 10 PM that night, I received a call from my sister Katie from Niagara Falls, informing me that her daughter Anita had given birth to a baby boy. I brought Katie up to date on Henrie's operation.

Meanwhile, Henrie was recovering slowly. On Monday, May 13, I had breakfast by myself at Shoney's, then at 9:30 I went to the hospital to see Henrie again. While there they were taking X-rays of her again (with a portable unit) and I talked to Dr. Fox once more, who was visiting her at the time. She seemed to be making good progress. I decided I might as well go back home again for a few days and then return. I left at about 10:30, stopped at the Red Lobster in Hickory for lunch and was back at my own home at 4:30. I picked up the *Franklin Press*, which had a news item in it about our church.

I called Henrie and Kim just about every day to find out how Henrie was doing. On Saturday, May 18, reports from Dr. Fox, and from Kim and Henrie, seemed favorable and they thought Henrie could leave the hospital on Monday. She did leave the hospital on Tuesday and wanted to come back home to North Carolina. I was back in Martinsville the next day, arriving at Kim and Walt's at 6 PM Wednesday. After a few days, I went back home again, but Henrie stayed on at the Moores. On Thursday, June 6, I was back there again to see Henrie. She was feeling somewhat better, and we even went out shopping together. On Sunday, we had breakfast together at Shoney's, and then I left to go back home again.

The next Sunday, a week later, the reports were negative again, and I immediately got into my newly purchased Buick and rushed back to Martinsville again. By the next day Henrie was back in the hospital again for further tests. They gave her another barium salts injection and took further X-rays. It seems she had a partial blockage in her intestinal tract. The next day, according to Dr. Mlot, the blockage had opened up, and Henrie was feeling better.

The next morning, Wednesday, June 19, I was packed to go back home again. I went to see Henrie at 8:30 and things seemed worse again and Henrie was throwing up. That same night I got a call from Kim. She was at Brevard, and on her way to coming over to my house. She wanted to get some business information and left at 10 AM, while I left for Toccoa. Henrie's condition seemed to go up and down and by June 29, she felt well enough to check out of the hospital again.

In the meantime, here at the church we had some excitement. On July 2 we received a large box in the post office, with no return address. I suspected mischief that it might be a mail bomb, and called the Sheriff's department. Deputies Andy Shields and Jim Ker came out, and they came to the same conclusion as I did, and were afraid to open the box. The next day they told me that a North Carolina state bomb expert from Raleigh was being flown out.

By 8 PM a whole crowd of about 15 people had gathered back of the church (about 100 yards) surveilling the mysterious box. The deputies were there, Sheriff Homer Holbrook was there, the fire department and crew had their truck out there, and finally the bomb expert arrived. I stood around until about 10 PM, then went to the house and went to bed.

The next morning I checked with Ron McVan, and he told me that they were all preoccupied with the box until about midnight. Finally the bomb expert opened the box while everybody stood back, and found it was full of shredded papers, (including some of our own *Racial Loyalty*) and hostile letters. The officials took the material with them for further analysis.

That same day at 2 PM I called Henrie. She said she wanted to come home the next day. At 11:30 AM next morning I again took off for Martinsville, arriving there at 5:30. That evening I took Kim, Walt, Henrie and the grandchildren out to dinner (it was seafood night) at the Dutch Inn.

The next morning, Saturday, July 6, Henrie and I had breakfast at Shoney's and left for home. The Moore family went to the lake about 40 miles away for a day of boating. Henrie and I arrived home at about 3:30. She fixed dinner for the two of us — beef stew, defrosted out of the freezer.

Henrie's troubles did not get worse, nor did they get any better. We drove to the grocery store and a few other nearby places, otherwise she took it easy. Two months later on September 22, Henrie felt well enough that we took a two day trip to Pigeon Forge, Tennessee, going over the hump of the Smoky Mountains National Park, without her feeling too much discomfort.

In the meantime, Henrie and Kim had been talking about taking one last grand trip to Henrie's beloved West — Colorado, Utah, and some of the other beautiful places and scenery that Henrie loved so much. Henrie and I left for Kim and Walt's on Saturday, September 28. We stayed with the Moore family for two days, enjoying ourselves, then I left for home on Monday.

Kim and Henrie took off from the Greensboro Airport at 8:30 the next morning, October 1, for points west, arriving at Las Vegas, Nevada at noon. They immediately rented a car and were off and running. They took the scenic drive through the Virgin River Gorge to St. George, Utah, one of the most costly roads ever built, Kim told me. Here Henrie went to see a certain Dr. Graff, with whom she had made a previous appointment. He used some very unorthodox procedures, but Henrie had been to him before and had a lot of confidence in him that he could do her some good. Later they all had dinner at a very colorful Mexican Restaurant, nestled on a high bluff overlooking the city. They spent the next day visiting museums in St. George, visiting the all-white Mormon Temple, and both of them saw Dr. Graff again.

From there on out they covered a tremendous amount of scenic territory, and Kim wrote an 18 page summary of what they considered as one of the most colorful and enjoyable trips of their life. I don't have the space here to recapitulate all, but will only try to mention some of the highlights they visited.

From St. George they drove north on I-15, turned east on I-70 and landed late at night at Green River, Utah. They visited the **John Wesley Powell Museum** and saw the films on his exploratory trips of the Green and Colorado Rivers. From there they went to Moab, Utah, took a motel, and explored the colorful rock erosions in the area, drove to **Dead Horse Point** and viewed the winding river and landscape far below. They went back into town and rented a red jeep and explored **Arches National Park**. Big steak dinner that night, then next morning, into the jeep again, to the edge of the Colorado River, and Indian petroglyphs. they returned the jeep, and that next night went on a **Sound and Light** trip on a raft down the Colorado.

This will give you some idea of their exploratory curiosity, but due to limited space, I will merely mention the numerous places they also visited and explored. Ouray, Colorado, staying at the Swiss Chalet, where Henrie and I stayed some 20 years earlier when we first discovered the beautiful and unique setting of this little Colorado town. To Telluride; Kim made an appointment to meet an old friend at Larimer Square in Denver; on to Salida, then Buena Vista, Colorado; on over the mountains and finally into Denver, where they took a suite at the exclusive Embassy Suite (last room left, no extra charge) where Kim met and had dinner with the friend she had called a few days before.

By now it was time to head back to Las Vegas and return the rental. They took I-70 through Vail, and beautiful Glenwood Canyon. They took an 80 mile detour to visit Henrie's childhood home in Craig, Colorado, which Henrie viewed with much nostalgia and tears in her eyes. They stopped in Vernal Falls, Utah, for the night. The next day, somehow they got on the wrong road and ended up in Provo. While there they visited Brigham Young University and the student union buildings. They finally got to Las Vegas and had breakfast in the Excaliber Hotel, the largest in Vegas. Then back on the plane and back to Martinsville.

Kim said that Henrie felt well and vibrant throughout the trip until that very last day at Vegas, when she took a turn for the worse. But, although she realized this would be her last such trip, it was most exhilarating for both her and Kim, and until the day of her death three months later, she continued to talk frequently about the wonderful time and memorable experiences they both shared on this last trip West.

* * * * *

Henrie and Kim returned to Martinsville on Friday, October 11, via the Greensboro Airport. Henrie wanted to come back to her own home. I left the next day and arrived at Kim and Walt's at 7:20 PM and we stayed over Sunday. Then on Monday Henrie and I left.

On Wednesday, October 16, I called Kim and told her Henrie was in considerable pain. Kim said she would leave everything and pick up Henrie the next day. She arrived at 4:35 and the two of them took off for Martinsville at 6 PM. The next day I called Kim and she told me that they had been to see Dr. Mlot who had taken some blood samples for analysis to be sent to the lab, and that Henrie was scheduled for a catscan on Friday. I called Henrie again the next day, and we talked for about 20 minutes. She said she felt drowsy and was taking painkiller pills to subdue the pain. Next day she called me at about noon and sounded fairly cheerful and said she was feeling somewhat better.

On Friday, October 25, Henrie received results of the blood tests and the catscan, and the news was not good. Evidently cancer was present on the right side of her abdomen. I left for Martinsville on Sunday. On Monday Henrie and I went back home to North Carolina.

Henrie's condition did not seem to improve, but she thought she felt well enough to go to Kim and Walt's for Thanksgiving. This we did, where we all had a big turkey dinner. The next day the Moores were all leaving for Myrtle Beach and Henrie and I left for home at 10 AM, just before their leaving.

With Christmas coming up, Kim wondered if we would be joining them as usual. Henrie was hesitant, but finally decided she just wasn't up to making the trip again and we declined. However, she cooked a good cornish hen dinner for the two of us. It was our last Christmas together.

On December 30, Kim, Amy, and the boys arrived at our house and we spent New Years together. They stayed for five days. Henrie's condition was declining rapidly, and we knew the end was not far off. On Saturday, January 11, Kim arrived to stay with us for the duration. Henrie was mostly bedridden, and to make her last days more cheerful, Kim decorated Henrie's bedroom with all the old photographs and paintings that Henrie loved. On Thursday, January 16, Mary Wimmer, a dear old friend of Henrie's, arrived to visit with her, which cheered her up immensely. She stayed for several days, recalling old times, much to Henrie's delight. She left on January 20.

At 8:30 in the morning of January 24, 1992, Henrie died. When I saw she had stopped breathing, it seemed she had such a serene and peaceful look on her face, I almost envied her. And why not? She had lived her life in dignity and died the same way. All her troubles, pain and anguish were over and gone.

We called the Bryant Funeral Mortuary in Franklin, where Kim and I had already made previous arrangements. Two of their attendants arrived at 1 PM and as they slowly wheeled her through the living room, Kim and I embraced each other and cried. We knew we would never see her again.

They took her first to Dr. Charles Pennington, in Dillard, to confirm her death, then in accordance with Henrie's wishes, she was cremated at the Daniel-Mize Mortuary in Clayton. She had asked us to scatter her ashes in the scenic beauty of the Rocky Mountains in Colorado, a wish Kim and I carried out some months later.

A Memorial Service was held in Bassett, Virginia, (near Martinsville) on Saturday, February 1. Dr. Walter S. Moore, her son-in-law, gave the eulogy.

Kim then gave an emotional but cheerful speech about all the wonderful times they had had together, how much they loved each other and what a wonderful mother Henrie had been. Mary Wimmer, too, gave a talk about what a wonderful friend Henrie had been since the 25 years they had known each other, going back to Lighthouse Point, Florida, where they first met. In between the speeches Mrs. Dianne Moran played the organ, accompanying soloist Susan Stone in two beautiful renditions of Henrie's choice. They were *Whispering Hope* and *Springtime in the Rockies*.

Chapter Forty-four

Moving Headquarters to Milwaukee

I have already related the Rudy Stanko fiasco in considerable detail in a former chapter. When he came to my house on March the 10th and sat down at my dining room table and flatly told me that he was welshing on his promise to take charge of the leadership of the church, the whole picture of our future plans changed in an instant. I had been waiting for and seeking the "great promoter" for years, and because of my age, was determined to turn over my multitude of duties and heavy work load (I was also writing two more books) to a younger and more energetic leader in this year of 1992, come what may. Now I was back to square one.

To whom could I entrust this great responsibility? I went over my membership list. I wracked my brain. There was not a single willing, qualified volunteer. Nevertheless, I was on the verge of doing one of two things, either finding someone, or close up shop. I was extremely reluctant to do the latter. Finally, I thought of Rev. Charles Altvater from Baltimore.

Charles Altvater was by no means the ideal candidate, but he had several things going for him. He was highly dedicated to our religious creed, and had told me several times that if it weren't for Creativity, he would have had no goals, no aspirations in life, in fact he would have become a bum, he told me. But when he read my books, it inspired him to turn his whole life around, and it meant everything in the world to him. Furthermore, he had been one of the most active distributors of our paper, *Racial Loyalty*, and had enlisted several of his comrades to help him in this endeavor. Most important of all, he was the only one I knew of that was not only highly articulate, but was willing to leave the job he had and take on the leadership. He and his girl friend lived together and had a two year old daughter, but they had not married, for some reason.

I called Charles about the situation and he and his friend, Frank Cook, came to the house at 6 PM on Sunday, April 5. After about an hour's talk about the details of the job, we all went out to have dinner at Dillard's Restaurant and continued our negotiations. When we came back, I showed him the upstairs living quarters and furnishings. To my surprise, Lou Durrence and Chris Peronto were still working on the layout of *Racial Loyalty* at this late hour. Charles and Frank Cook spent the night in the upstairs quarters of the church, and the next morning we discussed further details of taking on the job of Pontifex Maximus. He agreed to take the job and would arrive here on, or about, May 5 or 6, without his girl friend and baby the first two months. Then they both left for Baltimore that morning.

Some weeks earlier I had been talking to some attorneys and also to a certain J.R Wright, a paralegal who specialized in church law and structural set-ups. He had recommended that being a corporation was not the best legal form for a church, but rather recommended that it be owned by a trusteeship.

At 3 PM I left for Kim and Walt's, and arrived at 8:20 PM. I was in a rather depressed mood. Next morning I took Kim out to Shoney's for breakfast, and told her how low I felt and asked her if I changed the church structure to a Trust if she was willing to be a trustee. She said she would talk it over with Walt and let me know. This they did, and Kim said that she and Walt would both volunteer, if that was of any help to me.

At this breakfast I also confessed to Kim that I was bored with life as such, and that sometime within the next year or so, after I had completed publishing the two books I was working on, and had put the church organization in order and into the right hands, someone I could depend on to advance and expand it properly, that I had been thinking of voluntarily making a terminal exit from this corrupt and degenerating world. Kim was shocked and broke down and cried, and told me all the good things I had to live for. Perhaps it was cruel of me to make this confession to her, but I had been thinking about this for some time, and thought it better to let her know of my thinking some time in advance rather than have it happen and come as a sudden and unexpected shock.

I left Martinsville at 12:30 and stopped by to see Kirk Lyons, an attorney, at Black Mountain, North Carolina on the way back and discussed the trusteeship with him.

also. I donated $100 to him and his cause, since he seemed to be entering our ranks in the fight for the White racial cause. He had several reservations about the trust idea.

Charles Altvater finally arrived here at H.Q. at noon on May 8, a few days late. About a week and a half later he had to go back to Baltimore to appear in court about a traffic case. He was back a few days later. By this time I had pretty well sized him up and decided that he was a good fellow, but quite unqualified to take over such an important job as Pontifex Maximus of the church. Not only did he lack the intellectual capacity, but he seemed paranoid about the dangers involved in bringing his family here. He even wanted me to board up the basement windows, because it would be easy to throw a bomb through them, but he could not expose his little daughter to such a risk. I told him that we had been here ten years now, and whereas the danger was always present, no one here had been hurt as yet. However, if someone wanted to blow up the church, or my house for that matter, there were hundreds of ways of doing so, other than preventing them by boarding up the basement windows. In any case we both mutually began to feel that Charles Altvater was not the man for the job.

On May 20 I drove down to see Sam Dickson, an attorney in Marietta, about writing up a legal trust. I already had a stereotype trust in my hands from paralegal J.R. Wright, which cost me $300, but I wanted a real attorney to do the right kind of job. Sam Dickson was the only licensed attorney I knew of that was sympathetic to our cause. I had visited with him before and discussed the Trust idea with him over the telephone. He said that the mail order trust had many flaws in it and he would do the job properly for $1500. I told him to go ahead.

In the meantime some of the Milwaukee boys had arrived to take their free annual "vacation" here at the school. Matt Saladin and Randy Kastner were already unloading as I stopped at the school. Soon Paul Leach arrived. When I came back from buying groceries and stopped by the school again, Arno Michaelis and his pregnant girl friend had arrived. I had hoped that Mark Wilson, the leader of the Milwaukee group, would be coming also, because there was a serious issue I wanted to discuss with him.

I was coming to realize, slowly, that whereas we had done a terrific job in the last nine years, from a small rural isolated location, in that we had survived and that we had now served our purpose. We were now at the stage where we needed to be located in a number of places in large urban areas where large groups could assemble and meet on a regular basis, as they were doing in Milwaukee, if we were to grow into a mass movement. Neither Charles Altvater nor anybody else could do that in a rural, isolated area such as we occupied in Macon County, especially in the Bible Belt. Who had done the best job of attracting and building such a group? Without a doubt, Mark Wilson in Milwaukee. Since I was 74, and determined to step down, it was highly improbable that any "great promoter" would come to this isolated area, and even if he did, would stay for long, as Victor Wolf, Ron McVan, and others had proven. That is why I wanted to talk to Mark Wilson, and what I wanted to talk to him about was moving our entire Headquarters to Milwaukee, a major population center. It was also a major decision. I tried to call Mark, and after some difficulties, I was finally able to reach him.

I explained the situation to him. Not only did I want to move the headquarters, but I wanted to retire and hand over the reigns of leadership to him, since he indeed had built the largest and most active group of Creators in the country. This was Friday, May 22, and since we had a good representative group here, I wanted to hold a general meeting on Sunday to discuss this issue, and if possible, come up with a decision. In order to get down here on time, he would, of course, have to fly. This presented some problems, since the reason he had not come with the rest of the gang was that he had to work that weekend, and secondly, he didn't have enough money for the flight. After impressing him with the importance of the meeting, and offering to pay for half the cost of the flight, he decided to come. He arrived in Atlanta at 1:03 PM on Saturday, and Lou Durrence picked him up.

He first of all checked in with the boys at the school, although at this point, neither he nor I had discussed this with anyone. I invited him over to the house so we could discuss the move privately between ourselves, before we presented it at the meeting the next day. We talked for about two hours.

That same afternoon Kim and Walt arrived with a car full of potted flowers, which Kim was ready to put in the ground in the numerous planters around my house and various places in the yard. This she accomplished like an expert, and finished the whole job on Sunday afternoon. Not only did she plant dozens and dozens of flower while she was here, but she was so kind as to cook a number of various dishes I could store in the freezer and enjoy for the next month. What a good daughter! Thank you, Kim.

I called Charles Altvater the next morning and had a private discussion with him in my office at the church. I informed him about my intentions to make the move to Milwaukee, and that I intended to designate Mark as the Pontifex Maximus. I did not want to embarrass him or have it come as a surprise to him at the meeting we were about to have this afternoon. He was neither surprised nor was he unhappy about it. In fact, he was all in favor of it, and seemed rather relieved. At 3:30 on the Sunday afternoon of May 24, we had a meeting of all the members present, which included some from Baltimore, from Milwaukee and surrounding area, from Toronto, from Jacksonville, as well as our own staff.

I laid out the whole story to all the members, telling them of our plans to move our Headquarters from North Carolina to Milwaukee, Wisconsin. I told them that after struggling to build the movement for 20 years and at the age of 74, I was tired, burned out, and no longer had the energy to dynamically propel our great movement forward at the increasing momentum it deserved. We had come a long way in the last 20 years since I first wrote Nature's Eternal Religion. We had published 81 issues of Racial Loyalty and spread our ideas and our message not only into every state of the Union, but to all the far corners of the world. And above all, in this remote corner of North Carolina, despite fire bombing, having a shotgun blast fire at our logo, despite losing our insurance coverage in 1986 after the Carl Messick shooting incident, we had not been burned out, nor had we retreated. We had survived, a major accomplishment in itself. We probably never would have survived had we stayed in the polyglot milieu of Jew, niggers, Cubans and other mud races that were, and are, flooding into South Florida, where we originally started. But now that we had established bases all over the world, the time had come to move forward and expand into the metropolitan suburbs and hold mass meetings, such as some of you are now doing in Milwaukee. This is something we cannot do in an isolated area such as Macon County, where we are now located. I believe strongly the world, after all the lies, chaos and anarchy the Jews have inflicted upon us, is now more than ever ready to receive our message. We must now go forward and provide for continuity of the movement, work even harder and pass the leadership into younger and more energetic hands. In order to be able to do this we must have mass meetings and rallies.

I am, therefore, resigning and transferring the title of Pontifex Maximus on to Rev. Mark Wilson, who has done such a fine job in Milwaukee. Furthermore, I am selling the land, buildings and our precious library, and will donate all the proceeds to the new headquarters in Milwaukee. Furthermore, we will ship and transfer our large inventory of Creativity books to your office at no charge to you, except that you pay the shipping charges at your end. This is, of course, a minor fraction of the value of hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of books we are giving you. Furthermore, I am having ten thousand new copies of *Nature's Eternal Religion* reprinted right now, which will also be shipped to you directly. This will be followed by a new printing of ten thousand copies of *The White Man's Bible*, which will also be sent to you directly. It was a most generous offer, an offer they could hardly refuse.

After some discussion of the transfer, we took a vote, and everyone was in favor, with no dissenting vote. Having reached unanimous agreement, the meeting disbanded, and I went back to the house to see how Kim was doing about planting the flower beds. She was doing great.

* * * * *

The next day, Monday, all of the Milwaukee group left for home to get ready for the changeover. Meanwhile, I still had Lou Durrence, Chris Peronto, and Charles Altvater on my payroll and working for me. Charles Altvater realized that he was no longer needed and said that he might as well get back home to Baltimore as quickly as possible. I agreed with him and I told him that I appreciated his cooperation, gave him a check in the amount of $350 for the short time he had been here and he left on May 25.

Meanwhile, Chris Peronto and I went down to the U-Haul in Clayton and negotiated the rental of the biggest truck they had, an 18 footer. Lou and Chris then started loading the truck with the huge inventory of books we had on hand. Since Chris had experience in the trucking business, he did the driving to Milwaukee, alone. It took three truck loads to do the job. The hauling costs were to be paid at the other end, and since Mark called me and said they didn't have the money, as usual, I advanced the costs, later to be reconciled when we sold the real estate. The two huge shipments of *Nature's Eternal Religion* and *The White Man's Bible* were shipped later when ready, but they were shipped directly from the printer in Toccoa, Georgia to Milwaukee by regular commercial freight lines in larger trucks. There too, I had to advance the freighting costs, to be adjusted later, if, and when the real estate was sold.

By June 15, everything at our Headquarters had been shipped out. I paid Lou and Chris as per agreement, and they each went their separate ways. Chris went back to Milwaukee, and Lou immediately left for Rapid City, South Dakota to start courting Paul Jackson's daughter Mary, whom Rudy was also aggressively pursuing, as I mentioned earlier. Also, Paul Jackson, who approved of Lou, had a job for him helping Paul fix up an old motel. Ironically, in the end, neither Rudy nor Lou succeeded in their courtship.

Chapter Forty-five

Selling the Church Property

When we agreed to move the headquarters to Milwaukee, we also agreed to sell the church real estate here at Otto and turn over the proceeds of the sale to their group so that they could fund their various needs in equipment, publishing the newspaper, and other requirements in order to run their program. By June 15, we had already shipped our entire inventory of books over to their center. It was now necessary to dispose of the real estate as quickly as possible to get the funds in order to get their program into high gear. Since most of their membership consisted of skinheads and other young fellows who were next to broke, they had little ready cash, and as I have already pointed out, they did not even have enough money on hand to pay for transfer of the books over to their Headquarters. Everybody looked to me to fund everything, as if I had a bottomless gold mine at my disposal.

I have been asked by various people, why did I sell the church at all? After all, the church was consecrated ground, our starting point, our geographical Holy Center, much as Mecca is to the Moslems, Jerusalem to the Jews, and Nuremberg to the Nazis. All this is true, and it pained me more than anybody, since I had put so much of myself into the center. I hope that in some future day when we have become the worldwide religion of the White Race, we will be able to repossess it and restore it to its original pristine form. Much as it pained me to do so, there were several compelling reasons as to why I did what I had to do.

In the first place, at 74, old age was creeping up on me, and being mortal as everyone else, I did not want to kick the bucket and leave the movement floundering without a designated leader. As you will remember, I had been looking for the "great promoter" for the last ten years, without success.

Now, in 1992, I was determined to resign and do what I could to provide for continuity. Milwaukee seemed my best shot.

Secondly, the George Loeb case was coming to trial, and who could foresee what the consequences of that might engender. I realized that our properties were built for a specific purpose (to promote the cause of the Church of the Creator) and finding a buyer might be difficult and perhaps take years. I knew in order to make the deal attractive I would have to offer it at a price far below its real value. However, under the circumstances, time was of the essence, and in a way, was much more important than waiting for years, perhaps, in order to obtain a selling price that reflected its true value.

Fortunately, at the $100,000 asking price a bonafide buyer appeared on the scene in short order. His name was Dr. William Pierce, who had an operation similar to ours at his mountain complex near Hillsboro, West Virginia.

Although only from a distance, I have known Dr. Pierce for about 18 years, but had met him only twice back in 1975 when he still operated on the outskirts of Washington, D.C. Our ideologies regarding race ran on a parallel course, although as far as religion was concerned, I never did understand the logic of what he called his Cosmotheism religion, no matter how many times he tried to explain it in his literature. But it has not been of any significance as far as our common goals of promoting White racial solidarity was concerned. I have always admired Dr. Pierce as a great man and an outstanding intellectual thinker, and as one of us. I had been corresponding with him, although infrequently, and off and on, as far back as 1975, and some of those letters appear in my books, *The Klassen Letters*.

When he moved from Washington to his mountain complex in West Virginia, I called him and had every intention of visiting him there, but somehow, I never got around to it. In early 1992 I invited him to come and visit us here in North Carolina instead, and on Sunday, March 22, 1992, he did indeed come down and spend the day here. We had lunch together, had a congenial visit, and I showed him our premises. He left me a collection of his fine magazine *National Vanguard*, (1982-1985), and also a 6" x 48" plastic tube for burying guns or other valuables. At that time (March 22) I had not yet given any thought to moving our headquarters to Milwaukee, or any other place.

However, about two months later, after my experience with Charles Altvater in trying him out as a succeeding Pontifex, I came to the inevitable conclusion that whereas our location here had been extremely productive, but it had, now that I was determined to retire, outlived its usefulness. I made preparations to move the Headquarters to Milwaukee, as I have described in the previous chapter, and sell the property for the bargain price of $100,000. About three weeks later, I tried to call Dr. Pierce and let him know the place was for sale and would he spread the word. Instead, I got Will Williams answering the phone and asked him to have Dr. Pierce call me back. Meanwhile, we got embroiled in a conversation, (Will Williams, you may recall, used to be my Hasta Primus at one time) and I mentioned to him that I was moving the Headquarters and putting the place up for sale at the bargain price of $100,000.

About an hour later (this was on June 6) Dr. Pierce did call back and surprised me by saying that he was willing to buy the premises at that price, and would immediately send me a letter to that effect, enclosing a $1000 in earnest money with it.

At 11 AM, on Sunday, June 21, William Pierce, his new Hungarian wife Susan, and Will Williams arrived in a big white van to reinspect the properties, to sort things out, and go over the property, including the boundary lines. Dr. Pierce and I hammered out the details of the transaction and tied them down in writing. It was to be a cash deal by Cashier's check, and the closing date was to be July 17th.

True to his word, at 9 AM William Pierce, his wife, and Will Williams arrived at my house. They had planned to be here earlier the previous night, in fact, but had had a transmission breakdown on the big white van. At 10 o'clock we all met at my attorney's office, Bobby Key, of Jones, Key, Melvin and Patton, in Franklin. The deeds were all prepared in advance and were duly signed. Everything went smoothly, except when it came to the prorationing and adjustment of taxes. The county had a surprise in store for me. The Macon County Tax Office, unbeknownst to me had the church properties divided into two parcels, Parcel One, on which the church resided, and another bill for Parcel Two, for the other 20 acres. Parcel One had been tax exempt until the last two years, but now that they deemed it taxable, they had sent the bills to Lighthouse Point, Florida, which they knew very well I had left nine years ago and the mail would not be forwarded. I'm not sure what their game plan was, but believe that they conspired that if I never saw those bills, and therefore could not take care of them, they would sooner or later foreclose on the main church building. It was undoubtedly one of Richard Lightner's tricks. However, at the closing, with the attorney inquiring into the total taxes due, they revealed that they had sent these bills to Florida, and that I was delinquent for the years 1990 and 1991, and I had to come up with an unexpected $2,133.54 in order to close the deal.

As agreed upon, Dr. Pierce came up with two cashier's checks totalling $100,000. I paid the extra taxes and signed the deeds, and the deal was completed. While in the Courthouse tax office paying the additional taxes, Will Williams said out loud "I wonder where Richard Lightner lives." Lightner was the scoundrel who had instigated the revocation of our tax exempt status, while all the other churches in the county were enjoying exemption without any hassle.

The four of us, Dr. Pierce, his wife, Will Williams and I, then went across the alley from the courthouse to have lunch at the Courthouse Plaza Restaurant. We were enjoying our meal, and were about half way through, when in saunters Sheriff Homer Holbrook up to our table with Richard Lightner at his heels, and said to me in a challenging tone, "I understand you were wondering where Richard Lightner lives. Why did you want to know?" I was somewhat surprised, since I had always considered us as being on a friendly basis in all our previous meetings. I said no, I never said that. At this point Will cut in and replied in a bravado voice "I said that." Holbrook turned on him and asked "Why do you want to know?" Will casually replied, "Oh, its just a hobby of mine." Then Sheriff Holbrook really started to chew Will out and I thought a real fight would ensue, but Will held his temper and took it. It sort of spoiled our lunch, but on the other hand, it provided unexpected entertainment. Actually, the Sheriff was out of line and out of his territory, since we were not in the county but within the city jurisdiction, and if anybody had any beef about Will exercising his First Amendment rights, it should have been the Franklin city police. I was somewhat irritated about the way they barged in on our lunch, but then, I was only an innocent bystander.

So ended our business transaction on a note of rancor and also amusement. Dr. Pierce, his wife and Will went back to the church cleaning up affairs, taking down our big eight foot logo and the large letters around it, saying THE CHURCH OF THE CREATOR. After some more cleaning up, the party of three left for West Virginia, their van loaded to the gills.

Chapter Forty-six

Scattering Henrie's Ashes in the Rocky Mountains

Years before she died, Henrie expressed her wish that when that event came about she wished to be cremated and that her ashes be scattered in some of the most scenic areas of the Rocky Mountains in Colorado. She was born in Colorado, and she loved Colorado. Twenty years earlier, when we put our aging and beloved dog Tammy to sleep, we buried Tammy by a large pinion tree on a hillside in Ouray County overlooking the beautiful Uncompahgre Valley and the Sawtooth Mountains to the east. Even then Henrie remarked that she wouldn't mind being buried at that spot herself.

Before she died on January 24, 1992, she reiterated that request to Kim and me, and we faithfully promised her we would carry out her wishes. After she died, she was duly cremated in Clayton, Georgia, and Kim and I decided that we would carry out her wish of scattering the ashes at a time of the year when the weather and the scenery in Colorado was at its best. That time was approximately the same as when the two of them had made that grand trip West the previous year, which I described earlier. That time of the year was at the beginning of October.

In carrying out our mission, I drove over to Kim and Walt's house at the end of September, 1992.

Thursday, October 1, 1992. Kim and I left the Moore's house at Martinsville at 9:10 AM and drove to the Triad Airport near Greensboro, North Carolina. Our destination was Albuquerque, New Mexico, but we had to make several plane changes to get there. We left on United Flight 1625V at 10:48, had a snack, and landed in O'Hare 50 minutes later. Taking off from Chicago on United Flight 147V we had lunch on board and arrived in Denver at 1:52. From there we flew to Albuquerque and reached our final destination at 3:58 PM. Kim went straight to Avis and rented a car, a snappy four door Chevy Corsair. She seemed to know her way around. She had been there before.

We drove to the Hampton Inn at 7433 No. American Freeway, N.E., where we had a reservation. ($50.50 plus Tax.) And fortunate it was that we did, because the town was filled to the brim with tourists eager to watch the big hot air Balloon Fiesta. After unpacking and resting up a bit, and me having a highball, Kim and I drove to the Holiday Inn Restaurant and had a sumptuous dinner. Since rooms were hard to get, we asked for and got a reservation for the next night also at the Hampton Inn.

Friday, October 2. In the morning Kim and I visited the Albuquerque Museum of Art, History and Science. We had a genuine Mexican lunch at the Montoya Patio Cafe — tacos, enchiladas and tamales. After lunch we visited the New Mexico Museum of Art and Natural History. At 5 PM we saw the Imax Theatre film of the Niagara Falls (big screen, about 45 minutes.)

We then wandered over to Old Albuquerque and visited the numerous quaint Mexican shops, with which the place abounded. It also abounded with hundreds of thousands of people. Finally tired, we had dinner at the Black Kettle Restaurant. Before going back to the motel, Kim tried to make arrangements to go up in a hot air balloon the next day when the big show was to start, however, because of timing, she did not get to take that ride. We also bought two of the wide angle cameras, the throw-away type, to capture the colorful scene. There were a total of 640 balloons on the grounds, getting ready to be heated up and fly up into the wild blue yonder the next morning.

Saturday, October 3. Since this was the big day that all those colorful balloons were going up into the clear blue sky, we got up at 5 o'clock. Kim and I had a complimentary breakfast in the Hampton Inn breakfast lobby (more items than most offer). We checked out at 6:30 and drove to the grounds where 640 hot air balloons were being staged and heated up. The traffic to the grounds was heavy, but we slowly made our way to the spectacle where all those balloons were packed on the grounds and getting geared up to take off. They came in all shapes and sizes. Some were in the shape of a huge cow, some in the shape of a whisky bottle with their brand name on it (for sure), some in the shape of a castle, you name it. There were also reputedly 1.1 million people on the Fiesta grounds.

Kim and I took a lot of pictures, some regular, and some wide angle. I bought another throw away camera.

By 10 o-clock, the show was pretty well over. It was amazing how so many balloons could have been heated up and were up in the air in such short time. It was something I had never expected to see and probably won't ever see again, but it was an awe inspiring sight to see the skies filled with all those colorful balloons.

Since Kim and I had already checked out of the motel, we drove north on I-25 towards Antonito, Colorado, where we were going to take a trip on the narrow gauge railroad. But first we stopped in Santa Fe. I wanted to see the Palace Restaurant again, where Henrie and I used to eat some memorable meals many years ago. I wanted to see if it was still in business and still as plush as it used to be. It was still there, but under new management. Kim and I had lunch there in the garden restaurant, and for dessert, shared a special pie they made. I used to enjoy their Napoleons, but they did not make them any more. After lunch we talked to the new owner who was from Germany. We then visited several art galleries around the Plaza, and were specially impressed by the works of an artist and sculptor by the name of Ken Payne, with whom we had an interesting conversation.

After two hours we left, and as we drove north on Hwy 84, then onto Hwy 285, we saw a number of elk in the meadows along the way. We arrived at Antonito at 5:15 PM. It was a shabby little town in Colorado close to the New Mexico border. It is noted as the terminus of an old ore bearing narrow gauge railroad that runs to Chama, New Mexico and is known as the Toltec & Cumbres narrow gauge railroad. Today it no longer hauls ore, but is a tourist attraction because of its quaintness, because it cuts through such wild and beautiful scenery, and is one of the few such railroads left in the West. (Another one is the Silverton to Durango, which we all had travelled years earlier, Henrie and I twice, once with the Moore family when the boys were only little tykes.)

The first place we went was the Antonito railroad station and bought two tickets for the next morning for the narrow gauge railroad trip to Osier and back. ($29 for Kim, $26.10 for the Senior Citizen.) Osier is only half way to Chama, but if we went all the way, we would be without our car, have to stay overnight, and come back on the same route the next day. Next we checked in at the Park Motel, a pretty run down dump, but the room itself wasn't too bad. We didn't have much choice. We had dinner at the Dutch Mill Restaurant, where I chose a Chef's Salad in order to get my veggies.

Sunday, October 4. Checked out of the Park Motel. Kim took a picture of me standing in front of a large mural painted on one side of the motel. We then had a big breakfast at the same Dutch Mill Restaurant, where we also picked up our "brown bag" for our lunch when we would get to stop over at Osier.

We boarded the train (car E, seats 3 and 4), and at 10 AM it slowly started on its creaky journey. The scenery was wild and beautiful. We were travelling along in rugged mountain terrain at an average elevation of between nine and ten thousand feet. At 12:45 we arrived at Osier for an hour's delay, when we would catch the other train going back. Taking our little brown lunch bags, we entered a large hall that had many dining tables. We chose one next to a window where we could watch the beautiful scenery below and ate our lunch of sandwiches, sweet rolls and fruit. Then, outside, we took a number of pictures with both the regular and the wide angle newly bought throw away cameras.

By the time we left Osier (elevation 9600 feet) we had used up all the film and bought another throw away for the scenic views on the way back, arriving at Antonito at 5:20 PM. We said goodbye to some of our newly acquired friends and took off in our rented Corsair, heading north for Alamosa. Entering Hwy 160, we turned west, drove over Wolf Creek Pass and on to Pagosa Springs, arriving there at 8 PM.

We checked in at the Oak Ridge (Best Western). Being somewhat bushed from a long day and a lot of driving, we had our dinner brought to our room from the restaurant across the parking lot. I had a prime rib on sandwich and apple pie, and Kim had a Mexican dish.

Monday, October 5. We had breakfast at the Best Western at Pagosa Springs. We then sauntered over to the Wagon Wheel Art Gallery, where Kim bought a print of a painting by Milton Lewis, the owner, who was also a friend of Ken Payne, the artist with whom we had talked in Santa Fe. We then drove about five miles further down the road to Pagosa Lakes, a huge development where Kim and Walt bought a four acre homesite many years ago, and on which they hope to retire some day. Kim also visited the sales office and also Homeowner's office to find out the latest as to what was going on. The development had changed ownership several times.

We then drove on west to Durango, where we had lunch at Denny's. There we switched north onto Hwy 550 (the Million Dollar Highway). There was a lot of new road work being done on it. We drove through the nostalgic old town of Ouray, and on to Ridgway where we once owned a 160 acre ranch (since sold in 35 acre homesites.) Driving one mile north to Owl Creek Road and then about a mile east, we found the big pinion tree where we had buried Tammy some 20 years earlier. We now performed the sad task we had come here to do. We scattered about half of Henrie's ashes near Tammy's grave and around the tree. Kim asked to be alone for about five minutes to meditate, while I went back to the car on the side of the road and waited for her, reflecting on my own thoughts.

We then went back to Ridgway and took Hwy 64 west, until we came to a place where we thought the view of the San Juan Mountains was particularly inspiring, and scattered some few more handfuls of ashes in the meadow. The driving another five miles or so, we came to another outstanding vista of the San Juans to the south and scattered a few more handfuls. I saved about a cupful of her ashes, which I want to keep in a bronze urn and have them placed in my own coffin right next to my heart when I am buried, so we will be together in all eternity.

We drove back to Hwy 550 and north to Montrose. By now it was about 6:20 PM and we stopped at Baskin Robbins for a dish of icecream. I then took the wheel of the car and we drove all the way to Gunnison and checked in at the Best Western for the night. We were tired, but not hungry, and went to bed without dinner.

Tuesday, October 6. After having breakfast at Gunnison, we drove west to Alamosa, then back tracked our way through Antonito, through Santa Fe, and arrived back at the Hampton Inn at Albuquerque before 5 PM. The balloon fiesta was still in full swing and we immediately inquired whether they had been able to secure that room reservation with two beds for us that night, as we had requested before we left. They had, and we felt relieved. We went to an Arby restaurant and loaded up with goodies and ate in our room. We wanted to make sure nobody stole our room away from us while we were gone.

Wednesday, October 7. We got up early in order to catch our 8:40 plane. We had a quick complimentary breakfast in the Hampton Inn lounge, loaded all our bag and baggage into our rented Corsair and left for the airport ten miles away at 7 AM. The traffic was heavy and slow. We hadn't counted on the balloon tourists still being there to block our way, in addition to the usual heavy morning traffic jam. Anyway, in the nick of time Kim dropped me off at the outside United stand, and I had our bags ticketed all the way through to Greensboro, North Carolina. Meanwhile Kim turned in the rented Corsair and settled that bill, while I went to the counter and had our tickets validated for Flight 369V, and we barely made it in time to get on the plane for Denver. From there it was clear sailing to New York and from there to Greensboro, North Carolina, arriving at about 6:15 PM.

A shuttle bus took us to the parking lot about half a mile away. We loaded all our belongings into my good old waiting Buick and we were off to Martinsville, about 50 miles distant. We arrived there at about 7:30. Walt was away to some church meeting at Roanoke. Kim put a quick dinner together and we ate at about 9 PM. I went to bed at 10, fairly bushed. Home at last.

Chapter Forty-seven

Creativity and the White Race

Propelling it into Perpetuity

The future fate of mankind now rests on the success or failure of the creed and the program of the Creativity movement. We have reached that crucial stage in the history of the human race, a watershed, you might say, where it will either regress and degenerate into a horrible monstrosity of mongrels, who are incapable of either feeding themselves or governing themselves, as exemplified by Somalia, Ethiopia, India, Pakistan and dozens of other countries populated by the decrepit mud races. On the other hand, we can progressively march forward to a Whiter and Brighter world, as Nature in the most creative and benevolent of her many plans intended mankind to progress as the epitome of her creation. We have now reached that momentous crisis in the history of mankind, and, whether we like it or not, the decision will be made in the next generation, or even more likely, in this decade. That decision will be made, one way or the other, either by us, or by our enemies. As to whether the human race will be further debauched by the Jewish conspiracy into a mass of starving, clawing mongrels and savages, unable to either feed themselves, or govern themselves as a civilized society, depends entirely upon us. As to whether we, the White Race, will be able to muster the will and the determination to fight for our very survival, and save Planet Earth for Nature's Finest, now completely rests in our hands. Only Creativity has the creed and program with which to do the job, and do it thoroughly. And that, my friend, is the stark, undeniable fact of the world situation as it faces us today.

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In September of 1984, my wife and I visited the huge 40 acre religious compound of evangelist Oral Roberts, located on the outskirts of Tulsa, Oklahoma. It was founded in 1962 as the Oral Roberts Evangelistic Association in downtown Tulsa. However, Oral Roberts proved to be such a dynamic and successful huckster that the organization soon outgrew its cramped downtown quarters and purchased a 40 acre tract outside the city for greater expansion. And expand it did! Soon he was in the process of building the Oral Roberts University, a huge complex. He also built a unique television complex. He also built a unique television broadcasting station that had a dias which housed the studios and broadcasting facilities high up on a tower, so that looking at it from any direction it looked like a huge cross. And the money kept pouring in by the tens of millions. He had more money coming in than he knew what to do with.

When Henrie and I visited the compound in 1984, he had a few years earlier conceived of a new idea as to how to spend all that surplus money. He claimed he had had a vision of a 900 foot tall Jesus Christ standing before him, telling him to build a hospital equally tall, namely 900 feet. With his usual energy, he plunged into the project with a vengeance. It was a crazy idea, out of all proportion to the needs of the area, but he went ahead anyway. When we visited the place in 1984, he had one part of it half finished, when he ran out of money. Checking the situation lately, (1993) I am told that as a hospital, it was a complete operational failure, and he has given a 30 year lease on one of the towers to The Cancer Treatment Center of America, and the other two of the three towers are standing vacant, unused, and waiting for a tenant. And that, as far as I know, is where the situation is floundering today. But that is not the crux of this narrative.

Oral Roberts is about the same age as I am, now in his middle seventies, and he realizes that he is mortal, that his life and energies are coming to an end. He was, and is an expert con-artist without equal, and his whole empire was built on lies, fraud, nebulous promises of pie-in-the-sky when you die, or the threat of fry-in-the-sky if you don't comply and come across with the shekels. He has been extraordinarily successful, but con-men with such talents are rare. Now that he is nearing the end of his life, he is worried as to whether anyone can fill his shoes and keep his empire from falling apart. He is recently quoted as saying "Success without a successor is failure." He is absolutely right. There is nobody who can duplicate his artistry as a con-artist, and since he has come up with nothing but the same old fraudulent promises and Jewish lies as have been around for centuries, I predict that upon his death his empire will fall apart, just as did Jimmy and Tammy Bakker's even before their death, and just as did Jewish communism.

* * * * *

I cite the Oral Roberts story in order that we may better understand the importance of succession and continuity. In building the Creativity movement for the ages, we too, are manifestly concerned with competent succession. But there the similarity ends. Whereas we have not been anywhere nearly as masterful in raking in the money, or in promoting propaganda, or in building our membership, we do have the winning formula in our hands. We don't have to lie to anybody, we don't have to make false promises of pie-in-the-sky-when-you-die, or promote a passel of fraudulent Jewish lies in order to build our movement. Our religion is based on the **Eternal Laws of Nature**, on the experience of history, and just plain good common sense. **Our Race is our Religion.** We see the world and the universe as it is, not based on stone-age myths, but on fact and verities as they are in reality, and our conclusions and actions are governed by those facts that are substantiated by observation and sound reasoning. Above all, our goals are the loftiest and most noble ever conceived by the mind of man, namely the **Survival, Expansion and Advancement of Nature's Finest.**

Because of these fundamental verities I have the utmost confidence that we will win in the end, while all these other Jewish shibboleths will fall by the wayside.

* * * * *

As anyone who has read *Racial Loyalty*, or any of my books knows, we have been searching for the **Great Promoter** for the last fifteen years. As everyone also knows, I am not he, and never pretended to be. I am merely a philosopher and a writer, and in no way am I the expert promoter that is embodied in an Oral Roberts, or a Jimmy Bakker, or a dozen other television con-artists. I believe the time has come when we must now face up to reality. No longer can the White Race afford to be led around by the nose through Jewish Christianity by these deceptive Jewish stooges to our own detriment and destruction, mongrelization and enslavement. We must now face reality and fight for the very survival of our precious race. In order to successfully do so we must first of all have a militant and **powerful creed** around which the whole White Race can unite, rally and build a power structure with which to smash the enemy. That we now have in Creativity, fully structured and completed. Secondly, since our creed is based on the **Leadership Principle**, we must have an astute and determined leader to take charge of the movement, promote it aggressively on a massive scale and on a worldwide basis.

As I have said numerous times before, I realized from the very beginning, that whereas I had finally structured the first and most comprehensive racial religion for the survival, expansion and advancement of the White peoples of the world, we needed the great leader to spread our creed and beliefs, and I was not that man. By 1992, I felt that not only could I never fulfill that role, but due to the ravages of age, I could not even carry on my routine duties. To whom could I turn? None came forth to the challenge.

Rather than let the movement die, as a last resort I thought about moving the Headquarters to Milwaukee, under the leadership of 24 year old Mark Wilson. I called a meeting and made them a proposition they could not refuse. I have already described that move in full detail in a previous chapter, and need not repeat it here.

At that time I had full confidence in both the integrity and the loyalty of Mark Wilson. Unfortunately, I was wrong on both counts. No sooner did they have $95,000 in cash in their hands (from the sale of the North Carolina Headquarters, as I had promised them, $5000 of the $100,000 being consumed for transfer and shipping), plus at least a quarter of a million dollars worth of books and other materials, when strange things began to happen. Instead of having the guts of using his real name, Mark hid under the alias of Brandon O'Rourke, a cowardly act indeed. Instead of acknowledging the honor and trust I had bestowed upon him. Mark never acknowledged his now proffered position as Pontifex Maximus, not even a thank you note, not a letter, absolutely nothing. When I kept reminding him (at least a dozen times) that such offer was not binding unless accepted in writing, he repeatedly kept lying to me he would be sending it out shortly, but in seven months he never did. He just kept promising he was "gonna,

gonna, gonna." I began to get a strong impression that his word was worthless.

The situation about publishing *Racial Loyalty* was similar. In seven months they managed to put out only two editions, and neither one of them being much to the credit of the movement. He began to have visions of grandeur about himself, and had the idea that before anyone could become a Reverend of the church, they had to personally appear before him on bended knee for approval, even if they had to travel all the way from Sweden. Because of his arrogant stance, we lost one of our most ardent workers in Europe, the Rev. Tommy Ryden from Sweden, a great man, not to mention a number of others, all because of this idiotic tactic.

Worst of all, whereas they never had had more than thirty cents in their pockets before and didn't even know how to set up a bank account (I had to give Mark explicit instructions) now that they had all this free money at their disposal they began to throw it around like it grew on trees. They now paid themselves salaries, (it was formerly a volunteer organization) and purchased a ten acre piece of real estate out in the woods that they didn't really need. But the worst crime of all, they hired Steven Thomas, a felon, as their key office manager. I had warned Mark about Steve Thomas' record as a felon who had spent four years in the Leavenworth Penitentiary for one of the worst crimes imaginable. He had raped a woman in Vietnam, then shot her to death. Furthermore, because of his connection with the George Loeb incident (which I have also described previously) Steve was now on parole, threatened with imprisonment, and had to report to his JOG superiors regularly, a perfect inside pipeline for the Jews to get every scrap of information as to what was going on at our C.O.T.C. Headquarters. I told Mark time and again to get rid of this JOG informer, but he did not. Again, he was gonna, gonna, gonna, but he lied to me repeatedly. In the meantime, the headquarters was spending our money lavishly, and it was going down the drain. Something had to be done.

* * * * *

On October 14, an impressive looking gentleman drove up to my house in North Carolina in a Lincoln Continental, rang the doorbell and introduced himself as Rick McCarty. He was neatly dressed, in suit and tie, and seemed to be an individual of some distinction. I invited him in, and we had a comprehensive conversation that lasted about two hours, regarding our religious movement, Creativity, which is what he had driven up from Niceville, Florida to see me about in the first place. To get the full story, I suggested he read all my books. I gave him a complete set and he paid me $50. He said he already knew something about our movement and had contemplated starting a church group in his area.

* * * * *

In the meantime, things were going from bad to worse in Milwaukee. Rick and I had several more telephone conversations about the situation, and he suggested he would like to come up for another visit. He said that he had read every one of my books and he had several ideas which he wished to discuss with me. I let him know that I was most receptive. We arranged for a time compatible to both of us.

He arrived in his Lincoln Continental at 4:30 PM on Tuesday, January 19, staying at the Best Western in Dillard. We agreed to meet at the Cupboard Cafe in about an hour and have dinner together. Rick McCarty gave me a briefing on his background and qualifications. He was a psychologist headquartered in Niceville, Florida, and had a Ph.D. degree in psychology. He gave lectures and seminars on psychology, and also had attended a number of Klan and racial rallies. He said he was responsible for doubling the membership of Tom Robb's Klan group, but he couldn't go along with their Christian orientation. He also volunteered he had been married twice, but unfortunately both marriages had ended in divorce. He had a thirteen year old daughter by his first marriage.

He was evidently a man of many talents, and said he also specialized in the brokerage of business firms, as well as reorganizing and restructuring ailing companies. All this entailed a lot of lecturing and a lot of traveling, some of which often took him to cities in Europe.

Having read all my books, he was especially interested in Creativity, and believed it was the only movement that had the viable answer to the Jewish tyranny over the White Race and the peoples of the world. Only through a racial religion such as Creativity could we now unite and save the White Race from mongrelization and total slavery. He volunteered that if he could become head of it, he could put Creativity on the map and make it a growing, powerful worldwide organization. In fact, he was most eager to do so, and that is why he had come up to see me. I was most interested, and from the credentials he had volunteered, he seemed well qualified. We had a lot more discussing to do, and would sleep on it and discuss it further the next day. I told him that I had planned to go to Toccoa the next morning to see my printers about final details on my book, *On the Brink of a Bloody Racial War*, which they were in the process of completing, and that they had a sample of the cover to show me. We could talk about his offer further while we were on our way to Toccoa and back.

During the drive to Toccoa, we finally came to an understanding, and I decided with the way things were going in Milwaukee, a change was necessary, before they squandered all the funds I had entrusted to them. Furthermore, with an inside informer such as Steve Thomas in charge, a change was imperative, costly and disruptive, though undoubtedly it would be. I decided I would take Rick up on his offer, despite all the disruptions it would undoubtedly entail.

The first thing he would need to make the changeover, he said, was a Power of Attorney from me so that he could represent me as if I were there myself. We went to my attorney's office, Bobby Key, and picked up a sample of a model of a Power of Attorney, then fashioned it to fit the purpose that it would apply only to affairs concerning the Church. My understanding was that it was to be only a temporary tool to be useful for the difficult negotiations he would encounter in dealing with the Milwaukee group. I typed it out on my computer in my study, then went to the bank and had it notarized.

That was Wednesday, January 20. We called Milwaukee and informed them of our intentions. One of the first things I informed Mark Wilson of was the basic fact that since he had never acknowledged my offer to be Pontifex, we had never had a binding contract, since in order for an agreement to be binding it requires both offer and acceptance. I had already spelled this out to him in detail in a letter I had written to him a few days earlier. When we returned from Toccoa, I called Mark, told him Rick McCarty was here, and we were going to make the change in leadership and location of the Headquarters. However, through telephone tapping and the Jewish spy system, they were already well aware of what we were doing even before I called, and all hell broke loose. With his

Power of Attorney in hand, I let Rick do most of the arguing, negotiating and wrangling. This entailed a number of people and went on for the rest of the day until Rick left for his motel for the night. It continued on further the next day until Rick left for Florida at 4:30 PM, January 21.

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Since January 24 was the first anniversary of my wife's death, my daughter Kim and I wanted to be together in remembrance of this tragic day and to console and comfort each other. She arrived alone at 4:30 PM on Saturday the 23rd. It was so kind of her to come and be with me. I needed the moral lift and consolation, as also did she.

Next day, Sunday the 24th, we spent most of the day talking about the happy times the three of us had spent together, what a wonderful wife and mother Henrie had been to us. We reminisced about our trip to Europe in 1967, about all the other enjoyable trips we had taken to Mexico, to the Keys, to the Bahamas, to Hawaii when Kim was seven years old. We even recalled coming up to North Carolina to dig for rubies in Franklin when we first moved to Florida in 1958 and several years following. We looked at old photo albums, in many of which Tammy, our lovable dog, was also present, and fondly remembered all the interesting incidents and places we had shared. It was a nostalgic day.

That night I took Kim out to the Dillard Restaurant where we each had a Prime Rib dinner. She stayed on through Monday, and helped straighten out the house, since I had not been the best of housekeepers. At 1:30 PM the following Tuesday, we said a tearful goodbye for now, see you again soon, and she returned to Martinsville.

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Meanwhile the battle between the Milwaukee group and Rick McCarty continued by telephone. Finally it was decided that Rick would fly up to Milwaukee and work out a settlement. In the meantime, the letter I had written on January 18, a day before Rick arrived at my house, was on its way to Mark Wilson, in which I laid down the ultimatum. Mark claimed he had not yet received it, although it was now January 26. It read as follows:

January 18, 1993

Rev. Mark Wilson
C.O.T.C. P.O. Box 340377
Milwaukee, WI 52234

Dear Rev. Wilson:

On June 14, 1992, I sent you a letter appointing you as my successor as Pontifex Maximus of the Church of the Creator. Despite my numerous reminders to you that such an appointment requires written consent of acceptance and to make it binding, and despite your numerous promises and assurances you would do so promptly, seven months have now gone by and still I have never received any such written statement acknowledging acceptance. Not even a thank you note for the honor of the offer, nor for the hundreds of thousands of dollars of money, books and materials donated to your group. Nor has any of this even been acknowledged by you.

In order for any contract to be binding, it must have both an offer and an acceptance in writing. You have failed to do so, and are evidently even too cowardly to use your true name in public. Such are not qualifications for leadership of a great movement as important as I consider the Creativity movement.

I am therefore revoking my offer to you as my successor, and the Transfer of Leadership letter is now null and void, even if you should now send such a letter of acceptance. Your position as Pontifex Maximus was never confirmed, the offer is now revoked, and therefore you never did have any legal claims to that position. You do not now, nor in the future. I remain the Founder, the Leader, and the Pontifex Maximus until such time as I appoint a more qualified and cooperative appointee. I have such in mind, one who is ready, willing and able to come forth before the public in his own true name, and will accept in writing such appointment and responsibility for leadership.

What prompts me to take this summary action is that your performance for the past seven months has been extremely disappointing. After seven months I still have to see the second edition of Racial Loyalty come out of your office. You have knowingly placed in the nerve center of your office a man you knew to be a criminal felon, a rapist and a murderer. That in itself is a heinous offence against our organization worldwide, as witness the letter and resignation of a great man, Rev. Tommy Ryden, of Sweden. I am enclosing a copy with this letter. Not only is Steve Thomas a hard criminal, but he is, as you very well know, under probation, and you can be sure that he reports every move that transpires in your office to his JOG superiors. I have repeatedly demanded that you get rid of him, and you have told me repeatedly you would, but you lied to me. You even gave me a deadline date, Jan. 15. Yet when I called H.Q. on the 16th, there he was, answering the telephone as usual. I was surprised, and when I said that I understood he would be gone by the 15th, he said he knew nothing about that. What is your explanation?

Secondly, for a man that is supposedly in supreme command, you are almost impossible to reach. You seldom return my calls, or call at all. Your private telephone is constantly changing, or disconnected and you seem to deliberately avoid contact with me. Now that I have granted you large sums of money, and large quantities of books and materials, you are under the false impression that you can damn well do as you please. You couldn't be more mistaken. We are not helpless. You are no longer in authority. You will soon be replaced by a person who has better judgment, better promotional and speaking abilities, and superior leadership qualifications. Also H.Q. will be moved and Racial Loyalty published monthly and promptly.

For the good of the movement and for your own best interests, I suggest you resign quietly and promptly, after setting your house in order, and this letter need not be published and broadcast to our membership. But in any case, your position as Pontifex Maximus was never legalized, and your authority in assuming such is null and void.

For a Whiter and Brighter World,
Creatively yours,

B. Klassen, P.M.

Certified Mail No. P 508 570 718

Rick McCarty left Niceville late in the afternoon of the same day, January 26. Mark Wilson picked him up at the Milwaukee Airport and drove him to his hotel that evening. The real negotiations started the next day. Rick had a tough nut to crack. He was facing a hostile group on their home turf. Furthermore, they had all the money, the books, all the materials and other valuables in their possession, although their legal and moral position was weak. Armed with my Power of Attorney, I further reinforced his position by sending him his Credentials as Pontifex Maximus by Overnight Express Mail, which arrived on the first day of the negotiations, as did the letter I had sent to Mark a week earlier revoking any claims he might have to that title. Considering all the odds stacked against him I think Rick did a remarkable job as a negotiator in reaching any agreement at all, albeit we did not get all that was due us. Perhaps his training as a psychologist was of some help.

Here is the agreement they finally reached after two days of haggling.

Mark claimed of the $95,000, they now only had $65,000 left (Rick and I perceived they really had more.) Of that amount Mark wrote a Cashier's check in the sum of $50,000 that would go to the new C.O.T.C. Headquarters in Florida. The Milwaukee group could keep 5% of all the books they still had, and all the office equipment they had purchased with the Church money. This also included the 10 acres they had bought. Since they had recently also received the two large book shipments of the second printing of *Nature's Eternal Religion* (of 10,000 books) and also the same quantity of *The White Man's Bible*, plus all the other books that had been shipped to them from North Carolina in June of 1992, it took two huge freight trucks to convey all this material to Florida, with the new Headquarters paying all of the freighting costs. Rick made all the arrangements with the freighting companies, prices, places, etc., before he left. Unfortunately, not all the materials in Milwaukee were in one place, but in two, but Rick had made arrangements for the truckers to pick up at both places. When the goods arrived about a week later, which consisted of most of the books, the trucker had refused or failed to stop at the second place. Missing were all of our large Portfolio No. One, all of the nearly 5000 posters of the Church (Mobilize the White Race!), almost half of the second set of posters, also the 8 x 10 black and white photographs of myself, and some other materials. We still haven't received the rest of that merchandise, but will persist until we do.

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The Transfer of Leadership Certificate. I sent Rick by Overnight Express was worded exactly the same as the one I had sent Mark Wilson seven months earlier, but which had never been acknowledged. Here is an exact copy of the document I sent to Rick on a C.O.T.C. letterhead on January 25, and which he received in Milwaukee the next day:

Transfer of Leadership

I am hereby resigning as religious leader of the worldwide CHURCH OF THE CREATOR, and appoint you, Dr. Rick McCarty, as my successor with the title of Pontifex Maximus. This resignation and transfer is effective as of January 25, 1993. I will still remain president of the North Carolina corporation called The Church of the Creator, Inc., on a temporary basis.

You will serve out your term for the balance of the decade, and a new Pontifex will be selected during the year 2000 C.E., in accordance with our creed and program.

You will further set up a group of 12 true, tried and trusted believers from our membership, to be called the Guardian of the Faith Committee, whose duty it will be to act as watchdogs over our creed as set forth in our Sacred Books, in keeping it pure and consistent, and prevent it from ever being altered, adulterated or tampered with. They will also have the power to enforce this edict.

During the several years between now and the year 2000 you will also try to institute a Leadership School to train our future leaders. You will also set up a College of Electors whose duty it will be to select the best trained and most capable leader, when the time comes to select your successor. It is most important that we choose the most dedicated and capable leader best qualified to carry on the duties and responsibilities of this high office.

Signed, this 25th day of January, 1993
Ben Klassen, Founder

On this 25th day of January personally appeared before me Ben Klassen, known to me, who executed the above document.

Witness my hand and Notarial Seal this 25th day of January, 1993.

Teresa McDaniel
Notary Public
My commission expires: 11/15/94

Unlike Mark's non-response, I received a prompt and enthusiastic acknowledgement from Rick when he got back to Niceville, (although he pre-dated it for January 25). It reads as follows:

January 25, 1993

Mr Ben Klassen

It is with the utmost respect and honor, that I accept the leadership position as Pontifex Maximus.

I also accept full rights to Power of Attorney in all matters concerning the Church of the Creator on a world wide basis. Including all the responsibility that entails.

At this time allow me to extend my gratitude for the Faith you have in my ability to complete your work. To take up the banner of the Church of the Creator and carry it to victory.

As Founder of the earths only White Racial Religion, you have made history. I can only say, it is beyond words to express the awesome pride and honor I feel, To have had the privilege of knowing a man of your magnitude. Through me, your life work will continue and on the day of our victory a special holiday will be declared. Through out the White World, bands will play. Armies will march and every man, woman and child will honor your name.

Thank you Ben Klassen. Your are my HERO

Your Friend

Dr. Rick McCarty

* * * * *

When Rick left Milwaukee, he also had been given a copy of the mailing list. Whether it had been doctored and a number of the better prospects had been left off, we are not sure. In any case, he had a big job ahead of him. His first job was to put out the next issue of *Racial Loyalty* and send it out to everyone on the mailing list he had. Instead of taking several months to do this first job, he had a twelve page issue of *Racial Loyalty* put together and out within the first two weeks, in which, of course he also broke the announcement to our members that we had moved our headquarters to Niceville, Florida, and that the Church was now under new Leadership, with Rev. Rick McCarty being the new Pontifex Maximus. The paper was well put together and had many good articles in it, the lead article being written by the Rev. Eric Hawthorne, from Canada.

On April 4, the book printing press in Toccoa, Georgia had completed its printing job on the 10,000 copies of our new book, *On the Brink of a Bloody Racial War*. I had instructed them to ship 8500 copies to our new headquarters in Florida. I had also given the printers instructions that 1000 copies were to go to one of our ardent distributors in Mississippi (Dick Liggett, P.O. Box 717, Raymond, MS 39154), and 500 copies to John Brooks, P.O. Box 68, Pinole, CA 94564. I had made these promises to these loyal supporters some time before I had met up with Rick McCarty, or had any ideas that we would be making any drastic changes, and now that the book was finished, I honored that promise.

The next thing that Rick accomplished before he had been in office less than a month was to get himself invited to appear on the Sally Jessy Raphael talk show where he could expound upon Creativity before a nationwide TV audience. The subject was White Collar Racists, on which he appeared with three other White representatives and four black racists. The in-house audience consisted of niggers, homos, and other hand-picked anti-White rowdies, all of which were, of course, extremely vocal and hostile to the White Race. The problem with such a setting is, of course, that there is much shouting, much confusion, and there is really very little time to get your point across. However, Rick gave a good accounting of himself, and the show was aired on March 18, 1993. A copy of the tape is available from our C.O.T.C. Headquarters, P.O. Box 411, Niceville, FL 32588.

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This pretty well brings us up to the present and I must end the book at this point in time and get it to the printers before some unforeseen calamities, or the uncertain turbulence of world events, make even that impossible. Only time will tell. Certainly we are living in a chaotic and unpredictable era of history in which the whole civilized order, and the White Race in particular, could be demolished by the fiendish Jewish juggernaut within this generation. The only force that can prevent this most horrible catastrophe from becoming a reality is an informed and united White Race itself. Nobody else will, or can, do it for us. At seventy-five, this is undoubtedly the last book I will write. I have dedicated the last twenty years of my life and all my worldly resources to try to awaken the White Race to its impending peril, and I have done all I can. I am finished, and this book can be regarded as **My Last Will and Testament.**

Now the younger generation must pick up the torch and fight the battle. In so doing, we must, among other things, make an intensive search for the **White Financial Angel** to back up, bankroll, and finance this tremendous operation. There are still 500 million White people on this Planet Earth, all of which in their heart of hearts, I am sure, want to see the White Race survive, prosper and expand. I have exhausted my resources in waging the fight over the last twenty years and I am sure there are millions of White people who are multi-millionaires who have a lot more financial resources at their disposal than I ever had. There are quite a few families, in fact, who are worth billions. There is, for example, the Sam Walton family of Wal-Mart, who, I understand, is worth 23 billion dollars. There is the Ross Perot family, who are worth a few billion. Then there is Ted Turner, who not only has tremendous wealth, but with his CNN Network has tremendous media power as well. Then there are the Hunts of Texas, and their oil fortunes, there are the Fords, the Rockefellers, the Adolf Busch family of Anheuser-Busch, the Coors of Coors beer, and dozens of others who are in the billionaire or near billionaire class. None of these people are Jews. And then there are hundreds of thousands in the hundred million dollar category, in the ten million class, of whom we have never even heard. I am sure that there is at least one among all those affluent White people who alone could bankroll our movement over the top and never even miss a few millions. It is our duty to seek them out and make the situation clear to them that it is they who have the most to lose if we don't win this battle against our mortal enemies. And who are our mortal enemies? The evidence is out there, plainly for every thinking person to see: the Jews and the mud peoples who are flooding the world and seek to enslave and destroy us. They are our enemies, and they hate us with a vengeance, and their program to destroy the White Race is now in high gear.

It is your beholden duty to go out and find some of these White financial angels we were talking about earlier and enlist their aid. We, the White Race, have the financial means, we have the intelligence, and we have the potential power to prevent the destruction of our race and our civilization. It is all blueprinted in stark and comprehensive detail in our **RACIAL RELIGION.** We must now promptly get our act together and take firm, resolute and ruthless action to implement that plan and **we must do it now!** A tremendous responsibility rests upon the shoulders of our leader, and whether he can succeed or not depends upon his drive, his energy, his perseverance and his wisdom, but most of all, it will depend upon your energetic and unstinting support, financially, morally, and above all, the zeal with which you help organize and spread the word in your own territory.

So let us take up the challenge! Let us support our new leader, Pontifex Maximus Rick McCarty, back him up to the utmost, exert ourselves beyond the call of duty and save the world for Nature's Finest and the millions of our future progeny who will follow us. **DELENDA EST JUDAICA! RAHOWA!**

This book is my Last Will and
Testament to the White peoples
of the world.

Author of:

- ***Nature's Eternal Religion***
- ***The White Man's Bible***
- ***Expanding Creativity***
- ***Building a Whiter and Brighter World***
- ***RAHOWA!***
- ***This Planet Is All Ours***
- ***The Klassen Letters Vol. 1***
- ***The Klassen Letters Vol. 2***
- ***Portfolio One***
- ***The Little White Book***
- ***A Revolution of Values Through Religion***
- ***Against the Evil Tide —An Autobiography***
- ***On The Brink of a Bloody Racial War***

Co-author of:

- ***Salubrious Living***

Ben Klassen, P.M.

Founder, Church of the Creator

ABOUT THE AUTHOR: **Ben Klassen** has been a resident of four countries and a citizen of three. Born of German-speaking parents in Russia, 1918, he and his family were early victims of Jewish Communism, from which they fled in 1924. He was brought up and educated in Canada, where he earned a degree in Electrical Engineering and also a Bachelor of Arts. He has been a farmer, a school teacher, a hard rock nickel miner, an electrical engineer, an inventor, a realtor, and a Florida State Legislator.

His intense interest in the Laws of Nature, Race and Religion polarized into a new religion for the White Race, a task his wide and diverse background seemingly prepared him for over a lifetime.

Creativity is a Religious Creed....

- ★ ***Dedicated to the Survival, Expansion and Advancement of the White Race.***
- ★ ***Based on the Laws of Nature, on the Experience of History, on Logic and Common Sense.***
- ★ ***Our Four Dimensional Program: A Sound Mind in a Sound Body in a Sound Society in a Sound Environment.***
- ★ ***Our Goal: Building a Whiter and Brighter World.***